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Joseph Goldart.

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

FROM

MAY TO AUGUST INCLUSIVE,

1826.

WITH AN APPENDIX.

VOL. II.

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THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

MAY, 1826.

ART. I. *A Dissertation on the Pageants, or Dramatic Mysteries, anciently performed at Coventry, by the Trading Companies of that City;* chiefly with reference to the Vehicle, Characters, and Dresses of the Actors. Compiled, in a great Degree, from Sources hitherto unexplored. To which are added, The Pageant of the Shearmen and Taylors' Company, and other Municipal Entertainments of a Public Nature. By Thomas Sharp. 4to. pp. 226. 3*l.* 3*s.* (Small-Paper Copy.) Merridew and Sons. Coventry. 1825.

ENQUIRIES into the nature and peculiarities of the Mysteries, or Scriptural Plays of the middle ages, are not without interest in several points of view. The prevalence of these representations in every country of Europe is generally illustrative of the religious feelings and observances of the times which produced them: but in the study of English antiquities, more especially, much curious light is thrown by such enquiries upon the manners, amusements, and popular tastes of our ancestors; and the subject forms altogether the natural and obvious introduction to the history of our national stage; for it is clear that the origin and rise of the English drama are to be traced exclusively to these mysteries, and to the moralities by which the choice of scenes strictly scriptural came later to be varied. How, or at what time precisely, the mysteries, or miracle plays, as they were indifferently termed, were first exhibited in England, cannot now be ascertained; but it is certain that their introduction must be referred to a very remote period; and, as Malone has justly observed, Riccoboni, who contended that the Italian theatre is the most ancient in Europe, claimed for his country an honour to which she is not entitled. He could date the earliest representation of scriptural subjects in Italy no higher than the middle of the thirteenth century; and there is good evidence of such performances in England full one hundred and fifty years before.

In composing the elaborate work before us, to elucidate the performance of mysteries at Coventry, Mr. Sharp has mingled a full

measure of attachment to his native city with all the zeal and industry of a thorough antiquarian: but he is, at the same time, possessed with some share of that overweening belief in the deep importance of his particular theme, which seems inevitably to result from the long pursuit of such researches; and when we find him complaining, in the outset, that the religious dramas, or mysteries, have hitherto 'been treated in a very superficial and unsatisfactory manner,' it is evident either that he has conceived a very extravagant opinion of the paramount magnitude of the subject, or that he very much exaggerates the value and novelty of his own discoveries; for, in truth, the mysteries have always been treated with quite a sufficient degree of attention by the historians of our drama and poetry. All these writers have unanimously agreed in referring to scriptural exhibitions for the origin and rise of the English stage; and they have usually been quite as diffuse on their notice of them as the occasion deserved. Not to mention names of less celebrity, both Warton, in his elegant history of our poetry, and Dr. Percy, the ingenious collector of our ancient ballads, have made full and, in general, most accurate investigations into these earliest dramatic performances; and Malone, whose industry, whatever may be otherwise deemed of the powers of his mind, has rendered his Historical Account of the English Stage an invaluable repository of facts, having collected from those authors and other sources almost all that was worth knowing on the characteristics of the religious plays.

If any farther illustration of the subject was required by antiquarian curiosity, Mr. Markland's History of the Chester Mysteries has, within a few years, amply afforded it. That gentleman printed, in 1818, specimens of two of those plays, for circulation exclusively among the members of the Roxburghe Club, and prefixed to his work an elaborate dissertation on the religious drama, in which he corrected the few trifling errors of Warton and Malone. Mr. Markland's Introduction has since been inserted in Mr. Boswell's twenty-one volume edition of Shakspeare, and is therefore no longer withheld, in the jealous obscurity and petty seclusion of a few libraries, from the perusal of the general reader.

But if any proof were wanting of the futility of Mr. Sharp's complaint, that the illustration of the miracle plays has been neglected, or superficially treated, its refutation is to be found in the pages of his own goodly quarto. Notwithstanding the boast of his title-page, that his dissertation has been 'compiled, in a great degree, from sources hitherto unexplored,' he has altogether failed in the attempt to add a single fact of importance to the previous stores of our general knowledge on his subject. Whatever certain antiquarians may delight to believe, the useful end of investigation does not consist in the laborious trifling with which the attention is frittered away upon minute certainties and petty doubts. The scholar of enlarged mind and philosophical reflection will view such enquiries as those before us with reference only to the light which they can

shed upon the progress of intellect, manners, and literature: he will take care to examine only the great operations of the machinery of society, not to count every nail and peg in its rude and original structure. We cannot always choose but smile — without offence to Mr. Sharp be it spoken — at the solemnity with which he dwells on the uses of iron pins and clamps, 'tenter-hooks, rings, wire, thread, and small cord.' Neither can we sympathise in his grievous lamentation over the loss of some 'draper's book of accounts,' (p. 68.) which could only have accumulated his sufficient catalogue of such important articles; nor do we exactly comprehend why (p. 82.) he 'deeply regrets the want of the items and charges of representation for the Shearmen and Taylors' Pageant,' which could only have resembled fifty other accounts of the kind to be found in his volume.

We have, however, every disposition to do full justice to the curious interest and real merits of Mr. Sharp's volume. If he has been able to add no novel facts or fresh conclusions to those already familiar to the dramatic scholar, his researches have certainly considerably augmented the general mass of details relating to the machinery of the pageants, the costume of those rude theatres, and the *dramatis personæ* of the mysteries; and though the particulars which he has brought forward prove only the perfect similarity of these Coventry exhibitions to the performances at Chester, York, and various others of our provincial towns, yet the result of the comparison is satisfactory and interesting. Mr. Sharp, moreover, has introduced many incidental and correlative particulars on some of the manners and customs of our ancestors: several of the plates which adorn his volume are highly curious; and the work, which is handsomely "got up," may altogether be pronounced a very pleasing and acceptable contribution to our archæological literature.

As the costliness and rarity of the volume, as well as its elaborate form and the multiplicity of its details, will preclude it from general circulation and perusal, we shall probably be rendering our readers an agreeable service by giving such an account of its contents, and compressing into our pages as many of its most interesting points, as our limits will permit. Mr. Sharp has commenced by directing and separating his enquiries into the Nature of the Vehicles on which the Mysteries were represented, the Characters which figured in the exhibition, and the Dresses of the actors. He informs us, that he was induced to compile the present dissertation from 'having, in the course of acquiring materials for the history of his native city, examined the ancient books and documents belonging to the corporation, and the remaining account-books and other writings of the trading companies, and thereby been enabled to collect a considerable body of information respecting the pageants, or mysteries, formerly exhibiting at Coventry; tending, more particularly, to elucidate the management, machinery, dresses, character, and internal economy of those performances.'

In one respect, he has certainly thus possessed considerable advantages for his undertaking. From whatever cause, Coventry became particularly famous during the middle ages for these exhibitions; and perhaps, next to the Chester mysteries, no English performances of the kind were so celebrated in those times as the Coventry plays. It was, we believe, a passage in Dugdale which first drew the attention of later antiquarians to the dramatic renown of the city of Godiva.

"Before ye suppression of the monasteries," says this best illustrator of old England, "this cittye was very famous for the pageants that were play'd therein upon *Corpus-Christi* day. These pageants were acted w^th^ mighty state and reverence by the fryers of this house, and conteyned the story of the New Testament, w^ch^ was composed into old English rime. The theatres for the severall scenes were very large and high, and being placed upon wheeles, were drawne to all the eminent places of the cittye, for y^e^ better advantage of the spectators. In that incomparable library belonging to Sir Thomas Cotton, there is yet one of the bookes w^ch^ apperteyned to this pageant, entitled *Ludus Corporis Christi*, or *Ludus Coventriæ*. I my selfe have spoke w^th^ some old people who had in their younger yeares bin eye-witnesses of these pageants soe acted; from whom I have bin told that the confluence of people from farr and neare to see that shew was extraordinary great, and yielded noe small advantage to this cittye."

But an old interlude (of the 4 P's by Heywood) bears a yet more decisive testimony to the familiar and proverbial celebrity of the Coventry plays.

> "For as good hap would have it chaunce,
> This devil and I were of olde acquaintance;
> For oft, in the play of Corpus Christi,
> He hath play'd the devil at Coventrie."

Long, however, before the suppression of the monasteries, it is evident, from the Coventry records which Mr. Sharp has examined, that the exhibition of these performances had passed from the hands of the Grey Friars into the charge of the mayor, corporation, and trading companies of the city. Such was the passion of our forefathers for all kinds of pompous processions and pageants, and for these religious plays in particular, that their arrangement and show became matters of municipal regulation; and the archives, not only of Coventry, but of Chester, York, and many other places, are full of evidence that the celebration of a series of mysteries was assigned, in succession, to the different guilds of trade. Each company, or sometimes two or three minor fraternities, had its subject; and the series, which lasted throughout a whole day, or sometimes, indeed, occupied two or even several entire days, not uncommonly embraced the story of both the Old and New Testament from the creation to the day of judgment.

Many royal spectators honoured the Coventry mysteries with their presence. The extant records of the city commence only, it

appears, about the opening of the fifteenth century. In 1416, Henry V. and his nobles (say these annals) "took great delight in seeing the pageants." In 1456, Margaret, the amazon-queen of his son, came to Coventry to keep her Corpus Christi — the favourite festival for these performances. In 1484, Richard III., and, two years later, Henry VII., were present at the Corpus-Christi plays of the city; and in 1492, the latter monarch renewed his visit on the same occasion. So also, in later times, when the religious plays were declining in fashion, Prince Arthur his son, Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, and other royal personages, were treated with different pageants in their visits to the city. Mr. Sharp has made no attempt to explain the frequency of these royal visits to a provincial town: but the vicinity of the palace of Kenilworth may in a great measure account for them.

In accompanying Mr. Sharp through his enquiries, we proceed, in the first place, to his account of the VEHICLE of representation — properly the *Pageant*; for the term was first applied to the moving stage of exhibition, and afterwards to the exhibition itself. The pageant was little else than the waggon of the rude Grecian stage:

> "Dicitur et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis
> Quæ canerent agerentque perfuncti fæcibus ora:"

a vehicle whose modern analogy may be found in the caravan of mountebanks which graces a country fair. The pageant of the Chester and Coventry games, however, was a modern building of two stories on wheels, which was drawn by men from street to street. It was also customary to have scaffolds or stages in the streets for the accommodation of the spectators, probably those of better quality; and these scaffolds were also on wheels and moved with the pageant.

In the lower room of the pageant, which contained also the machinery for raising storms, representing the infernal regions, &c., the players "apparelled themselves," says old Archdeacon Rogers, "and in the higher room they played, beinge all open at the tope, that all behoulders might hear and see them. The places where they played them was in every streete. They begane first at the Abay-gates, (at Chester,) and when the first pagiante was played, it was wheeled to the Highe Crosse before the mayor, and so to every streete, and soe every streete had a pagiant playinge before them at one time, till all the pagiantes for the daye appoynted weare played, and when one pagiant was neare ended, worde was broughte from streete to streete, that soe they mighte come in place thereof, excedinge orderlye, and all the streetes have their pagiantes afore them all at one time playeinge togeather; to se w'ch playes was great resorte, and also scafoldes and stages made in the streetes in those places where they determined to playe theire pagiantes."

'The higher room seems to have been,' says Mr. Sharp, 'an object of no inconsiderable attention: in the Drapers' Pageant this was embattled and ornamented with carved wood-work and a crest: the Smiths had vanes, burnished and painted, and the use of pensils or streamers, or both, may be discovered in all the remaining account.' But we shall give the passage in his own words, in which he exhibits his conclusions on the exact nature of the building. Here he has evinced considerable ingenuity; and a native young artist of Coventry, a Mr. David Jee, has furnished him with a fancy plate of a pageant-vehicle at the time of representation, which forms the frontispiece of his volume, and is not only admirably designed, but very respectably engraved. To our eyes, indeed, it forms the great charm of the volume. The scene chosen is a street in Coventry, which the preservation of the antique buildings of that city has enabled the artist to give almost from its present aspect. The architectural part of the drawing is well and boldly thrown out; the costume of the spectators is in perfect keeping with the scene and the age; and the figures are grouped with spirit and ease.

'The supposed pageant of the Smiths' Company is stationed near the Cross, in the Cross-cheaping, and the armed guard around it are introduced upon the authority of an item in their accounts for 1469. The group partly seated on the ground are intended to represent the persons who drew the vehicle from station to station; three minstrels are seen in the fore-ground, one of whom has bagpipes, and beside them stands a carpenter, the propriety of whose attendance on this occasion is proved by extracts from the accounts of the Cappers' Pageant. The time of action chosen is the period when Pilate, upon the repeated charges of Caiaphas and Annas, is compelled to give up Christ for execution, and a servant bringing water in a basin is partly obscured by the *pillar*, upon which lies a scourge. Pilate is represented sitting upon a throne or chair of state, a licence that seemed perfectly allowable, although no specific mention of such a seat occurs in the notices gleaned from the pageant-accounts of the Smiths' Company; beside him stands his son, with *sceptre* and *poll-axe*, and beyond our Saviour are the two high priests, habited as Christian bishops; the two armed figures behind are the *knights*. The *vanes, crest, streamer, embattlement, and carved boards for the top of the Pageant*, previously noticed, are introduced in the design, and the pageant-cloth bears the appropriate symbols of the passion.

'It has been judged advisable not to introduce any representation of the moveable *scaffold*, in a situation which afforded such ample room for the numerous spectators, both inhabitants and strangers, who crowded to witness the performances, and the rather, because the accounts of these appendages to the pageant-vehicle are not very clear and explicit. The architectural character of the houses is derived from actual examples in Coventry, and some pains have been taken to give a general air of consistency to the costumes of the figures introduced.'—pp. 22, 23.

On the CHARACTERS introduced into the Mysteries — which Mr. Sharp professes to treat for the second point of his dissertation — it is scarcely necessary to say much; for this part of his subject has been most fully noticed by all previous writers on the history of the stage. As the incidents of these religious plays were not only founded on Holy Writ, but taken in series from the Old and New Testaments, the exhibition endeavoured to copy without scruple or repugnance the most awful scenes and events of our faith. In the Chester Mysteries, and doubtless in many others, the Creation, the Fall of Man, the Deluge, the events of the sacred Jewish annals, the Nativity of our Saviour, his Temptation, Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension, were selected for the pageants of the civic trades. But it is a little remarkable that all the scriptural pageants referred to in the accounts of the guilds of Coventry which Mr. Sharp has discovered were taken from the subjects of the New Testament and none from the Old. These were: the Birth of Christ and Offering of the Magi; the Flight into Egypt and Murder of the Innocents; the Trial, Condemnation, and Crucifixion of Christ; his Descent into Hell, Resurrection, and Appearance to Mary Magdalen. "Domesday," or the Day of Judgment, a very favourite subject in all the Mysteries, also appears in these Coventry records among the above pageants; and at length, under the date of 1584, there appears a notice in the city annals that this year the new play of *The Destruction of Jerusalem* was first played. It was the work of a scholar, John Smith or Smythe of St. John's College, Oxford, who had received his first education at the free-school at Coventry; and it is evident from the names of the characters referred to in the city accounts (all that remains of the piece) that the story was copied from Josephus. Mr. Sharp might have remarked upon the natural and gradual transition, evinced in this performance, from the strictly scriptural subjects of the Mysteries to the composition of historical plays. This is a curious link in the history of our stage; and our author might have dwelt also upon the striking fact, that this play had evidently a regular chorus, copied doubtless by the "learned clerk," Master Smythe, after the Grecian model.

But to return from this little digression, the nature of the *dramatis personæ* introduced into the Mysteries is thus obvious. Whatever we most reverence, and all that we adore, was debased and travestied in these wretched, and, as they must appear to us, most impious performances. Not only the first parents of mankind, patriarchs, apostles, and angels, were perpetually introduced on the stage, but even the personification of God the Father, of Christ, and of the Holy Ghost, was equally common. Nor were heavenly personages alone introduced. The great one of evil and his attendant demons figured in the pageant of Doomsday; and Satan was indeed usually a particular favourite with the spectators. In the ancient religious plays, says Malone, the Devil was very frequently

introduced. He was usually represented with horns, a very wide mouth, (by means of a mask,) staring eyes, a large nose, a red beard, cloven feet, and a tail. His constant attendant was the Vice, (the buffoon of the piece,) whose principal employment was to belabour the Devil with his wooden dagger, and to make him roar for the entertainment of the populace.

We should, however, err greatly if we imagined, that these exhibitions, the burlesque blasphemy of which no modern audience could tolerate, were witnessed by the rude and simple spectators with any idea of their impropriety, or with other feelings than those of respect and serious curiosity. It is certain that our ancestors, as Warton has observed, intended no sort of impiety by these monstrous and unnatural performances. We may even add with Warton, that these exhibitions had their use in teaching the great truths of Scripture to men, who could not read the Bible, and who if they had been without this instruction, most inadequate as it was, would probably have received no other. Upon this subject Mr. Sharp has copied, after Mr. D'Israeli, a passage from the MS. life of John Shaw, vicar of Rotherham, an honest divine somewhat austerely inclined, which curiously illustrates the state of religious knowledge in Lancashire, even late in the sixteenth century.

'"I found," says he, "a very large spacious church, scarce any seats in it; a people very ignorant, and yet willing to learn; so I had frequently some thousands of hearers. I catechised in season and out of season. The churches were so thronged at nine in the morning, that I had much ado to get to the pulpit. One day, an old man of sixty, sensible enough in other things, and living in the parish of Cartmel, coming to me on some business, I told him that he belonged to my care and charge, and I desired to be informed in his knowledge of religion. I asked him how many Gods there were? He said, he knew not. I informing him, asked again how he thought to be saved? He answered, he could not tell; yet thought that was a harder question than the other. I told him that the way to salvation was by Jesus Christ; God-man, who, as he was a man, shed his blood for us on the cross, &c. 'Oh, Sir,' said he, 'I think I heard of that man you speak of once in a play at Kendall, called Corpus Christ's play, where there was a man on a tree, and blood run down,' &c. And afterwards he professed he could not remember that he ever heard of salvation by Jesus, but in that play."'

It is necessary to have the caution of Warton full before us in reading the entries in these account-books of the Coventry Trades, for many of them are couched in terms that might otherwise sound to us as abominably irreverent. Thus in one place we have, "Payd to the players for Corpus xp̄isti daye; imprimis, to God, ij^{s}." And again; "Itm̄, payd to God, xx^{d}. Itm̄, to the Sprytt of God, xvi^{d}. Itm̄, payd to Robert Cro for pleaying God, iii^{s}. iiij^{d}." And, once more, in another account; "Itm̄, to God, iii^{s}. iiij."

Thus the entries of payments to the players are almost always made in the name of the character and not of the performer. In the pageant of the Crucifixion, Pilate was evidently considered the most important character, for we find his personator constantly receiving 3*s.* 4*d.* and sometimes 4*s.*, the highest sum paid to any player in the same pageants. Herod was also a prominent character, receiving usually 3*s.* 4*d.* The "Devyll and Judas" are paired, with 1*s.* 6*d.* between them; and "Peter and Malkus" are similarly coupled for a less sum. At another time, the performer of this last character was rewarded only with four-pence. Once we have a payment of four-pence also to "Fawston for hangying Judas," and again to the same accomplished person, "Itm̄, to Fawston for coc croying, iiij^{d}." Angels and demons, "savyd and dampnyd sowles," "pattryarkys," and "wormes of conscyence," are variously paid.

If such were the wages of the actors, it is amusing to learn the rates at which the playwrights were rewarded. "Robert Croo for ij leves of ore pley-boke," that is, for adding two leaves of dialogue, receives eight-pence. Again, p. 48., some one who had written a new part for a character is permitted to rejoice in the receipt of *one penny*. Far otherwise was it, however, that the learned Master Smythe was entreated, touching his play of the Destruction of Jerusalem. "For hys paynes for writing of the tragedye," he is set down for 13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, or as Mr. Sharp might have explained it, a proper round bonus of forty nobles, — a goodly reward! and a mint of money for a poor scholar of those days.

When we proceed next to examine the charges for the DRESSES of the actors, we find the items still more strange, and even revolting, than some of those to which we have referred. We shall pass as lightly as possible over some of them, noticing only such as are necessary for the elucidation of the subject. In one account there are entries, "God's coat of white leather, six skins, and a cheveril (peruke) for Jesus, gilt." Also, "a girdle for God:" "a newe sudere" (veronica) and "a seldall" (seat) both for the same purpose. And under another date, "Item, payd for v schepskins for God's coot, and for makyng, iij^{s};" and "payd for mendying a cheveril for God, and for sowying of God's kote of leddur, and for makying of the hands to the same kote," &c. And again; "payd for a peyre of gloves for God, 2^{d}." And, for our last example of the kind, "a coat for the Spirit of God made of buckram."

Among a great variety of other items for dresses, there are several very curious and less offensive. Charges for mitres for Annas and Caiaphas are frequent: for, by a strange anachronism, these Jewish high priests seem always to have been arrayed in the habiliments of Christian prelates, and are constantly termed "byss-choppis." A quart of wine is charged for the hiring of a gown for Pilate's wife; and "Itm̄ to a reward for Maisturres Grymsby

for lendying off her geir ffor Pylatt's wife, xij^{d}." Items for wine and meat, for drinking, breakfasts, dinners, and suppers of the players, are of perpetual recurrence; and once there appears, "Paid Pilate, the bishops, and knights, to drink between the stages." Thus, too, there are charges for wings for the angels, and sundry expences for washing their albs or white surplices. So also we have charges for mending the Devyll's hede (vizor); to a chevril gyld for Petur; to 3lb. of hair for the Devil's coat and hose; and "for v elves of canvas for shirts and hose for the blakke sowles, and for coloryng the same."

'The black or damned souls,' says Mr. Sharp, (p. 70.) 'had their faces blackened, and were dressed in coats and hose. The fabric of the hose was buckram or canvass, of which latter material nineteen ells were used in 1556, yellow and black; and probably a party-coloured dress was made for them, where the yellow was so combined as to represent flames. The dresses worn by the wretched victims of the Inquisition at an auto de fé will naturally present themselves to the reader's imagination on this occasion; and it might be conjectured that the habits worn by the damned souls in the Mysteries originally furnished the idea for a dress eminently calculated to impress the spectators with horror.'

The nature of the MACHINERY used in the Mysteries is very fully illustrated in the Coventry books of accounts. It is evident that all the circumstances of the Crucifixion, for instance, were most minutely and indecently copied. The cross, the gallows, the scourge, and the pillar, are all noticed as required for the representation; and in one place there is a charge for "a lase (or beam) for Judas," and "a corde;" and also for "a newe hoke to hang Judas."

The most favourite part of the machinery of the Mysteries with the spectators was the exhibition of the infernal regions, and particularly in the pageant of Doomsday. Here, accordingly, we have numerous items of charges for material: such as "the baryll for the yerthequake." (In what manner this apparatus was applied is unknown.) Also, "Payd to Crowe for makyng of iij worldys," 3*s.* 4*d.* (to be set on fire at successive exhibitions,) and "payd for settyng the world on fyer," 5*d.*; and farther, "Itm, payd for kepyng of fyer at hell-mothe," 4*d.*

This last item proves, that to heighten the terrific exhibition of the infernal regions, the hell-mouth was made to vomit forth real flames to the view of the spectators. But, indeed, the whole history of the religious pageants of the middle ages is full of evidence of the zeal with which the horrors of damnation were exhibited for the edification of the people. Mr. Sharp might have elucidated the history of these spectacles by referring to the famous occasion at Florence, in one of the first years of the fourteenth century, in which the monks converted the bed of the Arno into the scene of hell. People rolled and tossed in it amidst the apparent tortures

of fire, serpents, and all the arsenal of scenic horrors; and there can be little doubt that it was to some such exhibitions, which were common in the age of Dante, the world is indebted for the idea and plan of the Inferno.

Mr. Sharp, however, has well illustrated the style in which the scenes of the infernal regions were displayed, by several curious plates of devils and hell-mouths, copied from delineations which, he justly observes, as they were coëval with the performance of the Mysteries, may be presumed to bear some resemblance to the manner in which they were then exhibited. In one of these, copied from a series of illuminated drawings of the eleventh century, in the Cottonian library, and illustrative of the Old and New Testaments, the last judgment is represented. There are three crowned heads among the victims tormented by demons; and one of them is a female. Dante, therefore, was not the first who exhibited the evil rulers of the earth paying the penalty of their crimes: though we shall not find any of his mitred sinners and wearers of the triple crown among the victims in these monkish drawings. But another of Mr. Sharp's plates is far more curious. It is a hell-mouth and interior from some ancient frescoes in the chapel of the Holy Cross at Stratford-on-Avon, first discovered during a repair in 1804. The whole of these subjects were published in lithography, and coloured as the originals, by Mr. T. Fisher; but the impressions being limited to one hundred, the work is not commonly to be met with. In the print from the collection engraved for Mr. Sharp's book, the horrid and ludicrous, as he remarks, are so conjoined as to render it difficult to determine which prevails. A demon is approaching the yawning mouth of hell with a whole bundle of the condemned, bound together by a chain, and slung on his back like a huge load of wood. Another demon is dragging in a solitary criminal by the heel; a third is blowing the bellows under a furnace full of the condemned; and other imps are occupied in the various works of torment, or sounding the trumpet of victory over the battlements of the region. The expression in the faces of all these demons is one of inimitable malignity and joy; and the devilish complacency in the air of one of them, before whom a "dampned soule" kneels in supplication is quite a triumph of rude art. There is a ludicrous keeping in the punishment of several of the criminals, the character of whose damning sin is written over their heads; and one, with the motto *superbia*, rides into torment perched on the shoulders of a demon. As all the figures are naked, this strange print offers no data to determine its age.

But it is time to quit the subject of the Mysteries; and, sooth to say, we have gleaned from Mr. Sharp's volume almost all the really remarkable particulars which it offers, or at least which the subject can require. He has, indeed, himself dwelt long and verbosely upon it *con amore*; and he notices the suppression of these indecent burlesques (p. 34.), at the close of the sixteenth century,

with some appearance of regret at the extinction of a favourite theme. 'The temper of the times,' says he, 'was hostile to such exhibitions of sacred subjects, especially among the clergy and the higher orders of society, who had embraced the Protestant religion, and men in power;' but a dramatic historian and critic of our times, whose sound judgment and acute spirit of investigation cannot be too highly commended, has accounted far more justly and satisfactorily for the disuse of the religious drama. "The Mysteries and Moralities continued in rival popularity," observes Mr. Skottowe, in his admirable Essays on Shakspeare, "*until the improved understanding of the audience* drove both from the stage."

But we must now conclude by noticing briefly the remaining parts of Mr. Sharp's volume. We have not a word of commendation to bestow upon his laborious industry in publishing from the Play Book of the Shearmen and Taylors' Company at Coventry the whole dialogue of their pageant of the Birth of Christ, the Offering of the Magi, the Flight into Egypt, and the Murder of the Innocents. There is no intrinsic merit in this wretched and doggerel piece to render its publication at all necessary, after the similar specimens given by Mr. Markland of the Chester Mysteries; and it may only vie with some of the "precious reprints" of the Roxburghe Club. Our author's enquiries, in the next part of his volume, into some of the other pageants and processions of Coventry deserve more respectful notice; and his account of the play of Hox Tuesday, — in which the overthrow of the Danes was represented, — of the religious processions of Corpus Christi and other festivals, and of various gratulatory pageants, exhibited on different occasions, may all prove of some utility in the illustration of manners. So, also, his concluding notice on the Minstrels and Waits of Coventry is full of interest, for the light which it throws upon the state of music in the middle ages.

ART. II. *Observations sur la Puissance de l'Angleterre et sur celle de la Russie.* Par Charles Dupin, Membre de l'Institut, &c. Paris.

IN noticing the storm which has long been gathering against the late Autocrat, we trust that the developements made will explain the causes and the nature of the conspiracy, which has signalised the ascent of the Emperor Nicholas to the throne, and at the same time give correct notices of the present state of Russia.

Though Alexander was reckoned a popular sovereign, yet strong, and, for the greatest part, concealed parties were decidedly, vehemently, and resolutely opposed to his views: some of his nobles and of his army imagined that he proceeded too rapidly in his plans of civilisation, while others blamed him for tardiness; and the Tsar, in long steering a middle course, though dictated by intelligence,

prudence, and wisdom, displeased all parties. Soon after his ascent to the throne, in 1801, he seriously occupied himself with the freedom of the peasantry; but for some time little progress was made towards the accomplishment of his purpose. A memorable circumstance in the history of Russia, which will ever endear the name of the late chancellor of that empire, Count Rumantsof, to the advocates of freedom and the friends of humanity, gave a new and a powerful impulse to Alexander's wise plans. In 1803 the Count had expressed a wish to be allowed to give some of his vassals their liberty, and to bestow upon them some portions of land, so that they might become free cultivators, a class hitherto unknown in Russia. Alexander, ever alive to the interests of the peasantry, by an ukáz of the 4th of March of the same year created this new class of subjects. By virtue of it, every landed proprietor was permitted to transfer to vassals, on giving them their liberty, assigned portions of land, to be held by them as free cultivators, either by sale or on other conditions. In 1804 the enfranchisement of the peasants steadily, though slowly, continued. The government took care that those who were made free should have sufficient means of subsistence, and that their liberty should really be a blessing. In 1805, M. Solovof, a nobleman, and a counsellor of state, presented a glorious example to his countrymen, by liberating five thousand of his vassals, who were to pay him, in nineteen years, one million and a half of rubles for the lands given up to them: an example which has been followed by a few patriotic individuals; and the Emperor, from that time, constantly promoted the cause of emancipation, except during a few of the last months of his existence. Slavery was formally abolished by the nobility of Courland in 1818; and the nobles of Livonia decreed, in 1819, its gradual abolition; so that, by 1826, all the peasants of that province should be free, while all children, who were born after the publication of the ordinance of 1819, were to be free from their birth.

Thus, unlike a giddy inexperienced politician, though armed with despotic power, Alexander did not rush precipitately to work. On the contrary, his steps were dictated by an enlarged and enlightened policy. He considered the plan in all its bearings; and especially with respect to the peasants themselves, and to their aristocratic masters: he balanced many nice points; he came to a decision; and his actions demonstrated his sincerity in the great cause of humanity. He well knew that the manumission of the slaves was, with the greater number of the proprietors, the most unpopular reform which he could devise. It threatened their domineering aristocratic ascendancy with a death-blow. Their private interests and circumscribed views he knew would prevent them from comprehending, or even from wishing to comprehend, the beneficent designs of their sovereign. The deadliest of all sins, in their eyes, were measures calculated to diminish their hereditary

power over their slaves: the latter scarcely knew what liberty was, till they were in possession of it, and, with a few exceptions, were mere automatons in the transactions.

In 1815, we had an opportunity of hearing the discussions and the opinions of several of the Russian nobles, as to the liberation of the peasantry, and the result of our observations was, that the generality of them were decidedly hostile to emancipation. They denounced Alexander's measures with the greatest animation, with vehemence of gesture, and in the strongest language of reprobation: at times they even forgot the respect which was due to their sovereign's name and character. The manumission of the slaves! they would exclaim. What! does Alexander intend our ruin, the ruin of our posterity, the ruin of the peasantry, the overthrow of the empire? Thus on the question of emancipation a party, whose power and whose prejudices were by no means to be despised, was raised up against the Autocrat.

We believe that we may assert, without fear of contradiction, that the treaty of Tilsit also lost Alexander much of the confidence and the esteem of his nation. Many who had hitherto supposed him, though young and inexperienced, to possess considerable talents, independence of spirit, firmness of mind, and sound judgment, now looked upon him as already the dupe of the wily Napoleon, who would ultimately make him a mere tool or agent in his ambitious schemes. The readiness with which Alexander acceded to the proposal to meet Napoleon at Erfurth in the following year, as well as the results of this second interview, more and more rivetted this opinion.

The Russians are not backward in avowing that if Alexander had not been captivated by Napoleon, and had not acceded to the treaty of Tilsit, he might have formed an alliance with the powers of Europe, which would have prevented even the idea of the invasion of Russia by the French; and we have heard some of the natives declare their conviction that if Paul, the whimsical Paul, had been alive, such an event would never have happened, and consequently that the ancient capital would not have been destroyed. There is no doubt that the invasion of Russia and the burning of Moscow had created much discontent, and had even raised up some decided enemies to the monarch.

We are afraid that we must enumerate among the leading causes of discontent in Russia those very means which Alexander adopted for the purpose of enlightening it. Aware of the universal ignorance of his subjects, he at the beginning strongly patronised the dissemination of the Scriptures among them, in various languages. Further, believing that a general system of introductory education should precede, or at least accompany, the distribution of the divine truths, he instituted and encouraged universities, academies, gymnasia, and seminaries of every description for the males, while the same task for the females was chiefly left to the direction of the

Empress-mother; he likewise protected missionaries, and, in short, did every thing in his power to promote the general illumination of his people.

The success of the Bible-societies was apparently of the most rapid and permanent description; but, in truth, it was merely external, and soon betrayed the insincerity of those who affected to support those institutions. The despotic influence of the government led to the practice of the grossest deceptions. The nobles, the clergy, and the merchants, who, in order to attract the favour of His Majesty, subscribed most largely to those societies, highly disapproved, in secret, of the whole system. It was besides openly and violently opposed by a number of the Russians, and especially by those who were advanced in years, and who, therefore, were the more influential in instilling their aversion into the minds of their families, friends, and dependants. Among them were to be reckoned most of those nobles of the old creed who preferred that affairs should remain *in statu quo*, and who were convinced that ignorance is bliss. They viewed the Bible-societies only as one of the means of illuminating the peasantry and of civilising the empire; objects which were cherished by their monarch, but which they imagined would prove ruinous to the state. Thus a measure for which an enlightened nation would have highly praised Alexander was turned to his disadvantage. It is a striking proof of the effect of this opposition, that in the last year of his reign he ceased to patronise the circulation of the Scriptures.

Had Buonaparte conquered Russia, he could not, we apprehend, have done much for its civilisation, and probably he would have shown little inclination for its improvement: but by his invasion, his retreat, the capture of Paris, the sojourn of the Russian army of occupation in France, and, in a word, by the events of the campaigns of 1812—1815, Russia was brought into contact with enlightened Europe, to receive its wisdom, not with those minglings of doubt and error which mark the progress of enquiry, but with all the advantages of experience, and all the laborious deductions of philosophy. It so happened, that the same campaigns, while they enlightened many of the military officers, who highly approved of the plans of the Autocrat, also inspired a number of young officers, and others of maturer years, with more enlarged ideas concerning the proper relations between the governors and the governed than they had before entertained. These ideas expanded by degrees upon the return of the army to Russia, and operated very forcibly towards the formation of the late conspiracy. Other causes, however, were not wanting to produce, perhaps somewhat prematurely, the explosion, which has scarcely yet subsided. The severe punishment of a number of officers, descendants of high families, for trifling offences, caused discontent and chagrin to their relations and their friends, and roused the disgust and the indignation of the sufferers. The inflexibility of the Tsar to hearken to their petitions

engendered feelings of revenge. They deemed themselves martyrs to injustice, and they declaimed against those they deemed their oppressors, — the Tsar and his favourites.

The inaction of the army, in consequence of the long peace, and, more especially, the unexpected delay of warfare with the Turks, contributed greatly to the prevailing discontent, not only by the distressing languor which it caused, but also as there was, comparatively speaking, no promotion, no avenue open to distinction or to talents. For a number of years past, the Russian army has been constantly on the tip-toe of expectation to receive a declaration of war, and an order to march to the celebrated regions of the East, and it has ardently burned for the day of battle. Again and again has a report reached the troops that at length their *wishes* were to be gratified, and as often have they been disappointed. That there is a general desire among the Russians to act against the infidels, and to proceed to Constantinople, cannot be questioned; whether the desire is as general or as sincere to assist the Greeks, is a point that admits discussion.

Another feature in the system of Alexander's government has, in its results, been extremely unpopular, — we mean the establishment of the military colonies. These may be briefly described as consisting of an immense army, formed from among the crown peasants, who, in time of peace, were to be properly trained as soldiers, and also to be occupied in agriculture to an extent sufficient for their own support. Every thing relating to military equipage was to be supplied by government; but, in every other respect, the colonies were to sustain themselves. The plan of these colonies is said to have been suggested by Count Aracktcheëf, who rose from the ranks by the force of his talents. The whole system is generally disliked. It is held in utter abhorrence by the peasantry: it is detested by the regular army to such an extent, that the government is obliged to give the officers a higher degree of rank and additional pay, in order to induce them to attach themselves to colonised regiments; and it is highly disapproved of by all classes of the nobility. The latter regard the plan as peculiarly dangerous to the empire; for let it be supposed that a popular leader, especially in the south of Russia, should differ with the government after a few hundred thousand men were taught to obey him, what might he not effectuate?

From the vehement opposition to this system displayed by all classes of society, from the generally admitted impolicy of its plan, and from the obvious danger with which it threatens the empire, it would have been highly prudent in the new Emperor to have abandoned these colonies at once; but, on the contrary, without assigning even a specious reason, he has issued an ukáz, ordering them to be continued.

We must now touch upon another powerful cause of discontent in the Russian empire — the revolution that has lately taken place

in the civil tribunals of that country. Down to a very recent period, a system of bribery and corruption had been established throughout all the tribunals of Russia, had been consolidated by time, and rendered excessively difficult to be eradicated. Even under the most vigorous measures of reform, generations may pass away before a rooted habit of oppression and injustice, founded on the corruption of the human heart, rivetted by long custom, and countenanced by the inadequacy of the ancient salaries to support the officers of the crown, can be reduced to a tolerable state of purity.

Alexander, duly awake to the horrible state of the courts of justice of his country, began a course of improvement which will reflect eternal lustre on his memory. One of the earliest measures he took was to cause the Governor-General of Siberia, General Speranskii, to make an universal and unexpected examination of the administration of the principal towns in that remote country. Soon afterwards he proceeded to Petersburgh and delivered a report to the Emperor, who issued an ukáz, dated the 26th of January, 1822, by which *six hundred and seventy-eight civil officers* in Siberia were removed, and punished for usury, embezzlement, and oppression of the people. In 1823, 1824, and 1825, Alexander steadily pursued his plans of reform, with respect to the tribunals. A new mode of administration was approved by His Majesty for the Kalmucks: a new plan for the regulation of the political situation of the Krimea Tartars occupied the attention of the Minister of the Interior; and a total renovation of the laws was talked of for Georgia.

In consequence of these important changes, a vast number of individuals, many of them of high rank and extensively connected with society, were openly disgraced or secretly invited to retire from office. Against justice and truth they and their parties were likely to become enemies of the great judicial improvements of the Emperor. Their passions, of course, though concealed, were ready to explode the moment an opportunity offered.

Alexander was, moreover, placed, for some time before his death, in the most painful situation imaginable: between, as it were, two powerful and contending elements. On the one hand, he was solicited by some of his officers, a few of whom had both high rank and influence, to approximate the government of Russia to that of the other more enlightened states of Europe, and to hasten the civilisation of the peasantry, by extending the plans already in activity for that purpose; on the other hand, he was assailed by the ministers of foreign courts, some of his own ministers, many of the highest, and a host of the less refined of the nobles, by the clergy, and by most of the merchants, to stop short in his career, to annul his former ukázes, to arrest many of his benevolent plans, and to commence a retrograde course towards the point from which he had started. Alexander had to balance betwixt two great opposing parties: he must either adopt the views of the army, and become dependent on its movements, or he must

yield to the entreaties of the agents of the Holy Alliance, and to the voice of the civilians and the clergy, who disapproved of the march of mind that had distinguished his reign, and who probably were reckless of the charge of vacillation, which naturally enough would be brought against their sovereign, or the still more serious accusation of weakness and incapacity for government.

From the facts which we have here brought together, and which, perhaps, may not be without some value to politicians in this country and elsewhere, we believe we are warranted in concluding, that Russia feels at this moment germinating in her bosom the elements of a revolution, that will require no great length of time to be fully developed. Let the recent conspiracies be palliated as they will by acts of amnesty, and by declarations asserting the mutiny of the soldiers and the disaffection of their officers, to have been the results of deluded loyalty, Nicholas has but "scotched the snake, not killed it." That minister would be the best friend the Emperor ever had, who should have the courage to tell him that the Russian officers who marched through Germany, the ancient temple of liberty, into France, its latest and most extravagant worshipper, have outgrown the despotism of an autocrat. The seeds of education have been too industriously scattered among the people during the late reign to permit them to remain neutral in the contest, which the more enlightened minds of the country are preparing to wage against the uncontrolled rule of an individual over such a world of empire.

ART. III. *Narrative of Travels and Discoveries in Northern and Central Africa, in the Years* 1822, 1823, *and* 1824, by Major Denham, Captain Clapperton, and the late Doctor Oudney, extending across the Great Desert to the Tenth Degree of Northern Latitude, and from Kouka, in Bornou, to Sackatoo, the Capital of the Felatah Empire. With an Appendix, Plates, and a Map. 4to. pp. 644. 4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* London. Murray. 1826.

THOUGH not disposed, after a full consideration of their claims upon our approbation, to magnify the merits of the two adventurous travellers who have presented the public with this ponderous and costly volume, yet we cannot deny them the praise that is always due to perseverance, enterprise, and undaunted coolness, exhibited under circumstances of no ordinary difficulty and danger. Major Denham particularly seems to be endowed with a buoyancy of spirits, which even the severe privations and sufferings inflicted by the deserts and climates of Africa appear to have had little power to affect. Of his prudence we cannot speak so highly. Indeed we shall have occasion to see that by inconsiderately attaching himself to a party of Arabs, who had set out upon an expedition of plunder against the Felatahs, he not only exposed himself and the other members of the mission to serious consequences,

but hazarded the success of any future attempt that may be made to conciliate one of the most powerful and intelligent tribes in central Africa. We admit, of course, that his motive in joining the expedition was to use the opportunity which it afforded him of penetrating a country before untrodden by Europeans, and we cannot but admire the firmness which he displayed on the occasion. But if he had consulted his colleagues, or had given the matter sufficient consideration, we presume that he would have abstained from the course which he pursued. Not only was it incumbent on him as a British soldier to avoid the ranks of a predatory band, but it was inconsistent with policy, which should have overruled every other suggestion, to take the part of one tribe against another, in a country where the different tribes are in a state of constant mutual hostility, and where it is our interest, or at least our desire, to conciliate every portion of the population.

Captain Clapperton seems to have conducted that part of the expedition which was allotted to him with singular prudence and success. He was fortunate, indeed, in being placed among nations less savage than those whom Major Denham visited, and this good fortune he improved to its utmost extent by his conciliatory manners, taking care, at the same time, to preserve, in every situation, the respect due to his uniform and his rank. Perhaps he carried this feeling, on some occasions, a little farther than he need have done, in refusing, like some of our Oriental ministers, to salute the reigning authorities according to the established custom of their country. Such pride is, of all others, the last that should be cherished by an officer who is engaged in the public service, and whose business it is to advance that object, even at the expense of little personal compliances with etiquette, that really are not in themselves worth a moment's consideration. They are the tax which savage vanity requires of superior civilisation, and it ought to be paid with readiness and good humour.

Dr. Oudney's share in the contents of this volume is, unfortunately, very little, and that little uninteresting. Before he left Europe he was afflicted in his lungs, and the variable climates which he encountered in Africa materially accelerated his dissolution. His premature death was a severe loss to the mission, as his acquisitions in geology and in literature were incomparably superior to those of his companions. In consequence of the early failure of his assistance, their journals are extremely defective in one of the most essential qualifications of a book of travels, an accurate and animated description of the face of the country, the character of its mountains, and of its mineral and vegetable productions. Neither Denham nor Clapperton has given us any intelligible sketches of the scenery which they traversed, if we except two or three of the plates; and when we arrive at the end of their labours, we are almost as ignorant of the general features of the country through which we have accompanied them as when we set out. It

is for this reason, we presume, that Mr. Barrow, who edits Clapperton's journal, characterises that officer and his colleague as "pioneers of discovery," clearing the way for others who may come after them rather than as masters of the road themselves. To this praise they are entitled, and we must add, also, that they fortunately were able to take solar and lunar observations, which have enabled them to contribute some very important additions to the geography of Africa, as well as to correct several extravagant errors which had long prevailed in it.

The real extent of their 'Discoveries' is so limited as to have produced in us something like a feeling of disappointment, which was not a little aggravated by the pompous appearance of the volume, and promises of the preface, as well as the reports which have for some time prevailed of the extraordinary success that attended the mission. We are not favoured with the instructions which were given to it by the noble Secretary for the Colonial Department, but we believe that its principal object, so far as geography was concerned, was to follow up the mission of Mr. Ritchie and Captain Lyon, to ascertain the course of the Niger. This important question the recent mission has, however, only involved in greater obscurity than ever. The chief political purpose of the mission was to reach Timbuctoo, and this it left wholly unaccomplished.

In order to effect both these leading points, Captain Clapperton, Dr. Oudney, and Major Denham, were directed to proceed by Tripoli to Mourzuk and Kouka, both in a line nearly due south of Tripoli. The two former officers made a short excursion from Mourzuk westwards, but their final purpose was to proceed from Kouka westwards to Timbuctoo, while Major Denham was still to penetrate as far south as he could, and occasionally to explore the countries in an eastern direction.

The mission left Tripoli in March, 1822, provided with a sufficient number of horses, camels, and servants, and contrary to the usual custom of English travellers in Africa, they wore their usual English dresses. It is satisfactory to find that on no occasion had they reason to regret their determination on this point. On their arrival at Sockna, half-way between Tripoli and Mourzuk, they were welcomed by the governor and principal inhabitants, accompanied by hundreds of the country people, who repeatedly hailed the strangers as "Inglesi! Inglesi!" They reached Mourzuk on the 7th of April, without experiencing any other inconveniences than those so usual in Africa, the want of good water, and now and then a sand-storm. Here, however, they experienced a severe disappointment. Though they had letters to the Sultan of Mourzuk, from the Bashaw of Tripoli, directing that every assistance should be given in order to forward them on their journey southward, they were told that they could not proceed to Bornou without an escort of two hundred men, and that the preparations for this pur-

pose would necessarily detain them at Mourzuk until the following spring. Major Denham returned to Tripoli, to represent this unexpected state of things to the Bashaw. The result was, that, after some delay, Boo-Khaloom, a rich merchant of the interior, who happened to be at Tripoli, was appointed, with an escort, to convey the mission to Bornou.

This Boo-Khaloom was an extraordinary sort of a person,—half merchant, half bandit, — who exercised very considerable influence on the subsequent proceedings of the mission. He headed the escort, mounted on a beautiful white Tunisian horse, the peak and rear of his saddle covered with gold, and his housings of scarlet cloth, richly bordered. His dress was also very splendid, and considering himself as the representative of the Bashaw, he assumed an imposing air of authority. The escort consisted chiefly of Arabs, under the command of their own Sheikh, whose enlistment was procured upon conditions unknown at the time to Denham, but which afterwards occasioned no little trouble to all the parties. The cavalcade, or, to use the African term, the kafila, entered Mourzuk on the 30th of October, where Denham found his colleagues confined to their beds by severe illness, and both extremely reduced in their persons.

Dr. Oudney and Captain Clapperton had whiled away some of the months of the distressing interval, that had elapsed between Major Denham's journey to Tripoli and return to Mourzuk, in an excursion to Ghraat, to the westward of Mourzuk, of which we have an imperfect journal from the pen of the Doctor. He describes the greater number of the inhabitants as Tuaricks, who differ considerably from the people of Fezzan. They are of a warlike appearance; and in order to preserve their features from the influence of the sun, they muffle them up, so as to leave but a small part visible. They are fond of a nomade or wandering life, and have a sovereign contempt for those who live in villages or towns. The country is mountainous, and the Tuaricks usually prefer the most secluded parts of it for their temporary abode. Dr. Oudney found, in the course of his excursion, a Roman building, whence he supposed that this was the road taken by some of the legions into the interior. In a valley called Trona, he saw a lake, from which a considerable quantity of that substance is obtained. Trona, or carbonate of soda, is formed by crystallisation at the bottom of the lake, when the water is sufficiently saturated. The cakes vary in thickness from a fine film to two or three inches. In the winter it is thickest and best; and the lake, though small, yields 400 or 500 camel-loads of it every year. It is very much used throughout northern Africa for its medicinal qualities: a considerable portion is sent to Tripoli, whence it finds its way to foreign markets.

Every exertion was made by Boo-Khaloom to get away as soon as possible from Mourzuk, which is an extremely unhealthy place. Mr. Ritchie and Captain Lyon had suffered severely during their

stay there; and all the members of the present mission were afflicted, while they were detained in that town, with one complaint or another. From the numerous arrangements, however, which were necessary to be made for the provisioning of so many persons, during a journey through a country destitute of all resources, Boo-Khaloom was not able to complete his preparations, until the 29th of November, when the mission quitted Mourzuk for Kouka. They had a most fatiguing time of it in the early part of their route. The wells were generally surrounded by the bleached skeletons of slaves, who had been left to perish there by their savage masters. Upon arriving in the Tibboo country, they found numerous villages, and wells, and lakes, that produced great quantities of salt and trona. The inhabitants were, however, industrious and hospitable; and those in the large towns, particularly the females, were of a superior class, 'some having extremely pleasing features, while the pearly white of their regular teeth was beautifully contrasted with the glossy black of their skin.' After leaving Bilma, they had to bid adieu to every appearance of vegetable production, and to enter on a desert, which required thirteen days to cross. The road lay over loose hills of fine sand, in which the camels sunk nearly knee-deep. The only landmarks by which the traveller can steer his course in these wilds are certain points in the dark sandstone-ridges, which from time to time raise their heads in the midst of this dry ocean of sand, for the face of the desert is constantly changed by the winds, which shift the sand-hills from place to place.

'Tremendously dreary are these marches: as far as the eye can reach, billows of sand bound the prospect. On seeing the solitary foot-passenger of the kafila, with his water-flask in his hand, and bag of zumeeta (parched corn) on his head, sink at a distance beneath one of these (sand hills), as he plods his way alone, hoping to gain a few paces in his long day's work, by not following the track of the camels, one trembles for his safety: — the obstacle passed which concealed him from the view, the eye is strained towards the spot in order to be assured that he has not been buried quick in the treacherous overwhelming sand.' — Denham, p. 29.

After the travellers quitted the desert, the face of the country gradually improved, until they arrived at Lari, where they had first a view of the great lake Tchad, 'glowing with the golden rays of the sun in its strength.'—'My heart,' says Major Denham, 'bounded within me at this prospect, for I believed this lake to be the key to the great object of our search.' This belief, however, he ultimately failed to strengthen into certainty, nor indeed has he added to it any thing by way of support beyond very loose conjecture. The lake was covered with a multitude of birds; and near its borders Major Denham saw a herd of upwards of one hundred and fifty elephants feeding in grounds which are annually overflowed by its waters. Some of these huge animals he represents to be sixteen feet high — an enormous bulk, if, indeed, the Major be not mistaken. The ka-

fila, on their approach to Kouka, waded through a still water called Chugelaream, which was said to be a branch of the Tchad, and to be increased considerably by the overflowings of that lake in the rainy season. They also crossed a very considerable river called the Yeou, 'in some parts more than fifty yards wide, with a fine hard sandy bottom, and banks nearly perpendicular, and with a strong current running three miles and a half in an hour to the eastward.' One of the Arabs said that this was the Nile, and that it ran into the Tchad. Upon this information, however, no dependence could be placed, as it is well known that the name of the Nile is popularly given to many rivers besides the one to which it alone belongs. The Yeou is at times considerably wider and deeper than the kafila found it, and it is represented on the map as flowing into the great lake.

Before the mission entered Kouka, (on the 17th of February, 1823,) they were in a state of great uncertainty as to the manner in which they should be received there. They were the first Europeans who had approached so near it. The accounts which they had concerning its population were confused and contradictory, and they did not know whether 'they should find its chief at the head of thousands, or be received by him under a tree surrounded by a few naked slaves.' What, then, must have been their surprise to see soon in front of them a body of several thousand cavalry, drawn up in line, mounted on small but perfect horses, and regulating all their movements with admirable precision and expertness! The Sheikh's first General, Barca Gana, appeared to be 'a negro of a noble aspect, clothed in a figured silk tobe' (shirt), and the Sheikh's body-guard of negroes were habited in 'coats of mail, composed of iron chain, which covered them from the throat to the knees, dividing behind, and coming on each side of the horse: some of them had helmets, or rather skull-caps, of the same metal, with chin-pieces, all sufficiently strong to ward off the shock of a spear. Their horses' heads were also defended by plates of iron, brass, and silver, just leaving sufficient room for the eyes of the animal.' The representation given in one of the plates of a negro thus mounted and equipped resembles in every thing but the helmet and countenance an European knight in the chain-armour of the chivalrous ages. After a good deal of ceremony, the mission were admitted within the gates of Kouka, and kindly received by the Sheikh, whose personal appearance was prepossessing, animated by an expressive countenance and a benevolent smile. He had previously ordered huts to be built for them, and told them he would be happy to gratify their wishes in every respect. At their next interview the Sheikh betrayed a spark of that vanity which seems to be natural to man in every clime and in every stage of society.

'The Sheikh showed evident satisfaction at our assurance, that the King of England had heard of Bornou and himself; and immediately turning to his kaganawha (counsellor), said, "This is in consequence of

our defeating the Begharmis." Upon which the chief who had most distinguished himself in these memorable battles, Bagah Furby, (the gatherer of horses,) seating himself in front of us, demanded, "Did he ever hear of me?" The immediate reply of "*Certainly*" did wonders for our cause. Exclamations were general; and, "Ah! then, your King must be a great man!" was re-echoed from every side.' — Denham, p. 68.

The travellers had presents of provisions, not in baskets, but by camel-loads. Bullocks, wheat, rice, butter, honey, and fish, were placed before their huts in such abundance, that the Sheikh must have had an extraordinary idea of their powers of consumption. One of the first novelties which they witnessed at Kouka was the market.

'Slaves, sheep, and bullocks, the latter in great numbers, were the principal live stock for sale. There were at least fifteen thousand persons gathered together, some of them coming from places two and three days distant. Wheat, rice, and gussub, were abundant: tamarinds in the pod, ground nuts, ban beans, ochroes, and indigo; the latter is very good, and in great use amongst the natives, to dye their tobes (shirts) and linen, stripes of deep indigo colour, or stripes of it alternately with white, being highly esteemed by most of the Bornou women: the leaves are moistened, and pounded up altogether when they are formed into lumps, and so brought to market. Of vegetables there was a great scarcity — onions, bastard tomatoes, alone were offered for sale; and of fruits not any: a few limes, which the Sheikh had sent us from his garden, being the only fruit we had seen in Bornou. Leather was in great quantities; and the skins of the large snake, and pieces of the skin of the crocodile, used as an ornament for the scabbards of their daggers, were also brought to me for sale; and butter, leban (sour milk), honey, and wooden bowls, from Soudan. The costumes of the women, who for the most part were the vendors, were various: those of Kanem and Bornou were most numerous, and the former was as becoming as the latter had a contrary appearance. The variety in costume amongst the ladies consists entirely in the head-ornaments; the only difference, in the scanty covering which is bestowed on the other parts of the person, lies in the choice of the wearer, who either ties the piece of linen, blue or white, under the arms, and across the breasts, or fastens it rather fantastically on one shoulder, leaving one breast naked. The Kanemboo women have small plaits of hair hanging down all around the head, quite to the poll of the neck, with a roll of leather or string of little brass beads in front, hanging down from the centre on each side of the face, which has by no means an unbecoming appearance: they have sometimes strings of silver rings instead of the brass, and a large round silver ornament in front of their foreheads. The female slaves from Musgow, a large kingdom to the south-east of Mandara, are particularly disagreeable in their appearance, although considered as very trustworthy, and capable of great labour: their hair is rolled up in three large plaits, which extend from the forehead to the back of the neck, like the Bornowy; one larger in the centre, and two smaller on each side: they have silver studs in their nose, and one large one just under the lower lip of the size of a shilling, which goes quite through into the mouth; to make room for this ornament, a tooth or two is sometimes displaced.' — Denham, pp. 69, 70.

Purchases are chiefly made by barter, or paid for by small beads, pieces of coral and amber, or coarse linen, which all the people manufacture, and is sold at the rate of forty yards for a dollar. The mission had not been many days at Kouka, when, through Boo-Khaloom, they received word from the Sheikh that 'they should be welcome to see any part of his dominions, but that out of them he could not suffer the mission at present to go.' The truth is, that these uncivilised rulers of central Africa have no conception of the motives which can induce foreigners to penetrate their remote and unhealthy dominions. They do not understand the curiosity of intelligent minds, and they suspect that some attack is secretly meditated against their own power, some design intended against their possessions or those of their people. It was even reported at Kouka, that one of the purposes of the mission was to build ships, in which they should embark upon the Tchad, and return to their own country, and then that the white people would come and destroy them all! Some countenance was probably given to this rumour, by the fact that they were attended by a ship-carpenter, Hillman, who was found a very useful and faithful servant of the mission. The rumour, however, seems to have originated with some Mourzuk merchants, who had preceded them, and who no doubt apprehended that their trade in slaves, and in the produce of the country, would be injured by the strangers. Through the influence of Boo-Khaloom, however, the Sheikh was undeceived, and the presents which the mission gave him had a wonderful effect in their favour. He and the people of the town were particularly astonished by some rockets which were displayed for their amusement. Major Denham gives us the following as a sample of the best residences in Kouka. The habitation belonged to one of the Sheikh's principal shouas, and consisted of two inclosures, besides one for his horses, cows, and goats.

'In the first of these divisions was a circular hut, with a cupola top, well thatched with gussub straw, something resembling that of the Indian corn: the walls were of the same materials; a mud wall, of about two feet high, separated one part from the rest, and here his corn was kept; and a bench of like simple composition, at the opposite side, was his resting-place: this was covered with mats; and his spears, and wooden bowls for water and milk, hung on pegs, completed the furniture: here was his own apartment. In the second division there were two huts, rather smaller, about ten paces from each other, in which dwelt his two wives: they were called to the door, and desired to salute me; but on looking up, uttered a scream, and hiding their faces with their hands, crept back again so quickly, as to make me almost ashamed of my complexion.' — Denham, pp. 75, 76.

Kouka is a very considerable town, and at the distance of sixteen miles from it is Angornou, also a large and populous town, where the Sheikh resided before he built Kouka. Two miles farther south, stands Birnie, which is walled, and is supposed to contain ten thou-

sand inhabitants, who reside in huts similar to those in Kouka. The travellers visited Angornou and Birnie in company with Boo-Khaloom. At the latter place they were received by the Sultan with the most prodigal hospitality. No fewer than seventy dishes of mutton and poultry, baked, boiled, and stewed, were sent to their residence for their dinner, each of which would have served at least half-a-dozen persons. The Sultan reigns by sufferance of the Sheikh; and though he lives in a mud-edifice he affects all the pomp, folly, and bigotry of the ancient negro sovereigns.

'Large bellies and large heads are indispensable for those who serve the court of Bornou; and those who unfortunately possess not the former by nature, or on whom lustiness will not be forced by cramming, make up the deficiency of protuberance by a wadding, which, as they sit on the horse, gives the belly the curious appearance of hanging over the pummel of the saddle. The eight, ten, and twelve shirts, of different colours, that they wear one over the other, help a little to increase this greatness of person: the head is enveloped in folds of muslin or linen of various colours, though mostly white, so as to deform it as much as possible; and those whose turban seemed to be the most studied had the effect of making the head appear completely on one side. Besides this, they are hung all over with charms, inclosed in little red leather parcels, strung together; the horse, also, has them round his neck, in front of his head, and about the saddle.'—Denham, pp. 78, 79.

The Sultan generally appears to his court in a sort of cage; he is distinguished by wearing a larger turban than any of his subjects, and his face, from the nose downwards, is completely covered. Angornou is represented as the largest and most populous town of Bornou. It is said to contain at least thirty thousand inhabitants, and the huts are generally more commodious and extensive than those of Kouka. There is a public market once a-week, which the natives said was attended in peaceable times sometimes by eighty or a hundred thousand persons. Fish, flesh, and fowls, are abundant there. The only vegetables are tomatas and onions. Linen is so cheap that the males generally wear shirts and trowsers. Want of the latter bespeaks extreme poverty. The principal demand is for amber and coral; pieces of brass are also much sought after, and readily bring money, whereas all other sorts of merchandise are paid for in slaves, or tobes. The men are well grown, but the mouth is large, the lips thick, and to a stranger the features appear ugly. Beauty of this description is all relative. Many of the people in the market, when they saw the white English faces, ran away from them 'irresistibly affrighted' It would seem, however, that nature has constructed the organs of hearing in every order of the human race upon the same plan. Upon Denham's return to Kouka he showed the Sheikh a musical box.

'He was at first greatly astonished, and asked several questions, exclaiming, "*A gieb! gieb!*" "Wonderful! wonderful!" but the sweetness of the Swiss Ranz-des-Vaches which it played, at last overcame

every other feeling: he covered his face with his hand and listened in silence; and on one man near him breaking the charm by a loud exclamation, he struck him a blow which made all his followers tremble. He instantly asked, "If one twice as large would not be better?" I said "Yes; but it would be twice as dear." — "By G—!" said he, "if one thousand dollars would purchase it, it would be cheap." '—Denham, p. 85.

The Major very adroitly presented the box to the Sheikh, and thus advanced at once to the highest degree of intimacy and favour with him. This circumstance Denham turned to immediate advantage, by obtaining permission to visit the Tchad, which lies about fifteen miles eastward from Kouka. He observed 'evident proofs of its overflowings and recedings near the shores; but beyond was an expanse of waters, as far as the eye could reach east and south-east.' The lake produces fine mullet, in great abundance, which is easily captured, and almost as easily cooked; 'a stick is run through the mouth of the fish, and quite along the belly to the tail: this stick is then stuck in the ground, with the head of the fish downwards, and inclined towards the fire, and by turning them constantly by the tail, they are most excellently dressed.' Great numbers of elephants, buffaloes, and antelopes, were seen in the neighbourhood of the lake; but it is infested by such myriads of mosquitoes, and other venomous insects, that it is scarcely possible for man or beast to remain long on its immediate borders. Had it not been for this intolerable nuisance, Denham says that as he pursued the course of the water he saw spots where he could with delight have pitched his tent for a week. Some of the villages through which he passed were quite new, and occupied by emigrants from Kanemboo, 'than whom,' he says, 'I never saw handsomer or better formed people.' On this occasion, however, Denham acquired little information concerning the lake, his excursion was limited, and he returned to Kouka.

We have already said that the real motives of the Arabs in joining the escort under Boo-Khaloom were not quite apparent at the commencement of the journey. They now became much more so. Boo-Khaloom's purpose was to dispose of his merchandise to the best advantage: the great object of the Arabs was to be led to Mandara upon an expedition of plunder, or, as they call it, a ghrazzie. They began to mutiny; and were so violent, that Boo-Khaloom was obliged to yield to their demand, although it is due to his memory to say that he resisted the scheme as far as it was possible. It was to this expedition that Major Denham so imprudently, as we think, attached himself, in order to have an opportunity of exploring the Mandara country. He took this step against the positive directions of his friend the Sheikh; and, after some delay, on the 17th of April, he joined the Arabs and the Sheikh's people on their march, the former under the command of Boo-Khaloom, the latter under Barca Gana, already mentioned. Their

course was due south of Kouka. They passed on the 18th and 19th through Deegoa, a large walled town, containing a population of thirty thousand; Affagay, another large and populous town, and several villages. The road consisted of several narrow paths, passable only for one horse at a time, and these obstructed by prickly trees which hang over them. Twelve pioneers, who carried long forked poles, were employed to keep back the branches; and as they moved on, they gave animation to the march, by perpetually crying out something about the road.

'For example: "Take care of the holes! — avoid the branches! — Here is the road! — take care of the tulloh! — its branches are like spears — worse than spears! Keep off the branches!" — "For whom?" "Barca Gana." — "Who in battle is like rolling of thunder?" — "Barca Gana!" — "Now for Mandara! — now for the Kerdies! — now for the battle of spears! — Who is our leader?" — "Barca Gana." — "Here is the wadey, but no water." — "God be praised!" — "In battle, who spreads terror around him like a buffalo in his rage?" — "Barca Gana."' — Denham, p. 106.

On the 20th they reached Delahay, 'a spot surrounded by large wide-spreading acacias, affording a delightful shade' and abundance of excellent water, a most acceptable blessing where the thermometer was seldom under 113° in the most secluded place. The first town which they entered in Mandara is called Delow: it contains 10,000 inhabitants, has springs of good water, and in the neighbouring vallies are odoriferous shrubs and fig-trees. They were received in a friendly manner by the Sultan of Mandara, who met them on a rising ground, surrounded by five hundred horsemen, who were finely dressed in Soudan tobes of different colours, bornouses of coarse scarlet cloth, and large turbans of white or dark cotton. Their horses were beautiful, and they managed them with great skill. 'The Sultan's guard was composed of thirty of his sons, all mounted on very superior horses, clothed in striped silk tobes; and the skin of the tiger-cat and leopard formed their shabracks, which hung fully over their horses' haunches.' The Sultan was an intelligent little man of about fifty, with a beard dyed 'of a most beautiful sky-blue.' Upon learning that Major Denham was not Moslem, he had no further intercourse with him. The Sultan refused permission to Boo-Khaloom to invade the country of the Kerdies, an inferior tribe, which supplies the Sultan with numerous slaves. Boo-Khaloom asserted the Kerdies to be Christians, but Denham disbelieved him, from the uncouth appearance which some of them exhibited, and their propensity to eat horse-flesh; he had, however, no means of ascertaining whether the assertion was really devoid of foundation. After being delayed some days by the indecision of the Sultan, the marauders moved, on the 25th of April, to the east of Delow. The country is here mountainous. In the vallies they found verdure and shade, and saw several of those enormous trees called gubberah, which re-

semble the fig-tree without its fruit. Their trunks commonly measure ten and twelve yards in circumference near the root, and their branches sometimes cover more than half an acre of ground. As the party advanced, the mountain-scenery improved in beauty and richness, and they saw before them, to the south, mountains still higher and more magnificent. They proceeded through a frightful and difficult pass called the Horza, after which nature seemed to wear a new dress. Flowers, vegetables, and fruits, were abundant. On the road the expedition was joined by the Sultan of Mandara, with a considerable force; and the whole body now exceeding three thousand men, they formed into regular columns on the morning of the 28th, and proceeded to attack some small towns inhabited by the Felatahs.

We have already observed that the Felatah tribe, or rather tribes, are exceedingly powerful in the interior of Africa. They extend through the whole of Soudan quite to Timbuctoo, and they are found in great numbers at D'jennie on the Quolla. They have a peculiar language of their own. They are Moslem, and a handsome as well as brave race of people, wholly distinct from the negroes, and of a deep copper colour. They had several times conquered Mandara, but were at last driven from it to the mountains by the present Sultan, who deemed them a most formidable enemy, and was rejoiced at having an opportunity of directing the energies of Boo-Khaloom and his Arabs against them. After burning Dirkulla and another small town near it, and putting to death, or consigning to the flames, the few inhabitants who were found in them, consisting chiefly of infants and aged persons unable to escape, they proceeded to attack Musfeia, in latitude 9° 10′ north, which was built on a rising ground among the mountains, and capable of being defended against double the force now brought against it. It was defended very resolutely by the Felatahs, whose weapons were the spear and bow and poisoned arrow. The Arabs soon took flight, a course of proceeding in which they were instantly followed by their auxiliaries, the Sultan leading the way. Major Denham's horse was disabled by an arrow-wound, and it was with great difficulty he fled from the field, after being stripped absolutely naked by the Felatahs. The narrative of his escape is highly interesting, but too long to be extracted. All their baggage was abandoned to the enemy, and numbers of the invaders were speared to death, or sunk under the effects of the poisoned-arrow wounds. Among them perished Boo-Khaloom himself, who was wounded by an arrow in the foot. Thus terminated this expedition, in the signal discomfiture of those who planned it in injustice, and, as far as they were permitted, carried it on with cruelty. Major Denham unfortunately acquired little in the way of his mission to compensate him for the severe sufferings which he most unnecessarily brought upon himself.

Musfeia is distant from Kouka about 230 miles, but such was the haste with which the Arabian remnants of the expedition retreated, that Major Denham and they arrived at Kouka in about seven days after the battle. . He lost almost every thing, his trunk, linen, canteens, azimuth-compass, drawing-case, and some sketches of the Mandara mountains. The inhabitants were unanimous in reporting that 'these mountains extend southward for two months' journey; and one who represented he had been twenty days south of Mandara said that he had travelled over mountains ten times higher than those of Mandara: he called them "mountains of the moon." ' If this account be true, and it is by no means improbable, the obvious conjecture is, that they belong to the same chain as the moon-mountains in which the Nile is supposed to take its rise. The same person spoke of several rivers and lakes which he saw in the course of his journey, one of which he represented as flowing eastward to the Nile.

On his return from Musfeia, Major Denham, accompanied by Dr. Oudney, made an excursion westward to Soudan (now in ruins) with the Sheikh, who marched through that country in order to reduce the Munga people to obedience. The object of the expedition was effected, by the Sheikh's tact and management without any fighting, which was of the more importance, as they are a powerful race, and can bring ten thousand bowmen into the field. They are described as having all the simplicity, good nature, and ugliness of the people of Bornou. The chief object of Dr. Oudney's and Major Denham's attention was the river Gambarou, which is said, in some parts, to be as wide as the Thames at Windsor, but the water appeared quite stationary. They were told, however, that in the rainy season it flows in a strong current eastward, and in the map it is made to join the Yeou, which is tributary to the Tchad.

During the rainy season, the mission remained at Kouka. Rains incessantly fall during the months of August and September, increasing every day till about the latter part of September, when they sensibly diminish. This corresponds with the inundation of the Nile, which is at its height on the 25th of September; but still it does not prove the existence of any communication between the Tchad and that mighty stream. During the rains, almost the whole face of the country round Kouka is covered with the waters; and the probability is, that when the bed of the lake overflows, a great portion of the superincumbent weight of waters finds its way into the Nile through many channels which, when the inundation is subsided, are no longer visible. While the rains prevailed, all the members of the mission, and, indeed, the greater number of the inhabitants, were extremely ill at Kouka. Towards the latter end of October, cool winds purified the air; and about the middle of December Dr. Oudney and Captain Clapperton set out with a kafila on their journey westward, while Major Denham, who about the

same time was joined by a new colleague, Lieutenant Toole, proceeded on an excursion to Loggun, to the south-east of Kouka, in order to explore the course of the river Shary. In this object they were foiled by the fear or jealousy of the Sultan of Loggun; and in the course of their journey the climate was fatal to Mr. Toole, who is represented by his companion to have been a young officer of great promise. In the following April (1824) Mr. Tyrwhit, who, we believe, was appointed to act as consul at Kouka, arrived there, and in June he accompanied Major Denham on an expedition to the eastern side of the Tchad, which was unattended by any satisfactory results. We regret to learn that Mr. Tyrwhit has also fallen a victim to the climate. After an excursion, equally fruitless, to the north-eastern banks of the Tchad, Major Denham and Captain Clapperton (who had returned from his western journey) repassed their former road to Tripoli, and after an absence of three years reached England in safety.

The limitation of our space prevents us from following Captain Clapperton in his very interesting journal. Dr. Oudney died at Murmur, and his companion, from causes which he does not detail, was not able to penetrate farther westward than Sackatoo, which, as well as a great part of the country round it, is under the rule of the Felatahs. One of the first questions asked by the Sultan Bello related to Major Denham's appearance with the party of Boo-Khaloom in that unfortunate expedition against the Felatahs at Musfeia. Captain Clapperton endeavoured to explain the matter as well as he could. Bello is described as an extremely intelligent person, very anxious to enter into commercial relations with England, for which the proximity of his dominions to the Bight of Benin affords great facilities. He has also promised to do every thing in his power to put a stop to the slave-trade, which has been principally carried on in that quarter. The whole of the Felatah country is described as superior in many respects to those parts of Africa, which were traversed by Denham. According to popular report Mungo Park's death occurred at a very short distance from Sackatoo. This town is situated 13° 4′ 52″ north lat. and 6° 12′ east long. It is the most populous which Clapperton saw in Africa, though only twenty years have elapsed since its foundation. Clapperton's visit to it is likely to be attended with the most important results, as in consequence of an arrangement which he made with the Sultan he has already gone out by the way of Benin upon a second mission, most probably empowered by our government to enter into arrangements of a permanent nature. We may, therefore, look forward to fresh discoveries in northern and western Africa, of a more interesting character; and we do feel not a little proud in believing that the extension of British influence in that quarter will be followed by the utter destruction of the slave-trade, the first great step in the civilisation of millions who have hitherto been unknown to Europe.

In the Appendix the reader will find several very curious documents; among them two or three letters from African chieftains to His Majesty, which are quite amusing.

ART. IV. *Mr. Blount's MSS.*; being Selections from the Papers of a Man of the World. By the Author of "Gilbert Earle." 2 Vols. 12mo. 14s. London. C. Knight. 1826.

THIS romance is of a better class than many of those which we have lately seen. It describes the career, less of a man than of a mind, and follows this lonely track through a long succession of capricious joys and sorrows, wayward fondnesses, and still more wayward rejections of happiness, with a painful fidelity. Yet this fidelity wants force. It has a pathetic tinge, yet it wants depth of colouring. The artist's hand is visible, but it is in vapoury and wandering touches. His sunshine has the hue without the heat, his shower falls glitteringly, but it rather refreshes than clears the atmosphere or invigorates the soil.

Nothing could be more captivating to a writer, gifted with the great faculty to dip his pencil in the heart, than such a subject. The rapid summoning up of the spirits that live concealed in our nature, but that will come up only when the legitimate passion puts forth its voice to summon them; those fallen angels, obeying none but the call of their great leader; and then rushing up on the full wing from their beds of gloom and fire; the noble conflicts of principle, the strong resolution triumphing over the strong opportunity, the heroic hazards, mental and corporeal, the glowing and brilliant gallantry, the stern and haughty suffering, the repelled or the broken heart; all might be included within the range of a picture that yet had but a single figure.

Among the minor objections to this work we must place the *title*. It tells nothing of the purposes of the volume. It even repels the interest that the volume might excite. There is a harshness, and even a vulgarity, in some names which the novelist ought not to encounter. In actual life this cannot be helped: we have a cluster of appellative *horrors* even in our highest ranks; but time, the habit of thinking more of the individual than of the name, and the consciousness that the disaster is unavoidable, soften down the natural repulsion. But the novelist *has* the choice; and the choice of a vulgar nomenclature is visited at once upon himself and his hero. Who, says Addison, can ever care for the loves or sorrows of Mr. Clutterbuck? The present writer gives his hero the common-place name of Blount; and selects for his correspondent the equally unhappy name of Frewin. The book, however, is not common-place; and the author probably thus disguised his personages in order that he might produce the stronger contrast with the feelings developed in their narrative.

Mr. Blount begins his 'Diary' in the year 1788, in his youth, and apparently in his first entrance into continental life. He ends it in 1802, in his premature old age, and on the eve of his death. The letters are fragments of the long correspondence maintained with his friend, and give sketches of his loves and embarrassments down to the period when men neither love nor hate any more. His first letter is dated 'Tours,' and contains the description of the fair one whose image is thenceforth to haunt him.

'That which caused me to stay here four-and-twenty hours at all, was, not a woman, but a broken axletree. Blessings on Dessin's rotten carriages! — If mine had stood firm, I should have rolled on the next morning after my arrival, and never have dreamt of what I had missed. But, luckily, I was detained here sorely against my will for a day; and have now been detained here, very much according to my will, for forty.

'It is a beautiful country this, hereabouts: the river so fine, and its banks so rich, and yet so romantic — and then the (not *harvest*, but) *vendange* moon, smiling down upon both so luxuriantly! Oh! those moonlight walks by the banks of the Loire! A year's delay were well repaid by one of them! But you are still in the dark as to what I am flying into these raptures about: I promised to begin at the beginning, and I will.

'I broke down just without the gates of the town, on a Saturday night; and the next day, being detained, I went to church. The old proverb was verified on the occasion —

'"Near the church" — you know the rest —

I confess my thoughts were wholly abstracted from devout subjects, by my eyes chancing to light upon one of the loveliest creatures which ever crossed their vision, seated at a very short distance from me. She seemed to be about eighteen, and her beauty was equally great and peculiar. She had more even than the usual darkness of complexion of a French woman; her hair was like jet, her eyebrows and eyelashes were, if possible, darker still; and the latter, from their extreme length, appeared to be even more so than they really were. But her eyes were blue — deep, rich, transparent blue; which, with such dark accompaniments, gave an air, certainly, of peculiarity, but of most lovely peculiarity, to the expression of her radiant and speaking countenance. Her form was scarcely yet arrived, at its complete fulness, but its outline was perfect; and a few months, as it seemed to me, would finish the filling up. Altogether, I had scarcely ever seen a more lovely, certainly, never a more striking, person. But by this expression you must not conceive there was any *ostentation*, if I may be permitted the word, of manner or bearing. On the contrary, the most exquisite delicacy was spread, like a veil, over this radiant beauty, softening, and yet enhancing, its perfection. You know I am somewhat fastidious, and am not ready to think every pretty face a beautiful one; but this one was so, and I studied it in every light and posture; for I scarcely removed my eyes from it, during the whole service.

'My first endeavour was to discover who this lady of the Loire might be; in this there was not much difficulty. She was, it seemed, an Italian. Her mother had been French, and came from Tours. This

mother she had lost some six years ago, and had then come to reside, for education, with her maternal aunt. Her education was now complete; and her father was very shortly expected to arrive, to take her back to Italy with him.'— Vol. i. pp. 6—9.

He gains access to this handsome creature, and obtains her affections; but how he accomplishes either the reader is left to his own invention to conceive, for the author gives no intimation on the subject. Mr. Blount makes fierce love to her for two months, and, at the end of the time, suddenly sets off for Paris, abandoning Antonia, whom he has made as miserable as being desperately in love could make her. No reason is assigned: the hero is alike desperately smitten, weeps, writes raving letters, makes harangues to her picture, talks of hours of felicity, green banks, where mutual vows were exchanged, and the moon was surveyed with mutual rapture; and, after all, turns his chariot-wheels to Paris, and, in boundless agony at her eternal loss, drives away with his own free will. This may be romantic, but it is altogether unnatural. There is no poverty on the hero's side, no previous engagement, no conflicting authority, nothing which could, in the most trivial degree, justify his determination. The result of this deficiency of motive is *not* to increase the interest of the story, but to degrade the character of the hero. Mr. Blount, with all his refined feelings and exquisite intellect, is thus actually nothing more than a silly fellow, totally destitute of feeling, and merely treacherous, where the author had prepared us for honour and delicacy. He who habitually flings away his own happiness, merely to see how far he can fling it from him, is less to be pitied than despised; but he who in this absurd experiment is careless how far he may fling the happiness of others after it, adds crime to folly.

The author should have been aware that in all such cases the true character is simply heartlessness and hypocrisy. A *dégagé* sentimentalist of this order has no feeling whatever.

But we turn from this improbable delineation to subjects of more interest. The taking of the Bastille is supposed to have been witnessed by the diarist; and that fatal and extraordinary event is very graphically described. The scene now changes, and the diarist gives the story of a woman who might have been his own counterpart, the wife of a man of rank, whom she had married to please her family. Lord Montore is a proud and cold character, and not at all suited to the brilliancy of his young and handsome lady.

'She was, indeed, originally one of the most fascinating and delightful persons in the world. She was extremely lovely, though not of a calm or regular style of beauty. She was of shorter stature than the most perfect standard for a woman; but her form was exquisitely cast, combining lightness, and delicacy of outline, with the brightest and richest filling up. To the gay and buoyant liveliness of youth, she joined an archness, even an *espiéglerie* of manner—a smile lurking in the glance of the eye, and rippling upon the beautiful lip—which be-

trayed a kind and degree of talent seldom so much developed in such early youth. Yet he who would, from these indications, have deduced that she allowed the deeper and stronger feelings to be drowned beneath the bright and sparkling spray of wit and gaiety, would have been far wrong indeed, in the estimate of her character. On the contrary, she was one of that class of persons — a class much more numerous than is generally supposed — who, being naturally of joyous, elastic, and lively temperaments, gave their apparent energies to the light surfaces of things; and yet, who possess, perhaps even more than, certainly as much as, any other description of women, the fire of strong feeling always burning beneath these bright but less ardent coruscations — awaiting only object and occasion to call it into vivid (and to some, unexpected) life. Women of this description are calculated, in a most eminent degree, to give and to experience happiness, if united to a man whom they love, and whom they respect; but they are also calculated to experience and to cause the most extreme misery, if they be bound to a husband whom they dislike, and hold in slight esteem.' — Vol. i. pp. 112—114.

A failure of congeniality will not, we are afraid, go far with a jury; but it is the wand with which novelists habitually feel entitled to work all their wonders. In a short time, Blanch discovers that her lord is *not* congenial, and, as all women with their minds fairly settled on such a subject will also discover, she ascertains that a Mr. Lumley has the requisite congeniality. She accordingly, in the due exercise of the rights of romance and woman, elopes with the new lover. Here, however, the novelist gives way to the historian; and it is found (as regularly happens in real life) that the adulterer is still more contemptuous, cold, and negligent.

The story of this wilful unfortunate rapidly comes to a close. Her health has declined when Blount met her again; and these two susceptibles are on the point of falling in love with each other. However, they separate. Blanch is removed to Nice, where she sees her former husband, and soon after is left alone by Lumley, who coldly returns to England. She wastes away, and dies. The story is prettily told, but nothing can compensate for the choice of the subject. The delicate distresses of an adulteress are worn-out topics, and unworthy, even if they were new, of the pen of any writer who laid claim to public attention.

Blount now wanders into Italy, gives way to licentiousness, and consoles himself by the exhausted and idle plea, that life is now insupportable without strong excitement. This plea answers all sorts of purposes with him; and, on the strength of it, he continues to be heartless and self-satisfied to the end. He at length accidentally discovers Antonia, who had long since taken the veil. He attempts to prevail with her to elope: she refuses; but, finally, is released from her vows, by the breaking up of the convents in the French invasion of Italy. Blount had, by this time, returned to England, and he writes to her to join him, and proposes to marry her. She is lost in sight of the English shore; and Blount, through 'the

necessity of excitement,' becomes a gambler: this necessity of excitement being here gratuitously presumed to be the thirst of a fine spirit, not, as it invariably is, the common gross appetite of a *débauché* for gross gratification. He indulges in sensuality, seduction, and play.

Blount, now in poverty, marries a woman of fortune, of whom he grows weary in a few weeks; and, in search of excitement, they go to the Continent. Blount's second visit to Paris shows him all things changed.

'Mercy upon me! how every thing is changed in this town, since I was here last! To be sure, they have been stirring years which have elapsed since then; and, with regard to political matters, I was of course pretty well prepared to find what I have found. But I did not quite expect, though perhaps I ought, so complete a revolution in society also. The Fauxbourg St. Germain is deserted. — At Versailles, grass grows in the courts. — Instead of a king with powdered hair, *à l'aile de pigeon*, and a *habit Français*, I find a consul with lank locks, and a General's uniform, reviewing his troops, on a white horse at full gallop. In like manner every vestige, not only of the *vieille cour*, but of the former state of society altogether, has passed away. No coteries, no *petit soupers*, no conversation teeming with subtle compliments, and epigrammatic turns of expression. Every thing now seems active and energetic — occasionally coarse, perhaps, and with the faults arising from coarseness; but, for that very reason, perfectly free from all those which appertain to frivolity. Society certainly is not so brillant and refined, nor is it nearly so agreeable to those who seek it merely for society's sake; but it bespeaks a much higher and stronger tone to pervade men's minds in general throughout the country. There is no longer that monotony, which, in despite of all its charms, was undoubtedly felt even in the delightful *ré-unions* of which I speak. The great events, which have so recently passed at home and abroad, prevent the petty topics of passing occurrences to have the same interest which they formerly had, in the absence of all more stirring subjects of discussion.

'But, in despite of all this, which I am obliged to admit, when I come coolly to think upon the subject, certain it is that *to me* Paris gives very inferior gratification to what it formerly gave. To be sure, I have undergone my revolution also: I am older, sadder, in weaker health, and married. When I first came to Paris in eighty-eight, I was young, in full health and blood, eager in my pursuit of pleasure, and tolerably successful in obtaining it. I had the good fortune also to gain admittance into a most delightful circle. Without being at all a literary man myself, I mixed with the *gens de letires*. Marmontel's house was open to me, and Grimm I met constantly, and listened, with the utmost interest, to the piquant observations upon what was passing around us, which gave so peculiar a charm and vivacity to his conversation. Now, Marmontel is dead, Grimm has retreated to the court of his old patron the Duke of Saxe-Gotha; all who composed that set are dispersed and gone. The Abbé Morellet is the only one of them who remains; and he now is more remarkable for that circumstance itself, than for the animated and sensible social talents which he contributed in those days, as his share of that exquisite mental *pic-nic*. I

have been to see him; and our conversation almost wholly turned upon the total extinction of the society in which we had formerly met.

'Now, I am here, not to reside some time, and to mix with the Parisians as a resident; but as a mere John-Bull traveller, with my wife in one hand, and my catalogue in the other, come to see "the sights." And, plague take it! my wife is as much out of place here, as any cockney-dame who has never been out of the sound of Bow-bell. I may almost be thankful that there are no longer such *soirées*, as those at poor Madame de Corvillac's; for, upon my soul! I should scarcely dare present her there. Not that she is not very well presentable, if she would but hold her tongue: but she talks such ineffable nonsense; she asks such excruciating questions; she——but I will not talk of her just now.

'With respect to "the sights," there can be no doubt of their extreme increase and improvement since the Revolution. The collection at the Louvre is certainly the most splendid assemblage of productions of art in the world. I shall not stop to enquire how it came there; it is sufficient that it *is* there, for me to go and luxuriate upon its riches, day after day.

'Alas! with what emotions did I behold the Venus, here in her new abode! I last saw her at Florence.—At Florence! Oh! what a world of memory dwells in that one word! What a tissue of fond thoughts, of passionate affection, of deep love, does it call up? My visit there was the crisis of my life, as *a subsequent time* was its catastrophe. The sight of this statue made those days almost present to me again—present for all the painful condiments of passion, but not including any of its delightful attributes. I recollect going to pass hours in the gallery, day after day, while the fever of anxiety was preying upon my heart, that I might, if possible, forget the passage of time, in the contemplation of all the beauties and wonders by which I was surrounded. In the Tribune, and in the Cabinet of Bronzes, I used mostly to take my stand—gazing, in the one, on all its peculiar riches of art, both in sculpture and in painting; and, in the other, on that exquisite piece of statuary which almost renders the presence of any thing else needless.'—Vol. ii. pp. 230—236.

He dies, utterly exhausted. The 'editor' thus makes the *amende*, by giving a short summary of the principles of this useless and unamiable individual:

'If the reader have viewed this progression in the same light that it has appeared to me, a not unprofitable lesson, may, I think, be drawn from it. Mr. Blount I take originally to have been a man of warm and upright feelings, as well as of considerable ardour of disposition. But he caused his own misery, and that of her who loved and trusted him, by that most pernicious and enervating bent of mind with regard to women, for which, thank Heaven! our language wants an expression; I mean, that common to men whom our neighbours term *à bonnes fortunes*. The increasing action of this corroding influence is, I think, very apparent in the gradual change of tone throughout the course of these papers. He begins by talking of these matters with gaiety and buoyant animal spirits. He resolutely shuts his eyes against every thing which he feels it disagreeable to look upon; he seeks only present enjoyment, and he finds it. After further self-indulgence, we find him more difficult to be excited, and occasionally looking back with tenderness and

regret to the happiness which he has thrown away. Neither does he any longer possess that flow of spirits, which is the surest shield against suffering from the agitations of the stronger passions. Ultimately his heart becomes corrupt, and his life loose, even to licentiousness. He plunges into dissipation to shake off the thorns which the flowers of indulgence have left within his heart; and he only doubles their number. He becomes soured in temper, and discontented in his habits of thought. The present has for him no joys, the future no hopes; the past he dares not look at. At length, from fortuitous circumstances, a second dawn breaks and brightens upon him; a happiness, he has not deserved, is placed almost within his reach, when a circumstance, equally fortuitous, snatches it from him for ever!

'What store of mental comfort and consolation has he then to turn to? What feelings has he hived up to support him in sorrow or adversity? Alas! none; his life becomes one dreary gloom; there is no bright spot to alleviate or adorn it.

'Such a man as this cannot bear solitude; he rushes again into the world, and seeks means of driving away reflection more desperate even than those he formerly employed. These ruin his fortune, as those had corrupted his heart; and he sells himself in a mercenary marriage, which completes the climax of his misfortunes caused by faults. And what is the result? He drags on two or three miserable years, and sinks into an early grave, alike morally and physically worn out. He dies of old age at nine-and-thirty.

'Such is the outline, as it has appeared to me, of the life of a man of the description I have named. Is the picture one, which we should wish to be a likeness of ourselves? I think there cannot be two opinions on the subject.

'Reader, if the bent of your disposition be inclining you to the course of which you have just seen the consequence, pause a moment on your way, and ask yourself this question: — "How shall I think on these subjects by the time I am forty?"' — Vol. ii. pp. 276—279.

It would be unjust to deny that this is a clever book; that it contains some very attractive passages, and that it altogether entitles the author to look on himself as capable of more important efforts. But its principle of authorship is wrong. By making the hero a creature of such wayward and transitory motives, it goes far to extinguish the interest essential to the leading character of a romance. Men like Blount are not to be found out of the study, or, if they are, they are altogether too rare to form a class; and instead of being capable of exciting the respect of man or the love of woman, are ridiculed and repelled by both, as miserably selfish, and eaten up by sickly affectation. The excuse of want of excitement is perfectly worthless. No man believes that any thing leads the drunkard to encounter the pains and penalties of his vice but the love for getting drunk. The gratification to be found in other vices is, in like manner, the cause of encountering their pains and penalties. Superlative elegance of taste and superfine delicacy of feeling may be the excuses; but the true reason is to be found in grossness of appetite and vulgarity of mind.

This writer allows himself to fall into a good deal of rather ungraceful phraseology.

'It is a beautiful country *this, hereabouts.*'

'It is a pretty sight this, eh, Frewin?'

'The Bastille surrendered *at about* twenty minutes before five o'clock' (certainty checked by uncertainty).

'This is a very pretty spot, *this* villa of hers.'

We might cite several other instances of phraseology equally objectionable; but we have already devoted sufficient space to a work that, after all, has but little chance of being read a few years hence.

ART. V. *Annuaire Nécrologique;* ou, Complément Annuel et Continuation de toutes les Biographies, ou Dictionnaires Historiques, &c. Rédigé et publié par A. Mahul. Année 1824. 8vo. pp. 429. Paris. Décembre, 1825. Treuttel and Wurtz, London.

THIS work, as its title imports, is of a character analogous to that of our British Annual Biography and Obituary, of which we recently noticed the last published volume.* The 'Annuare Nécrologique,' however, puts forth by far a more ambitious promise than the English collection; for it professes to afford a continuation of ALL former biographical dictionaries, and to give the lives of 'tous les hommes remarquables par leurs actes ou leurs productions,' who may have died since its establishment. It therefore undertakes the record, not only of national but of universal biography; and, accordingly, it is formally divided into Partie Française and Partie Etrangère. The full amount of this pledge is by no means redeemed in the execution. Of the volume before us the portion devoted to the lives of foreigners who died in the year 1823 is meagre, defective, and, in general, wretchedly compiled. The catalogue of distinguished persons which it enumerates is imperfect and scanty; and the selection has been so injudiciously chosen, that while we are presented with a detailed account of several individuals of little or no importance, others of far greater celebrity have been entirely overlooked or forgotten.

That part of the volume, however, — by far the largest, — which is occupied with the national biography, bears a very different character. It provides us with a copious and, as far as we can determine, a complete and accurate biographical dictionary of all the Frenchmen of any notoriety who died during the year 1824. It includes not only personages celebrated by their political or military career, but individuals of all denominations and pursuits who had ever excited public attention; men of letters and science, priests, lawyers, physicians, artists, — in a word, characters of every pro-

* See Monthly Review, No. III. pp. 233—241.

fession and class, by whatever means conspicuous in their several stations. It is obvious that a work upon this plan, if compiled with proper materials, scrupulous fidelity, and good judgment, will not only be full of present interest, but must eventually prove of considerable value, as a book of general information and reference. It should offer an ample store-house of matter for the future political and literary historian of the times, and it must serve as a receptacle for a great variety of facts that might otherwise be lost with the reminiscences of the passing generation.

Judging from the mass of very interesting French personal history which is compressed into the volume before us, we are disposed to ascribe to the 'Annuaire Nécrologique' a great deal of the merit and importance which such a work should possess; and regarding it only as a manual of national (and not of foreign) biography, we have little hesitation in predicting that it will form a valuable acquisition to this department of French literature. It commenced, moreover, at a fortunate juncture; for the first volume was the obituary for the year 1820, when the revolutionary storms of thirty years had finally subsided into a lasting calm, and when the secure establishment of a constitutional government had given men leisure, impunity, and temper for some approach to dispassionate judgment on the past. Since that epoch, every successive year has removed from the stage a great number of the actors who figured in the most eventful scenes of French history; and it is of course desirable, that while the characters and actions of these men are yet fresh and recent in the memory of their surviving contemporaries, the records of their lives should be collected and preserved.

In such an undertaking it would be absurd to expect perfect impartiality. The notice of every public character in the collection must bear a hue of prejudice more or less glaring, according to the opinions and party of the biographer. The political spirit in which the work is composed must, therefore, be a leading point of enquiry in determining the degree of reliance that may be placed upon its statements; and here it is satisfactory to observe, that the 'Annuaire Nécrologique' is written throughout with moderation, candour, and consistent liberality. The principles upon which it is conducted are evidently those of constitutional liberty. We encounter in its pages neither the servility of ultra-royalism nor that strange obliquity and confusion of sentiment which, in France, rendered the same faction the advocates of jacobinical equality and imperial despotism. Whatever political leaning is discoverable in the work tends to the support of opinions which are daily gaining strength in that country, and on which the safety of the monarchy and the happiness of the people can alone be permanently established,—opinions assimilating to the moderate Whig doctrines of our own constitution. But, in truth, such is the tone of dispassionate remark in which the conduct of political characters is here weighed and represented, and so fair and candid are the allowances

made for the turbulence and heats of an age of revolution, that no one but a furious partisan will find any thing to condemn in the spirit of the work; and we only refer to the subject at all as offering the best standard of judgment on the claims of the book to attention and praise.

In this consistency of opinion, and also in uniformity of style and manner, the 'Annuaire Nécrologique' is perhaps superior to our Annual Biography. There is here nothing to betray that the different articles are not all the productions of the same hand; and still less is there evinced any discrepancy or opposition of sentiment and principles. We are not sure either that we do not, upon the whole, prefer the plan of this work. The unbroken alphabetical arrangement of names and articles is extremely convenient for references, and does not at all interfere with the power of rendering each memoir as detailed, or as brief, as the occasion may seem to require. As the pages are printed in double columns, and the type is at once small and clear, the volume contains an unusual quantity of matter; and its form renders it more compendious than our English work. But it must be added, that the principal pieces in this collection are very inferior in elegance of composition and interesting detail to many of the memoirs which grace our Annual Obituary; and, in fact, the French work is altogether rather a dictionary of useful reference than a select cabinet of valuable biography for light and entertaining perusal.

The summary and comprehensive nature of the volume before us will be understood from the simple statement of the amount of its contents. The articles are above one hundred and fifty in number, and of these nearly three-fourths are notices of Frenchmen who died in the one year, 1824. It will hence be rightly concluded that the catalogue is swelled by many names which should absolutely have been numbered among "the forgotten and unhonoured dead," and with various others, which, if not totally unknown to fame in France itself, can possess little or no interest for us. Among these last are to be found a "pretty considerable sprinkling," as Jonathan would call it, of the small fry of prose, poetry, and politics. But without lingering to notice this crowd of undistinguished mediocrity,

"Non ragioniam di lor, ma garda e passa,"

we may observe that the French obituary of 1824 is, for the brief space of a single year, uncommonly full of remarkable names. In that year death seems to have made a kind of latter harvest of those who had escaped the tremendous gathering of the revolutionary era. Of the men who figured conspicuously in the earliest scenes of that era, not a great number, indeed, have survived to these times; but the wonder is not that so few, but rather how any, of the original actors in the Revolution contrived to outlive the fearful succession of raging horrors, of denunciations and death, proscription and massacre, with which each wild and lawless faction in turn hunted

down all its opponents. Of the few of these remarkable men whom the Revolution had spared, the year 1824 swept several away; and records appear in this volume of Chastellain, Dalmas, Cordier, Drouet, Pache, Revellière-Lépeaux, Cambacérès, and Lebrun, all members of the Convention, and the two last of whom played such prominent parts in the after-plot of the Revolution.

There is some curiosity and interest in tracing the different fortunes of these revolutionary characters. There was scarcely one of them but, at some period of his career, stood on the brink of the scaffold; and most of them were only rescued from the guillotine by the overthrow of the monster, Robespierre. The two first, Chastellain and Dalmas, were of the moderate party in the Convention, who voted against the death of Louis XVI. Both of them suffered imprisonment during the reign of terror; and Chastellain, after filling an office in the republican judicature, passed the last twenty years of his life in rural retirement and privacy. But Dalmas, who had made himself conspicuous in the National Assembly by his courageous efforts to maintain the constitutional monarchy, and to protect the royal family on the famous 10th of August, 1792, served in various public employments under the empire, and after the restoration of the Bourbons attracted the grateful notice of Louis XVIII. "I can never forget," said the monarch to him, "the service which you rendered to us under the most disastrous circumstances;" and his reward was the prefecture of a department, which he held to the period of his death. Cordier, Drouet, Pache, and Revellière-Lépeaux, were all of the number of the regicides. Cordier, as our biographer remarks, only emerged from obscurity for a single day of his life; but that day was a memorable one. No trace of his fortunes remains after his vote for the execution of the King, until his own death at Brussels, where he had languished in exile, penury, and oblivion.

The fate of Drouet was more remarkable. This man was the famous post-master of St. Menehould, who, on the flight of the royal family, recognised the person of Louis XVI., (whom he had never before seen,) from his striking resemblance to his portrait on the assignats. Giving the alarm, he was, it will be recollected, the author of the arrest of Louis at Varennes; and his zeal upon that occasion obtained for him a seat in the Convention, where he became one of the most violent agitators of the Jacobin party. He voted, of course, for the King's death, and shared in the subsequent atrocities of his faction. Being sent upon some occasion, after the execution of the Girondists, to the army, he was taken prisoner by the Austrians, and transported to the castle of Spielberg, in Moravia. From his rigid confinement there he attempted to escape, by leaping, it is said, from a window, at the incredible height of two hundred feet from the ground, with no other precaution than a kind of parachute, which he had constructed to moderate the violence of the fall. He broke his leg, however, in the daring enterprise, and

was recaptured. He had left in his room 'a most audacious letter' addressed to the Emperor. He was, nevertheless, soon after exchanged, in 1795, with other members of the Convention, for the present Dauphiness; and he was indebted to his recital of his captivity and sufferings for his subsequent admission into the Council of Five Hundred, and the appointment of secretary to that body.

Here, however, when the ferocity of the Revolution was spent, and its excesses began to be remembered with horror, his jacobinical violence and his avowed boast that, had he not been removed by captivity, he should have gloried to share in the career of Marat and Robespierre, excited strong detestation against him; and, on his engaging in one of the Jacobin plots against the Directory in 1796, he was arrested and thrown into confinement. In a few days he managed to effect his escape through the chimney of his prison, and engaged in new conspiracies against the Directory, until, finding the cause of the Jacobins finally lost, he consulted his safety by flight. He withdrew, in the first place, to Switzerland, but soon after quitted that retreat, and embarked for India. His vessel had touched at Teneriffe, just before the British attack on that island, and Drouet fought bravely in the defence of the place. Finding, while there, that he had been acquitted by the tribunals in his absence, he returned to France, and, in one of the last vicissitudes of the Revolution, contrived to obtain a pecuniary indemnity for his losses. He was also appointed sub-prefect of St. Menehould, and continued to hold this office, without interruption, throughout the long course of the consular and imperial governments. In 1810, he attended Napoleon over the field of Valmy, and pointed out to him the positions of the armies. The Revolution of 1814 removed him from office; but during the Hundred Days he was elected a deputy for his department to the Chamber of Representatives. After the second fall of Napoleon, he was excepted as a regicide from the law of amnesty, and condemned to banishment. It is yet uncertain whether he ever quitted France: but if he did, he shortly returned, and buried himself in strict privacy at Maçon, where, under the assumed name of Merger, he passed the last years of his life in utter oblivion. 'Unknown at Maçon,' says his biographer, 'he lived in retirement, decently, and even piously. In his last moments, he showed the remorse and contrition of a Christian penitent for his offences; but he did not explain himself farther, at least before witnesses: and the surprise was very great, when it was discovered, after his death, that M. Merger was the famous Drouet of St. Menehould.'

Drouet was only a bold bad man, of ordinary ability and sufficient courage, such as by all political convulsions are thrown up to the surface of society. But Pache and Revellière-Lépeaux were characters far more remarkable, and quite peculiar to the epoch of the French Revolution: men who mingled a frantic passion for democracy with the pursuit of a *philosophy* as wild and visionary

in almost all other respects as in its political doctrines. Theirs was an universal licentious enthusiasm, applied at once to religion, morals, science, letters, and politics, such as no age of the world had ever before exhibited. An entirely new and all-pervading species of fanaticism, it sprang from and belonged exclusively to the unnatural and distempered state of French society during the eighteenth century. Before the Revolution, Pache had been employed as tutor in the family of the Maréchal de Castries, who settled a pension upon him, and gave him a place in the marine. Having married, Pache afterwards resided for some years in Switzerland, and even acquired property there; but the Revolution attracted him back to France, 'with the rude manners of a mountaineer, and all the fanaticism of the wildest democrat.' He began by returning to M. de Castries his deed of pension, and by resigning his brevet of commissary of the marine, and afterwards betook himself to serving the state gratuitously in the office of Roland, then Minister of the Interior. He was to be seen every morning at seven o'clock waiting for the opening of the doors of the office, and breakfasting on a piece of dry bread, which he brought in his pocket.

This conduct gained him some popularity, or at least a reputation for singularity, which at the time was the road to fortune. The newspapers of the day called him *Le bon homme Pache*, and *Papa Pache*. Brissot and Roland both conceived an affection for him, and extolled him much; and the latter, on the retirement of Servan from the ministry of War, procured the nomination of Pache to succeed him in October, 1792. He was no sooner installed in this post than he abandoned his former protectors, began to ally himself secretly with the Jacobins, and quickly became, under the guise of a placid exterior, one of the most insidious and dangerous enemies of the Girondists, to whom he owed his fortunes. His administration of the war-department was violent, tyrannical, and extravagantly wasteful. He supported his agents in Belgium and other conquered provinces in their work of pillage and destruction, not, as it should seem, from any cupidity, but from the strange wantonness and unaccountable love of disorder, which were so prevalent at that frightful epoch. The nation suffered no less than the conquered provinces by the total disorganisation of the war-department under the ministry of Pache; and the evil became so insupportable, that the Girondists succeeded in obtaining his removal from office.

His exasperation at this disgrace served only to augment his hatred of the Girondists, and to cement his connection with the Jacobins. He soon found means to exercise his dangerous qualities; and only a few days after his expulsion from the ministry, he was tumultuously elected Mayor of Paris by the anarchical party which prevailed in the municipality. In this station, he was indefatigable in fomenting the work of mischief; and he never rested

until the populace had been wrought up to insurrection, and instigated to demand the proscription of the Girondists. He was therefore a prime mover in the ruin of his former friends; and when the Girondists were brought before the revolutionary tribunal which hurried them to the scaffold, he appeared against them to seal their fate by his denunciations. He afterwards acted for some time in concert with Robespierre, until that demagogue, as capricious as he was sanguinary, suddenly preferred some accusation against him, and he was thrown into prison. The fall of Robespierre saved him from the scaffold: he was afterwards a second time denounced under the Directory, but easily succeeded in justifying himself; and then suddenly, as if disgusted with the world and its affairs, in which he had played so atrocious a part, he retired to a national domain which he had acquired in the Ardennes, and thenceforth was not only spoken of no more, but seemed himself to avoid hearing or speaking of others. We shall give, in the translated words of his biographer, the following authentic details (which he declares that he has obtained) on the last twenty-five years of the life of this man, who, after a career so stormy and turbulent, thus plunged all at once into the most profound obscurity and quiet.

'The domain of Thym-le-Moûtiers, on which Pache resided throughout the whole period of the Directory and Empire, and for the nine first years of the Restoration, formed all his property, and brought him in only from three to four thousand francs a-year (less than 170*l.*). This mediocrity of fortune was sufficient for his wants and his tastes, and he even knew how to extract a superfluity from it for works of benevolence. In 1814 and 1815 his tenants owed it to his generosity that they were not ruined, like many others, by the charges of the war, which he took upon himself. He found himself obliged, however, in 1815, to sell a fourth part of his property; and it was much about the same epoch that anxiety and disgust caused him to lose his memory to such a degree that thenceforth until his death, which happened towards the close of 1823, it had become difficult to him to support a conversation even for a few moments. Pache never left his retreat, except for the purpose of assisting occasionally at the meetings of the agricultural society of Mézières, of which he was a member. He never spoke of the political events of his life, nor yet of subsequent public occurrences, of which he wished to remain in ignorance, for he never read the newspapers. He did not even engage in any of the local business of his district. Without any intimacies, and without habitual society, he was nevertheless beloved by the country people who surrounded him: he rendered them all the services in his power; and, above all, he took pleasure in giving gratuitous instruction to the youth of his neighbourhood. He opened his library to them, where they found many works on mathematics, physics, and natural history; and he communicated his lessons to them with imperturbable patience. It was thus that he formed many of our geometrical surveyors. His conduct was that of a philanthropic savage: but it is painful to add, that the heart of Pache was warmed by no religious feelings. The greater

number of his pupils are atheists, and avowed atheists. It is probably in the same spirit that he was preparing an elaborate course of metaphysics, in which he was long earnestly occupied, and which the decay of his intellectual faculties obliged him to leave incomplete. The manuscript has passed into the hands of his son, M. Pache, lieutenant-colonel of artillery, at this time (1825) employed on active service." — p. 244.

From this article we pass to that on Revellière-Lépeaux; whose memory does not, however, deserve to be placed altogether in conjunction with that of Pache. For, vitally erroneous as were his principles, and unhappy and pernicious as was his application of them, Revellière-Lépeaux cannot be denied the praise of good intentions and incorruptible integrity. We have here rather a long and a very interesting memoir of him, communicated by a friend, as the editor is careful to premise; as he is also, besides this caution, to qualify its partiality sufficiently by his own strictures. Revellière-Lépeaux was of a respectable family of La Vendée, and had been originally destined for the profession of the law. Before the Revolution, he had married a woman of intellectual pursuits, and was happily settled near Angers. His wife was fond of botany, and communicated her taste to him: his own mind was highly cultivated; and they moved in a small circle of friends, whose habits were congenial. The members of this society had imbibed the growing opinions of the times, and were so enamoured of the visions of republican equality, that they had resolved to seek together an asylum of liberty either in Switzerland or America.

After balancing the choice, the preference had just been declared for America, when the events of 1789 enchained their attention and hopes to their own country; and Revellière-Lépeaux soon plunged enthusiastically into the vortex of the Revolution. He was elected deputy for Angers to the States-General; and his first acts in the National Assembly manifested his republican principles. Proceeding in the same career in the Convention, he voted for the death of the King, and sided throughout with the Girondists. He fearlessly denounced the nascent projects of Robespierre; and in his whole course of political life exhibited a boldness and hardihood of spirit, which were remarkably contrasted with bodily weakness and infirmities. Owing to the brutal treatment which he received in his youth from a priest his preceptor, who used to strike him violently on the back and stomach, his spine and chest had grown deformed, and condemned him to an existence of corporeal suffering. Upon some occasion he followed the infamous Danton to the tribune of the Convention to oppose his motion. "Que viens-tu faire ici?" said the athletic ruffian rudely, looking down upon his feeble adversary with mingled surprise and derision. "Te démasquer et te confondre," replied he. "Toi!" cried Danton with a jesture of contempt, "je te ferais tourner sur la pouce."—"Nous allons voir," was the cool rejoinder.—"Mais qui t'a donné tant

de présomption?" said one of Danton's party, who followed to his support.—" J'ai la conscience d'un homme, il n'a que l'audace d'un scélérat," replied Revellière. The speech, which he afterwards pronounced from the tribune, was full of energy, and had the effect of delaying the final victory of the Jacobins for a few days.

On the fall of the Girondists, and the triumph of their adversaries, Revellière-Lépeaux was denounced, but fled in time to save his life. He remained concealed in various parts of France, while his wife and daughter were driven from their home in La Vendée by the royalists, and his house and property were reduced to ashes. When the fall of Robespierre permitted Revellière to emerge from his concealment, he was re-united to his family at Paris, and restored to his seat in the Convention. Thenceforth, for some years, his political career was prosperous and distinguished. He filled several offices in the Convention, was one of its last presidents, and finally became a leading member in the first Executive Directory of five. We shall not follow his biographer through the vicissitudes, — less sanguinary, but scarcely less rapid, than those of the earlier stages of the Revolution, — which prepared the dissolution of the Directory and the establishment of the consular and imperial governments. These vicissitudes removed Revellière from political office; and he seems, in the weariness and disappointment which had succeeded to his enthusiasm, to have retired gladly into private life. He was poor, but he maintained to the last the austere integrity of his republican principles; nor, throughout the long and despotic reign of Buonaparte, could he ever be induced to accept any of the pecuniary offers of the Usurper, nor even to conciliate his power.

His friend and biographer enlarges much on Buonaparte's hatred of him, and of the last proof of aversion which he bequeathed to him in a passage in the *Mémorial de St. Hélène.* But we judge, on the contrary, that the despot evinced much magnanimity towards so feeble an enemy; and his forbearance, with regard to Revellière, appears, indeed, in favourable contrast to his mean rancour against another defenceless opponent (Pius VII.), which is also recorded in this volume. It is singular and honourable to Napoleon that, so far from provoking him to tyrannical extremities, the stubborn hostility of Revellière seems only to have inspired him with respect for the sturdy republican, and with the inclination to serve him. The First Consul frequently solicited the Ex-Director to appear at the Thuileries: his only answer was, that if the Consul wished to see him, he knew that he received every one politely. The Emperor commanded the Institute to take the oaths of fidelity, and Revellière as a member was specially summoned to render this obedience. He refused; and in reply to the fears of his friends, observed only, " He may crush me, for he is strong and I am feeble; but there is one thing above his power — he cannot make me bend." Napoleon then contented himself with

commanding that his name should be erased from the list of the Institute; but this did not prevent him, some years later (in 1810), from offering him a pension, leaving it to himself to fix the amount, if he would but make the request. His answer was characteristic: "that having done the imperial government no service, he had no claim to its favours."—"I would rather," added he, grasping the hand of the friend who was the organ of the imperial offer, "educate my son and portion my daughter with the fruits of my privations, than with those of my dishonour."

From that epoch, Revellière continued to lead an undisturbed and peaceful life in retirement, until the second invasion of France, during which, being obliged to abandon his residence to the allied troops, he lost the letters of Buonaparte and other interesting papers. Not having filled any office during the Hundred Days, he was not excepted from the law of amnesty; but nevertheless, whilst staying in Paris in the following year, he received a visit from a police-agent, who hinted to him that his appearance in the capital excited surprise. He drily replied, that he knew of no law which obliged him to quit Paris; and he remained unmolested. This was his last struggle with power; and he closed his days tranquilly, but not before, as his biographer informs us, he had dictated to his son memoirs of his public and private life, of which he sent a duplicate copy to a friend in America, giving strict injunctions that neither should be published until a remote period. Of some of the peculiar opinions of Revellière-Lépeaux, we shall best give an idea in the words of the following passage from the article before us:

'At the period of the creation of the Institute Revellière-Lépeaux had been named a member of the class of moral and political science, by the first-third of that learned body. Some time before the 18th of Fructidor, he read to his colleagues a paper, entitled "Reflexions sur le Culte, les Cérémonies Civiles, et les Fêtes Nationales." In this he evinced a decided aversion for the doctrines of the old established hierarchy, which he considered as totally incompatible with the republican system. But in overturning the church, the demagogue government had set up nothing in its place. Persuaded that the absence of religious ideas must plunge the people again, by the oblivion of moral laws, into excesses of superstition, Revellière-Lépeaux thought that a simple worship, admitting no other dogmas than the existence of God and the immortality of the soul, must bring back to these fundamental principles of morality those who had been carried away by the excitement and license of the Revolution, without excluding others, who, attached to more complicated religious systems, could not disown in this the common source of their faith. He would have desired that the acts which gave birth to the ties of kindred should be celebrated with a solemnity rejected by the habits of the demagogues, and that, in the same spirit, public festivals should complete the consistency of the moral institutions of the nation. These ideas made some impression upon the public, but suited neither the royalists nor the anarchists. They produced an association known under the name of *Théophilanthropie*, and of which the brother of the celebrated mineralogist Haüy

appears to have been the real founder. This sect was embraced by men of different shades of opinion, such as Dupont de Nemours, Lecoulteux de Canteleu, Goupil de Préfeln, &c. Revellière-Lépeaux considered it a laudable enterprise, but contented himself with approving of it, feeling that any co-operation of government would be injurious to it.'—p. 260.

In the lives of the two remaining conventionalists numbered in the obituary of 1824, Cambacérès and Lebrun, there was a curious coincidence. Their course was parallel; and it is a little singular, that they should have terminated their earthly career within a few months of each other. Both had been originally bred to the law; both, after escaping the perils of the Revolution by their address and good fortune, rose into consideration as the times became calmer; and on the last brief and delusive settlement of the republican government, they were chosen together by Buonaparte for his associates in the consular dignity. Napoleon declares, (in the Mémorial de St. Hélène,) that "he had chosen in Cambacérès and Lebrun two men of merit, two distinguished individuals, both prudent, moderate, and able, but yet of widely opposite shades of character. The one, Cambacérès, the advocate of abuses, of prejudices, of old institutions, of the revival of honours and titles, &c.; the other, cold, severe, phlegmatic, and the stern opponent of all these objects." Madame de Stael had pronounced an earlier and similar judgment on them. "With singular sagacity," says she, "Buonaparte chose for his coadjutors in the consulship two men who served only to disguise his solitary despotism: the one, Cambacérès, a lawyer of great attainments, but who had learnt in the Convention to bend habitually before the reign of terror; the other, Lebrun, a man of very cultivated mind and polished manners, but who had been formed under the Chancellor Maupeou, and had been taught to consider not even the forms of the old monarchy sufficiently despotic. Cambacérès was the interpreter of Buonaparte with the revolutionists, Lebrun with the royalists: both translated the same text in a different language."

The parity of these two men's fortunes advanced equally under the imperial system. Both were raised to the princely dignity: Cambacérès became Arch-chancellor of the empire, with the title of Prince and Duke of Parma; Lebrun Arch-treasurer, and Duke of Placentia. Both were placed in the House of Peers on the first restoration of the Bourbons, and both renewed their obedience to Napoleon during the Hundred Days. On the second restoration of the Bourbons they were disgraced together, and they were alike recalled to their dignities, and died peaceably in their country.

The sketch of the life of Cambacérès, which is given in this volume, affords, in all its accurate and interesting details, a complete justification of Madame de Stael's reproach that he had learnt from long habit to bow his neck before the reign of terror. There never was, in a season of tremendous convulsions, so perfect an

example of successful time-serving. Descended from an ancient *famille-de-robe*, he had received an hereditary education for the law; and he successively accommodated the principles of his science with wonderful versatility to the wildest theories of a democracy, to the forms of a constitutional republic, which were only less flagrantly prostituted, and to the rigour of an imperial despotism. He was a principal instrument in the composition of every code which, during the whole course of the Revolution, was employed for the violation of liberty and justice. Yet his nature was any thing but cruel; nor were his intentions otherwise culpable than as he meanly sacrificed every consideration to his personal safety. In the Convention he was led by his natural moderation to resist violent and iniquitous measures, as far as he dared; and he certainly endeavoured, indirectly, to save the life of Louis XVI., though his conduct on the trial of the unhappy monarch was, after the second restoration of the Bourbons, very unjustly wrested into a pretext for excepting him from the law of amnesty. After the death of the King, finding that his moderation had provoked the suspicion of the ferocious Jacobins, his timidity induced him to court their favour; and as his biographer, over indulgently, excuses his cowardice, 'he too often voted with them.' He was employed by that party in all the visionary legislation of the period, and was a passive sharer in their atrocities. Thus it was that he glided in secure infamy through all the massacres of Robespierre's reign, and yet contrived to escape the retribution, which doomed that monster and his associates to close their existence on the same scaffolds which they had saturated with blood. Cambacérès is the only instance with which we are acquainted of an individual who succeeded in passsing through the whole course of the Revolution without incurring imprisonment or imminent danger. After the fall of Robespierre, his credit continued to augment; and he rode on the surface of every subsequent storm. It appears that in his last years he became a devotee, and applied himself earnestly to all kinds of religious observances. He bequeathed large legacies to various charitable endowments; and his testament, in the name of the Holy Trinity, implored the pardon of Heaven for "the innumerable offences which he had committed," but without specifying their nature.

The character of Lebrun was gifted with more dignity, and his career was less objectionable than that of Cambacérès. He began his public life, however, as the secretary of the Chancellor Maupeou, and the organ of his arbitrary administration. He shared in his master's disgrace, and had passed the prime of his life in retirement, when the Revolution commenced. He then re-appeared as a deputy to the first Assembly, and showed himself active, patriotic, and moderate. He spoke frequently on financial questions, in which he was intimately versed; and he was one of the few who, in his writings, at that early epoch, foretold the lapse of the Revolution into anarchy, and the final establishment of a despotism.

After the massacre at the Thuileries, on the 10th of August, 1792, he seceded from the Assembly, and prudently resigned all public functions. He did not, however, escape imprisonment in the reign of terror, and was only saved by the fall of Robespierre. After that event he came forward again on the political stage, and thenceforth, like Cambacérès, rose quickly into credit and important employments. Under the empire he increased his reputation as a financier; and he preserved, in the government of Genoa, and, afterwards, of Holland, a fair character for moderation and equity. He was, as Madame de Stael has borne evidence, a man of considerable intellectual taste and attainments; and his elegant translations of Homer and Tasso still maintain their place in French literature. Under the Bourbon government he constantly voted in the House of Peers with the moderate constitutional party; and he died tranquilly, at the great age of eighty-seven years.

We may here, by the way, observe, that this volume of the French obituary exhibits a surprising number of cases of longevity. It is as if, by a whimsical privilege, the men who had outlived the perils of the Revolution were enfranchised of the ordinary laws of mortality, and had become invulnerable, beyond their natural term, to the shafts of the destroyer. We have not forgotten in our critical office to extract tables of longevity from this obituary; but it might surprise the curious in such matters to reckon up the very large proportion, among a hundred and twenty individuals in this collection, who passed the fatal climax of the threescore and ten years of humanity. No inconsiderable number of them reached ages of from eighty to ninety years. Another little circumstance in this mass of biography deserves notice as illustrative of the unhappy and turbulent condition of French society during the last third of a century: there are very few individuals in the crowd of names before us, of whom it is not recorded that some portion of their career was spent in the military service.

After having noticed at some length the memoirs of these remarkable revolutionary characters which figure in the collection, we can do little more than run over the catalogue to point out a few of the remaining persons of any celebrity who are included in the volume. There is a long, and not an uninteresting, article on Louis XVIII., written at once with more good humour, impartiality, and bold candour, than is usually found in royal biography. We have also an animated memoir of Prince Eugene Beauharnois, the step-son of Bonaparte, which appears to us to describe justly his respectable though not very eminent qualities. Among the notices of men of letters and science, we are presented with accounts of the elder Lacretelle: — of Cuvelier the dramatist, the creator, as his countrymen will insist, of the melo-drama, and whose facility of composition is at least remarkable, since he has left behind him more than a hundred and ten pieces of the kind: — of Langlès and Ruffin, the orientalists, the latter of whom was also, *for above sixty years*,

employed, with little intermission, in French diplomacy at the Porte, and was assuredly a person both of great learning and political talents: — of Duvaucel the naturalist, who died while on a scientific mission in India: — of Sage, the chemist, and Thouin, the botanist; — and of Levaillant, the amusing and eccentric traveller, the veracity of whose statements has, perhaps, not always been disputed with reason. To this enumeration we may add the names of the painters, Géricault, Girodet, and Lemonnier.

In the portion of the volume devoted to foreign biography, the article on the late Pope, Pius VII., is the only one which deserves commendation or notice. It is very well written, ample, and correct in its details; but the biography of Chiaramonti is principally interesting, as his life was only remarkable for the unworthy treatment which he suffered at Buonaparte's hands, and for the inflexible constancy with which, in the last extremity, he resisted the violence and brutality of the tyrant. There might be many acts of more enormous guilt in the despotism of Napoleon, but there is no transaction in his whole history which exhibits his character so disgracefully, and even ridiculously, for mingled cruelty and littleness of mind, as this relentless persecution of an inoffensive and defenceless old man.

ART. VI. *Anne Boleyn;* a Dramatic Poem. By the Rev. H. H. Milman. 8vo. pp. 168. 8*s.* 6*d.* London. Murray. 1826.

OUR poetry has followed the common laws of trade. A few years ago, it came into the market a novelty, rose rapidly into demand, brought high competition, and, as the result, the commodity soon overstocked the dealers. To follow up the commercial phraseology, the market is now at its lowest depression, flat to a proverb, and until some sudden revolution in public feeling shall take us by surprise again, flat it is likely to remain.

We leave the discovery of the causes which may give birth to this not undesirable revolution to the reader's own way of viewing the subject, and come to the present poem.

Mr. Milman has been now a habitual writer for many years: he has received a fair allowance of public attention, and, in the spirit of becoming gratitude, he has descended into the solitary field, and here thrown down his glove, to assert the abandoned cause of "peerless poetry." Whether he is altogether the champion that in her more palmy days she would have chosen, whether his vigour be equal to his zeal, or his dexterity in the use of his weapons be of a rank to ensure triumph, we shall not now pause to determine. Let him enjoy at least the praise of doing that which nobody else seems inclined to do; and if he is not destined to exult in his success, let him have the full honours of a "desperate fidelity."

He has chosen an excellent form for his poetry. Of all the shapes which genius loves, the most vivid and potential is the tragic drama. It marches along, with all the passions in its train. It disdains remote and lingering description. It is no maker of pictures of the past, however splendid and spirited; it makes the past live; it gives action and mind to the dead; its whole intercourse is with actual being, in its highest state of animation and impulse. Like the epic, it is a habitual wanderer among the monuments of the mighty dead; but it is of a higher function and nature, it is not satisfied with the memories of kings and heroes, it commands their presence in their attributes of passion and power, "in their armour as they lived." It peoples the sepulchre; and the slumber once scattered by its voice returns no more.

Next in force and vividness to the true tragic drama is the dramatic poem. By the introduction of the characters, speaking for themselves, the long circumlocutions and dreary explanations of the author are escaped. The scene is transferred with the rapidity of the stage. The quick contrast of character, the rapid interchange of dialogue, the dexterous complication of adventure, that make the charm of the theatre, are in their degree compassed. The dramatic poem wants the severe compactness of the drama; and what it gains in facility, it loses tenfold in interest by the loss of vigour. But it still holds the nearest rank; and until we shall see the brilliant phenomenon of a great tragic play arise, to shine over the darkness of our national stage, we shall receive, with no reluctant homage, its harbinger in the 'dramatic poem.'

Mr. Milman's work is founded on the well-known period of our history, when the unfortunate Anne Boleyn was sacrificed to the brutal and capricious license of Henry. The poem commences with a dialogue between Mark Smeaton and his sister Magdalene, a nun, who had been driven from one of the sequestrated establishments. Mark has been educated abroad, and become a skilful player on the lute. His sister asks him for one of the strains which they sing in the royal chapel. He replies in the following pretty lines:

'*Mark.* Dearest, yes, I'll bring
All these, and hymns forbidden there; there's one
Was taught me by a simple fisher-boy,
That sail'd the azure tide of that bright bay
That laves the walls of Naples: as he sung —
What time the midnight waves were starr'd with barks,
Each with its single glowworm lamp, that tipt
The waters round with rippling lines of light —
You would have thought Heaven's queen had strew'd around
Silence, like that among the stars, when pause
The angels in ecstatic adoration.
'*Magdalene.* Speak on, speak on! — Were it a stranger's voice
That thus discoursed, I could lose days in listening;
But thine ——

'*Mark* Oh! Magdalene, thou know'st not here
In our chill, damp, and heavy atmosphere,
The power, might, magic, mystery of sweet sounds!
Oh! on some rock to sit, the twilight winds
Breathing all odour by — at intervals
To hear the hymnings of some virgin choir,
With pauses musical as music's self,
Come swelling up from deep and unseen distance:
Or under some vast dome, like heaven's blue cope,
All full and living with the liquid deluge
Of harmony, till pillars, walls, and aisles,
The altar-paintings and cold images,
Catch life and motion, and the weight of feeling
Lies like a load upon the breathless bosom!' pp. 6—8.

Magdalene, zealous for her faith, is alarmed for the steadiness of her brother's, exposed as he is to the captivations of the court, and, above all, to 'that heretical and wicked queen.' But the advice seems to have come too late, for the boy, though unchanged in his belief, is already enamoured of Anne, whose habits of life he thus describes:

—— 'Her audience
Is of the wretched, destitute, forlorn:
The usher to that court is Beggary,
And Want the chamberlain: her flatterers, those
Whose eloquence is full and bursting hearts;
Her parasites, wan troops of starving men
Round the full furnish'd board — pale dowerless maids —
Nuns, like thyself, cast forth from their chaste cloisters
To meet the bitter usage of the world;
While holiest men are ever in her presence:
Nor can their lavish charity exhaust
The treasures of her goodness.' pp. 10, 11.

The chief agent of the piece now appears, the Jesuit Angelo; on whom the poet has lavished no slight portion of sombre colouring. The following passage is extravagant beyond all bounds:

'But thou
That art a part of God's dread majesty,
In whose dusk robe his own disastrous purposes
Th' Almighty veils, twin-born with Destiny,
Inexorable Secrecy! come, cowl
This soul in deep impervious blackness! — Grant
I may deny myself the pride and fame
Of bringing back this loose apostate land
To the true Faith. Be all mine agency
Secret as are the springs of living fire
In the world's centre, bury deep my name,
That mortal eye ne'er read it, till emblazed
Amid the roll of Christ's great saints and martyrs
It shake away the oblivious gloom of ages.' p. 14.

He takes Mark Smeaton to task relative to the Queen's favourites, and suggests that he may be in the road to favour. It is to be observed, in the Jesuit's whole character, that he is declared to be *sincere*, that the violences or artifices which he uses are in obedience to that strong enthusiasm, whose purpose is to do Heaven service, and which, in more than religious matters, so easily overlooks the crime of the means in the profound value of the object. But in the wish to make the character forcible, Mr. Milman has, unwittingly and injudiciously, made it all but *diabolical.*

'That warning was a master-stroke: it brings
The impossible within the scope of thought;
We do forbid but what may come to pass;
And he will brood on it, because forbidden,
Till his whole soul is madness. All the rest
Are full of their proud honour, and disdain
To torture with vain villanous misconstruction
Each innocent phrase to looseness. Cursed woman!
'Gainst whom remorselessness is loftiest duty,
And mercy sin beyond Heaven's grace — think'st thou
To be a Queen, and dare to be a woman!
Play fool upon thy dizzy precipice,
Nor smile, nor word, nor look, nor thought but's noted
In our dark registers; each playful jest
Is chronicled, and we are rich in all
That's ocular proof and circumstance of guilt
To jealousy's distemper'd ear.
And thou,
Proud King! the church's head! — each lustful thought,
Each murtherous deed, is a new link of the chain
By which our slaves are trammell'd: we'll let slip
Thy own fierce passions, ruthless as the dogs
Of war, to prey on thy obdurate heart;
And they shall drag thee down, base, suppliant,
Beneath our feet — or drive thee maddening on,
An hideous monster of all guilt, to fright
The world from its apostasy, and brand
The heretic cause with thy eternal shame.' pp. 19, 20.

The scene next brings forward the Queen, Lord Rochford, and Mark Smeaton, who is introduced for the singular purpose of singing "The Protestant's Hymn to the Virgin," a trial of strength as well as of skill, for it occupies no less than eight pages!

Angelo and Bishop Gardiner are now in close council. Gardiner is reluctant to acknowledge the extent of his views; but Angelo urges and inflames him, until his tardiness gives way. The Bishop makes some passing remark on the superiority to which a man of the Jesuit's powers might be presumed to attain. The remark is suddenly answered by Angelo's disclaimer of all worldly views. We give this passage entire, as one of the best in the volume.

'Oh! fear not,
Nor jealously mistrust me, lest I cross

Thy upward path: I have forsworn the world,
Not with the formal oaths that burst like flax,
But those that chain the soul with triple iron.
Earth hath no guerdon I may covet, none
I may enjoy.— Thou, Stephen Gardiner,
Shalt rule submissive prelates, peers, and kings,
Loftiest in station, as in mind the mightiest;
And a perpetual noon of golden power
Shall blaze around thy lordly mitred state.
I'm girt for other journeys: at that hour,
When all but crown'd the righteous work, this isle
Half bow'd again to the Holy See, I go
Far in some savage land unknown, remote
From civilized or reasonable life,
From letters, arts — where wild men howl around
Their blood-stain'd altars — to uplift th' unknown,
Unawful crucifix: I go to pine
With famine; waste with slow disease; the loathing
And scorn of men. And when thy race is run,
Thou, Winchester, in marbled cemetery,
Where thy cathedral roof, like some rich grove,
Spreads o'er, and all the wall with 'scutcheons blaze,
Shalt lie. While anthem'd choirs and pealing organs,
And incense clouds, and a bright heaven of lamps,
Shall solemnize thy gorgeous obsequies;
O'er my unsepulchred and houseless bones,
Cast on the barren beach of the salt sea,
Or arid desert, where the vulture flaps
Her dreary wings, shall never wandering priest
Or bid his beads or say one passing pray'r.
Thy memory shall live in this land's records
While the sea girds the isle; but mine shall perish
As utterly as some base beggar's child
That unbaptiz'd drops like abortive fruit
Into unhallow'd grave.' pp. 49—51.

Anne has at length had evidence of the King's desertion of her for Jane Seymour.

'I saw it —
'Twas no foul vision — with unblinded eyes
I saw it: his fond hands, as once in mine,
Were wreath'd in hers: he gazed upon her face
Even with those *sorcerous* eyes, no woman looks at —
I know it, ah! too well — *nor madly dote.*
That eloquence, the self-same burning words
That seize the awe-struck soul, when weakest, thrill'd
Her vainly-deaf averted ears.' p. 56.

All this is injudicious: it is, at best, the language of a romantic girl. But what are we to think of the *sorcerous* eyes and irresistible tenderness of that old, brawling ruffian, Henry? The *nor madly dote* we may attribute, at our pleasure, either to the Queen's conviction of her being in possession of her senses, or to the *fascination* of the King. This idle exuberance flows on.

'But thou,
Oh! thou, my crime, my *madness!* thou on whom
The loftiest woman had been *proud* to dote,
Had he been *master of a straw-roof'd cottage!*' p. 56.

Such is the formidable inconvenience of founding a poem on a transaction of authentic history.

'This *he*
That lay whole hours before my worshipp'd feet,
Making the *air melodious with his words?*
So *fearful to offend,* having offended
So *fearful of his pardon,* not myself
More jealous of my maiden modesty.' p. 66.

Who can recognise the licentious and brutal King in the sighing swain of this pastoral picture?

The plot now advances to the subornation of Mark Smeaton as a witness against the Queen's honour. The boy resists; but is finally induced to forswear himself, under the suggestion, that the proof of her infidelity would be used only so far as to procure a divorce, her life being spared in consequence.

The Queen goes to the tilting match at Greenwich, where the King's pretended jealousy is inflamed by the incident of the handkerchief. The whole is thus described by Angelo:

'I stood
Within the tilt-yard, not to take delight
Carnal, unpriestly, in the worldly pageant:
Though, Heaven forgive me! when the trumpets blew,
And the lists fell, and knights as brave, and full
Of valour as their steeds of fire, wheel'd forth,
And moved in troops or single, orderly
As youths and maidens in a village dance,
Or shot, like swooping hawks, in straight career;
The old Caraffa rose within my breast —
Struggled my soul with haughty recollections
Of when I rode through the outpour'd streets of Rome,
Enamouring all the youth of Italy
With envy of my noble horsemanship.
But I rebuked myself, and thought how Heaven
Had taught me loftier mastery, to rein
And curb with salutary governance
Th' unmanaged souls of men. But to our purpose;
Even at the instant, when all spears were levell'd,
And rapid as the arblast bolt, the knights
Spurr'd one by one to the ring, when breathless leant
The ladies from their galleries — from the Queen's
A handkerchief was seen to fall; but while
Floating it dallied on the air, a knight,
Sir Henry Norreys, as I learnt, stoop'd down,
Caught, wreath'd in his plume, regain'd his spear,
And smote right home the quivering ring: th' acclaim
Burst forth like roaring waters, but the King

Sprang up, and call'd to horse, while tumult wild
Broke up the marr'd and frighted ceremony.' pp. 86—88.

The Queen is arrested as false, and conducted to the Tower. Before she enters the gates she takes a last glance at the free world in these pretty and picturesque lines:

' Oh! Sir, pause — one look
One last long look, to satiate all my senses.
Oh! thou blue cloudless canopy, just tinged
With the faint amber of the setting sun,
Where one by one steal forth the modest stars
To diadem the sky: — thou noble river,
Whose quiet ebb, not like my fortune, sinks
With gentle downfall, and around the keels
Of those thy myriad barks mak'st passing music: —
Oh! thou great silent city, with thy spires
And palaces, where I was once the greatest,
The happiest — I, whose presence made a tumult
In all your wondering streets and jocund marts: —
But most of all, thou cool and twilight air,
That art a rapture to the breath! The slave,
The beggar, the most base down-trodden outcast,
The plague-struck livid wretch, there's none so vile,
So abject, in your streets, that swarm with life —
They may inhale the liquid joy Heaven breathes —
They may behold the rosy evening sky —
They may go rest their free limbs where they will:
But I — but I, to whom this summer world
Was all bright sunshine; I, whose time was noted
But by succession of delights —— Oh! Kingston,
Thou dost remember, thou wert then Lieutenant,
'Tis now — how many years? — my memory wanders —
Since I set forth from yon dark low-brow'd porch,
A bride — a monarch's bride — King Henry's bride!
Oh! the glad pomp, that burn'd upon the waters —
Oh! the rich streams of music, that kept time
With oars as musical — the people's shouts,
That call'd Heaven's blessings on my head, in sounds
That might have drown'd the thunders —— I've more need
Of blessing now, and not a voice would say it.' pp. 106, 107.

Anne is tried before the council, is speedily condemned, and, to her infinite grief, her condemnation involves the lives of Norreys and her other gentlemen. They die protesting her innocence and their own. Mark Smeaton, awakened at last from his dream of saving her, dies on the scaffold, exclaiming against himself and his deception. The Queen, after listening to the bell which tolled for their successive deaths, is brought out, makes a speech from the scaffold, nearly copied from the history, and dies in forgiveness and resignation.

On the whole, this poem will add nothing to Mr. Milman's deserved reputation. It exhibits the same forcible and classic language

which first gave promise of his career; but it wants the vividness of conception and truth of character, without which poetry, and, above all, dramatic poetry, must see its laurels wither leaf by leaf. The character of the Jesuit, Angelo, is, as we have remarked, an extravaganza, an intolerable exaggeration. The possession of the loftiest feelings with the commission of the most fiendish treacheries is not in nature. No madness of enthusiasm can degrade and infuriate the moral sense to this pitch. The other characters are generally feeble and incomplete. Of Henry we have but a few sonorous lines. Of Gardiner's character we have but a sketch, and that sketch bearing no similitude to the bold minded, intelligent, and haughty original. The treachery practised by Mark Smeaton extinguishes all the interest with which the author had evidently intended to grace and bring out his character. Anne Boleyn is the most finished picture of the piece, and exhibits some touches of nature and delicacy: but even she declaims at an oppressive length; and the poetry of her speeches too frequently sinks under the ponderousness of her grief.

In our selections we have uniformly chosen the most striking passages; and the reader will see with pleasure like our own that Mr. Milman has not yet lost his early and picturesque powers.

ART. VII. *Travels in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Hanover, Germany, Netherlands,* &c. By William Rae Wilson, Esq. F. S. A. Author of Travels in Egypt and the Holy Land. 8vo. pp. 659. 1*l.* 1*s.* London. Longman and Co. 1826.

NORWAY and Sweden have more attractions for a traveller fond of diversified and picturesque scenery than is generally imagined. Mountain, wood, and water conspire to form, in many parts of these countries, prospects that are not often to be met with elsewhere; and the roads in general, at least those which are most frequented, are usually kept in excellent order. It adds not a little to the pleasures of a journey through those united kingdoms, that the traveller has no bandits to fear, as in Italy, Portugal, and Spain. The peasantry are industrious, hospitable, and remarkably civil and attentive to strangers. The expenses of travelling are trifling in comparison to what they are in any part of the south of Europe; and, what is of equal consequence, a tourist, if he observe the regulations of the post, may proceed with as much expedition as he pleases, without being exposed to any disappointments as to horses, or to imposition of any description. The inns, indeed, are not of the highest character for cleanliness and comfort; a defect which, together with the absence of those attractions that arise from collections of numerous and distinguished works of art, and of populous and well-built towns, may, in a great measure, account for the neglect with which our emigrant classes have hitherto treated the regions of the north.

In short, that quarter is not fashionable, and we fear that it never will be so, notwithstanding Mr. Rae Wilson's strenuous exertions in setting off all its favourable peculiarities to the best advantage. When Englishmen leave their own firesides, few of them are disinterested enough as to every thing that touches the sense of personal enjoyment, not to seek a climate that is purer and more genial than their own. The lands of the vine have also in them a never-failing resource for those whose love of fine scenery is easily satiated. Besides, the "*lions*" of Christiana and Stockholm are few, and not very remarkable: those of the latter might easily be dispatched in a morning or two; and as to Christiana, if there were any thing to be seen in it, what would an Englishman do in a city where, from the wretched state of the streets, he would, in all probability, break a leg, or at least sprain an ankle, in his first ramble after curiosities?

The real and only charms which the traveller has to expect in Norway, or its sister-realm, consist of a succession of some of the most varied and beautiful scenes in the world, which nature has spread with a lavish hand over the interior of the country. To him who is accustomed to commune with that unseen but ever-active Power, who marks with attention the effect of her combinations, who delights in

> "The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
> The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields,"

to him will such a country afford many objects of interest, fruitful, in after-life, of the most agreeable recollections. The broken down spendthrift, the woman of fashion, the greater part of that vicious and extravagant tribe, who saunter for years amid the enervating gardens of the south, chiefly for the purpose of indulging in a course of licentiousness that would not be tolerated at home, would perish of *ennui* in two days at Frederickshall or Ulnsweter.

Either of these places, however, but particularly the former, seems to exhibit points of landscape-beauty such as never yet have entered into the compositions of the most fanciful artist. We agree with Mr. Wilson in thinking that several of the scenes which he has attempted to describe richly deserve to be transferred to the canvass, and offer to young artists some of the finest imaginable objects for study. They must, indeed, explore those scenes with their own eyes in order to comprehend their character, for our author seldom succeeds in effecting an intelligible sketch of them for his readers. He has little of the poet in his composition; and though he professes to feel a strong susceptibility for the charms of nature, yet he is more apt to moralise upon them than to reduce them to a picture. In this respect, there is a great monotony throughout his work. A fine mountain, or an extensive lake, presents itself to his notice; but instead of inviting us to admire its grandeur or its loveliness, by an engaging description of its details, he launches out into a discourse upon the moral government of the universe.

This propensity to dissertation upon common-place topics is the pervading vice of his volume. The mere circumstance of his setting out on his journey gives rise to nearly three pages of reflections, much in the style of the "Meditations among the Tombs." When he touches on the subject of education, there may be some excuse for his habit of amplification; but, assuredly, his experience in literature ought at this time to have taught him that "the attribute of mercy" has been long since worn threadbare by every schoolboy who has been compelled to write an exercise; and that the glories of "the moon," the "queen of light," and "the starry vault," have been utterly exhausted both in poetry and prose. Yet Mr. Wilson renews them in both. Not content with giving us his own elaborate remarks in his loose and wandering phraseology, he intersperses almost every one of his pages with two or three illustrations in verse, without any remarkable effort of discrimination as to the source from which he takes them. He cannot trust himself to the perils of the deep without being reminded 'of the old air so popular in Britain:

'"Ye gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease,
How little do you think of the dangers of the seas."'

That very rare and unknown poem, Thomson's Seasons, furnishes him with innumerable quotations, which he thrusts in often without the least reference to the subject of which he is treating. In one of the towns through which he passed (Carlstadt), he observed that the houses were very low, a circumstance which reminds him of the following lines in Shakspeare:

"That is the way to make the city flat,
To bring the roof to the foundation,
To bury all!!"

We cannot, at this moment, refer to the writer to whom the author is indebted for the following lines; but, to make the passage perfect, we must give the sentence which precedes as well as that which succeeds it. 'We observed a peasant tending a flock of goats, who was playing on the *lure*, as it is named, or trumpet, with true simplicity.

'"Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn!"

This serves as a call to the cattle, particularly in forests.' This! Does he mean "the rugged heart forlorn?" Such is the construction, though he probably alluded to the sound of the trumpet. Again, our traveller seeing two bears cross his path is reminded of these noble lines:

"With visages formidably grim,
And rugged as Saracens,
Or Turks of Mahomet's own kin."

Who the immortal author of these verses may have been, we are left to conjecture. But Mr. Wilson, who travelled in Egypt and Palestine, might have known that the Turks and Saracens, whatever their faults may be, are among the finest specimens of the human creation; at least there is a very considerable difference between them and the rude tenants of the forest, which the author assures us 'were frightened away by the rattling of his carriage.'

If a gentleman who finds himself in an incurable disposition for making a book, be also inclined to decorate his pages with passages borrowed from other writers, he should at least repair his own want of originality by the superior beauty and force of his quotations. Mr. Wilson, on the contrary, seems to give his preference to passages which have no intrinsic merit to recommend them, and have as little as possible to do with the subject which he imagines they illustrate.

We have already spoken of his propensity to dissertation; perhaps we should have used a graver term, for he seems to be well versed in the sacred writings, and to think that he cannot use them too abundantly in this narrative of his travels. We yield to no man in reverence for the Scriptures; but we hold that nothing can be more inconsistent with that reverence, or more disgusting to every person of good taste, than the frequent repetition of passages from those inspired works on every trifling occasion that arises in the common course of worldly affairs. The affectation of superior sanctity is one of the most prevailing and plausible vices of our day, and is generally found linked with bigotry in religion. Mr. Wilson's sanctity may be, as we doubt not it is, perfectly sincere; but it certainly should have taught him to follow the course of virtue with less ostentation, and to allow to others some portion of that liberty of conscience which he arrogates to himself. In his opinion every religion is wrong which differs from his own, and every man is blinded by superstition who does not worship at the same altar with himself! When shall we see our literature purified from this base alloy of intolerance?

The faults which we have specified, and others which remain to be noticed, considerably diminish the estimate which we might otherwise have been inclined to form of these 'Travels;' but, at the same time, we must not refuse Mr. Wilson the praise that is due to him for making us better acquainted than we had been before with a very interesting country. He has also collected together, with great diligence, many facts relating to the agriculture, the economy, and the present state of the governments of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, which are not without value. Like an experienced traveller, he omits no opportunity of affording his advice to those who may follow him in the same route, cautioning them of the privations which they will have to endure, and the evils against which they should in time provide. He writes with great minuteness, detailing every thing, his journey to Harwich, his voyage across the

North Sea, his landing at Gothenburg, and every reflection that occurred to him on the way, whether it regarded the weather, sea-sickness, the want of light-houses in Jutland, or the dangers of the Scaw. Arrived in Sweden, (in June, 1824,) he thinks it his first duty to discover the etymology of that name. He found it, 'like that of most other places, disputed,' and he had the happiness, after much toil, to leave it in precisely the same situation. In order to afford the reader some idea of the difference which a few days' sail from our shores may make in his outgoings, we shall present him with a few of the calculations which Mr. Wilson made at Gothenburg.

'A good family-house, with a stable, coach-house, and every conveniency, may be had for 30*l.*, or from that to 50*l.* per annum. Articles of furniture, unless of foreign manufacture, are comparatively low in price. Beef, mutton, and pork is 2½*d.* per pound. In October, pork does not cost above 1½*d.*; veal is 3½*d.*, butter 4*d.*, tobacco 2*s.* 3*d.*, tea 2*s.* 10*d.* per pound. Claret 4*s.* 6*d.* per bottle, rum 6*s.* 8*d.* per gallon, and porter brewed at Gothenburg, 3*s.* 4*d.* per dozen. Fowls from 7*d.* to 9*d.*; ducks, tame or wild, 8*d.* to 9*d.*; turkies from 3*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.*; geese from 1*s.* 2*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.*; and hares from 1*s.* to 1*s.* 2*d.* each. Eggs, 20 for 6*d.* Salmon from 4*d.* to 6*d.* per pound. Lobsters, which it may be observed are sent from here to London in well vessels, so as to be kept alive, are sold at 2*s.* per score. Other fish is abundant, and forms, with coarse bread, the chief part of the subsistence of the lower orders. The corn-brandy, of which they also drink abundantly, costs 1*s.* 8*d.*, while French brandy sells at 10*s.* the gallon. Wheat is about 30*s.* per quarter, rye 25*s.*, barley from 18*s.* to 20*s.*, and oats 10*s.* The wages of a woman-servant are from 2*l.* to 3*l.* a year; a footman 4*l.* and his clothes; and a coachman receives from 6*l.* to 7*l.*, and he is allowed the expense of his dress. A day-labourer receives from 8*d.* to 1*s.*'—pp. 29, 30.

In a commercial point of view Gothenburg is of importance, on account of its situation between the Baltic and North Sea. It is situated in a marshy plain, and, in a general point of view, resembles the towns of Holland, with a canal running through the principal street, which admits vessels of considerable size to unload at the doors of their owners. From Gothenburg Mr. Wilson proceeded to Frederickshall, a frontier-town of Norway, rendered memorable by the tragical death of Charles XII., who there

——"left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

Mr. Wilson's description of his journey to this celebrated place is animated and picturesque. We were particularly amused with his account of Mora Bernd, a German Boniface, married to a daughter of Erin, whom our traveller encountered at Wenisburg. We must proceed onward with him, however, to Frederickshall, which, among its other attractions, is remarkable, to Englishmen at least, for its cheapness. What would "mine host" of the

London Tavern say to providing 'twelve persons with a plentiful dinner of fish, for the sum of two-pence sterling?' The party, moreover, may have the 'best claret at 2*s.*, sherry at 2*s.*, and common wine at 8*d.* per bottle!' In addition to these substantial pleasures, the traveller, if he ascends the heights over the town, may enjoy one of the finest prospects in Norway. Mr. Wilson's description by no means does justice to the scene, but still he furnishes the reader with its most prominent features. Imagination must fill up the picture.

'After leaving the castle, we proceeded about four miles along a private tract, and arrived at the cascades, or cataracts, on the river at Titsdale. These, which are numerous and extremely grand, are employed for various purposes, particularly in the cutting of wood: there are 28 saw-mills, besides those for the grinding of corn and the preparing of cotton; all of which are situated within the compass of a mile. Most of them I visited; and found much employment going on, and much joy and singing to be heard among the workmen, which brought to mind a remark of Fairfield, in the play, "'Tis a sure sign work goes on merrily when folk sing at it." Among other operations pointed out, it may be observed that in one of the former was an ingenious mill for the splitting of a log of wood, from which 14 feet of plank was cut in the course of a single minute, which would have required the labour of two men to finish with a saw in about 20 minutes. I found that a plank, 21 feet long, nine inches in breadth, and three in thickness, was sent from this place to London and sold for nearly 100*l.* On this occasion, having presented a trifle in money to the workmen, I was surprised to see their gratitude so conspicuous, and extending so far that they took my hand and kissed it. At the summit of Titsdale we proceeded to Ween, the residence of Mrs. Zeigler, which stands in a situation where there is, perhaps, the most unrivalled prospect imaginable. To give some idea of it, I may mention, there is a view of the different falls extending to a great distance, which appear like so many steps of stairs; and there is a great activity observed on its banks, and in the different establishments. The windings of the river are in a serpentine form, and logs of wood are seen purling over these and pursuing their course to be received at different places beneath: the hills on each side are adorned with wood; and the town of Frederickshall, at the extremity, is situated in a hollow territory. There are few places where similar beauties and so many interesting objects can be pointed out for the pencil of an artist. From the back of the house is seen the lake of Fern, spread out half a mile in distance, to which the lawn extends in a gentle sloping direction, and at this period of the year its waters were like glass,—

'"A spotless mirror, smooth and clear."

This lake communicates with the mills, and appears principally to supply the water necessary for turning these. Standing in the centre of the passage of this house, where there are opposite doors, and beholding the scenery on each side, it is impossible to conceive a more charming prospect, or one affording so striking a contrast of hurried motion and tranquillity, as on the one hand this placid lake, with the reflection of objects on its banks, and on the other the impetuous

dashing torrents, fretting and struggling against masses of rock, combined with the roar these produced, and the hurried motion of the mills; but, as any description I can attempt to give must be infinitely inadequate to the original, I would add, that this spot must be visited in order to be appreciated. It attracted so greatly the attention of the King of Sweden, when he visited the place, that he expressed a strong desire to purchase the house.'—pp. 92—94.

Perhaps, however, the object of greatest interest at Fredericks-hall is the tomb of Charles XII., which is erected in a paltry style, on the precise spot where that obstinate monarch fell. Mr. Wilson enters into a discussion of the circumstances which attended the death of Charles, and insists that the common account of his being mortally wounded by a musket-ball discharged from one of the Danish batteries, while he was in the act of examining the trenches of the siege, is not to be depended upon. The spot where he fell was not within the range of musket-shot: he was struck in the dark, and was immediately folded up in a cloak by an engineer who had accompanied him, who from that time to the hour of his death was haunted by the deepest remorse of conscience. These are strong circumstances; and the motives which might have prevailed on the Prince of Hesse to clear the way in this summary manner for the ascent of Eleonora, the sister of Charles, to the throne of Sweden, were, it must be avowed, sufficiently powerful. The question, nevertheless, is still involved in a degree of mystery which we can hardly expect to see satisfactorily solved at this time, when more than a hundred winters have confirmed the silence of the grave upon it.

The Storthing, or Norwegian Parliament, meets at Christiana, and is almost the only object for which that capital is worth visiting. It was not in session when Mr. Wilson arrived there, but he endeavoured to compensate himself by making a minute survey of the rude and dull streets of the city, and by enquiring into the manners of its inhabitants. Having seen all the objects which appeared to be most interesting at the time in Christiana, he bent his course towards Sweden again, 'circumstances, as he informs us, having prevented him from extending his journey as far as Bergen and Drontheim.' We meet with nothing in the description of his route worth extracting, although, from the imperfect and desultory sketches which he now and then affords us, it is evident that the country through which he travelled is by no means destitute of interest. He states, as 'a remarkable circumstance, that the dreadful earthquake, which occurred two years ago, completely destroyed the town of Aleppo, and laid waste the country around it, was slightly felt at Carlstadt.' It certainly is a very remarkable circumstance, if it be *true*. On his arrival at Arboga he found numbers of the country people assembled there by a fair. Few occasions afford an intelligent traveller so favourable an opportunity for observing the costume and general character of the rustic folks as an assembly of

this description. We cannot say that Mr. Wilson has availed himself of the opportunity that presented itself to him, so fully or so happily as he might have done. The observations with which he favours us are, as usual, bespangled with little *gems* of poetry, but his facts are not altogether undeserving of notice. We own that we were not prepared for the great corruption of morals which seems to prevail on such occasions among the Swedish peasantry.

'A public fair was held at Arboga, at the time of my arrival, which, to use an observation of Justice Woodcock, "never fails to put all folks hereabout out of their senses." This appeared also to be a period for the assemblage of persons who offered themselves to be hired as servants. Such a sight always appears interesting to a traveller, since it affords him not only an opportunity of seeing many articles of the manufacture of the country exposed for sale, but marking the manners, customs, and dresses of the natives. On this occasion I saw many from the most distant parts of Westmanland, distinguished by their dress and manners from those of the neighbourhood, with friendly nods and smiles, and kind faces. Others of a superior class were better dressed, who seemed to try with

'Hats of airy shape, and ribbons gay,
Love to inspire.

The fair was held in a large square in front of the principal street, where a number of booths had been erected, in which articles of various descriptions were spread out, such as confectionary, implements of husbandry, silks, lace, hats, toys for children; and further, a great number of copper utensils, in which the Swedes seem to excel all other nations, were arranged on the ground. Most of the sellers were shopkeepers from Stockholm, who had come here to catch the tide as it were, to dispose of part of their stock. The town, as may be supposed, was extremely crowded with people from all quarters of the country to see and be seen, and among these were many Tony Lumpkins, flaxen-headed ploughboys, Hodges, and Madges, of whom it may be said, that

'Corn and cattle were their only care,
And their supreme delight, a country fair.

'At this time, however, I did not observe one squire of high degree dressed in his Sunday clothes. The women were remarkably fair, and distinguished for their strength and healthy appearance; they wore mostly tight jackets, and petticoats of striped woollen or linen cloth, like the French peasantry, red stockings, and handkerchiefs of all colours tied over their heads. Many of them were like housemaids.

'The men wore long coarse brown coats, clasped in front, with standing up collars, handkerchiefs round their necks, and bushy hair covering their brown foreheads and cheeks; each of them carried a stick and a handkerchief. All the men's coats had red collars and stripes of red cloth down the front, which gave them the appearance of livery servants. The scenes I witnessed at this fair were extremely ludicrous. In one part dancing was kept up in and out of doors; but not, I own, with that distinguished grace and agility which animate the Scots Highlander, and the very awkward manner

in which the rustics moved along confirmed the words of the poet, that—

> 'A heavy bumpkin taught, with daily care,
> Can never dance three steps with a becoming air.

In others, both sexes were setting and reeling about, eating, drinking, and smoking. Some of these groups would have been excellent subjects for the pencil of Wilkie, or the imitations of Mathews. I cannot fail to remark, it required no great penetration to discover that principles of morality were not very scrupulously observed during this fair, and what an Englishman would call decency was quite out of the question. The women stood, at all hours, about the square, as if waiting to be invited to the public-house, while the men walked about viewing them critically, before they selected their partners for the day's festivity. Many of the juvenile peasants chose, as I understood, one, or even two, whom they had never before seen, and who, in consequence, as they walked away triumphantly with the young men, were objects of envy to all their acquaintance who were not yet provided with partners. At a later hour in the afternoon, I could judge from the appearance of men and women, who sallied forth from the inns, that they had not been altogether moderate in their libations, as most of them staggered about in a state of intoxication, proceeding from the effect of the quantity of snaps (as spirituous liquors are called) they had taken."—pp. 174—176.

Mr. Wilson, in the course of his journey, passed through Upsala, the Oxford of Sweden. The present Crown-Prince, Oscar, received his education at the University there, which seems to retain its ancient celebrity. In the spring term of 1822 there were 1400 students enrolled on its books, a fact that augurs well of the rising generation. We observe that the sons of the clergy and peasantry form the greatest proportion among the different classes which have the means of obtaining an education there, another striking circumstance eminently favourable to the future prosperity of Sweden. Upon visiting the habitation and garden of Linnæus, our philosopher cannot resist his propensity to "meditation."

'As it is impossible to visit these places without being reminded that a garden was the habitation of our first parents previously to their fall from a state of innocence, so are they naturally calculated to suggest many subjects of reflection. Being decorated with the most beautiful plants, flowers, and medicinal herbs, these occasion the highest degree of delight; yet the "flower fadeth," and the goodness thereof, compared to the life of man, passeth away. In such a spot no visitor can well be melancholy; but, on the contrary, his eye must be charmed, and his spirits elevated. When we walk along and view the infinite variety of beauties and delicious sweets that surround us, and address themselves agreeably to the senses, and touch the finest movements of the mind, they call on us to consider their Great Author, who opens his hand thus liberally, and dresses out the earth in all its glory and grandeur, for the contemplation and pleasure of his dependent creatures!—

> 'For us kind nature wakes her genial power,
> Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower.

Harmony and design may be said to pervade the universe, and nature extends her attention to productions, indeed the most insignificant; for in the very meanest blossoms the laws of its existence are accurately defined, and the period of its duration invariably determined.' —p. 196.

We will venture to say that so many mere truisms and commonplace remarks have been seldom strung together so unnecessarily, or within so short a compass.

At Stockholm, as at Christiana, our author minutely describes the streets, churches, and other public buildings, with as much labour of detail as if the ground had been, before his visit to that capital, wholly untrodden by English travellers. It is satisfactory to us to find that 'there are no restrictions in force there relative to religious tenets,' but that, 'on the contrary, the most perfect liberty of conscience is extended to all classes.' Would that we could say as much of capitals nearer home! The theatres also attract much of Mr. Wilson's attention; even for these he has an abundance of his trite reflections. 'Here it may be observed, that a person who enters a crowded theatre cannot fail to be struck with the view of so great a multitude, participating of one common amusement; and he experiences, from their very aspect, *a superior sensibility of being affected* with every sentiment which he shares with the spectators.' *Ohe! jam satis!* Such, at least, would be the exclamation of the reader if his inexorable destiny had compelled him to read through our author's long, dull, prosing dissertations upon the public institutions of Stockholm, its lotteries, House of Correction, and capital punishments, all of which have been taken for granted for the last twenty years in this country. Church-yards are also a never-failing source of complaint with this philosopher; but from these, and other topics of a similar description, we gladly turn to something more attractive. He thus describes his visit to Bernadotte, that remarkable favourite of Fortune, whom, after raising him to a throne, she has still the constancy to keep there.

'During my visit to Stockholm, I was presented to the King by Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, and had a long conversation with him in his closet, when the manners of His Majesty were affable and condescending. I accompanied Sir Benjamin to the palace in his carriage on this occasion, and the guards turned out to salute him in his capacity as representative of Great Britain. We then proceeded to the large hall, and met Count Engestrom, the Minister of State, and several other noblemen, with whom we entered into conversation. When we were announced, His Majesty gave permission to admit us, the door was thrown open, and we were ushered in by one of the lords in waiting. On Sir Benjamin introducing me, he mentioned that I had travelled some time in the East. The King immediately asked if I had visited the spot where the French and English armies fought in Egypt. On my answering in the affirmative, he entered into a discussion of the Pacha's character, his pursuits, the expedition to Dongala; and on replying to his question, whether I had visited Syria, he inquired if I

had been at St. Jean d'Acre: I informed him I had, and he made inquiries as to the number of its inhabitants. I took this opportunity of informing him I had made a long journey through Palestine, and attempted to draw him into a conversation on that interesting country. This, however, I found to be a fruitless attempt, as he always returned to the subject of Egypt, which seemed of all other places to possess most interest for him. He inquired how long I purposed to remain at Stockholm; and on hearing that I intended to depart on the following day, he condescended to say that he regretted to hear it, as he would otherwise have been glad to see me often at the palace, and have some further conversation respecting Egypt. The King then kindly expressed his good wishes for my further journey, and took me most kindly by the hand, which he shook cordially, when I departed with the Minister.

'His Majesty is at present about 60 years of age, of the common size; his complexion is dark, and his hair, which is of a glossy black, curls naturally. His voice is uncommonly sweet and pleasing; his whole countenance has in reality a great expression of kindness, and his manners are singularly prepossessing. It may be further remarked, that Charles John is temperate, economical, and what may be called equal in his disposition; modest in demeanour, condescending towards all ranks, and deservedly popular in the highest degree. He always converses in French, not speaking with fluency the Swedish language; although Prince Oscar, from being educated in the country, understands and speaks like a native. In short, the present monarch of Sweden does not at all resemble his former coadjutor in France, who ended his mad career on a rock, after having trampled on his subjects, and treated mankind at large as his slaves, and

> 'In a cruel wantonness of power
> Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
> To want the rest.' pp. 273, 274.

Then follows a simile about a volcano, which Bernadotte did *not* resemble, and something about human blood which he did *not* shed, and intrigues in which he did *not* mingle, ending with another quotation from Gustavus Vasa. This is not all. Sir Benjamin (now Lord) Bloomfield also comes in for a page of laboured eulogy, which we doubt not that noble lord deserves, but which can hardly be acceptable to him, or to any man of high feeling, from the parasitical terms in which it is conveyed.

While upon this subject, we may add, that there is scarcely a single public officer from His Majesty down to a searcher of the customs, whom Mr. Wilson has or makes occasion to mention, whom he does not discolour in the same manner with the overflowings of his panegyric. The style in which he speaks of the Duke of York, of Mr. Canning, and several other individuals whom it is unnecessary to enumerate, might be tolerated in a maudling speech at a charity-dinner, but in a sober book of travels it is beyond endurance. It is not manly — at least it is not *British*.

Mr. Wilson devotes a chapter to the Swedish Revolution of 1809, which ended in the election of the reigning sovereign. The

circumstances of that curious passage in the modern history of Europe are so well known, that we need not detain the reader with any allusion to them. We shall do the author the justice to extract the summary view which he took of the attractions of Norway and Sweden, when he was upon the confines of the latter on his route to Denmark.

"In the first place, the government is mild, and highly liberal; and a traveller is not troubled, as in other places, with spies and informers, or by passports, and those trifles connected with them, which are in some countries magnified into acts of great importance, interrupt the journey, occasion vexations and delay to the traveller, and considerably detract from the pleasure which he had promised to himself from foreign travel. The roads throughout both countries may be described as in the most excellent state of repair, more so, in fact, than any I have seen during my long and extensive travels. The arrangements adopted by government for securing an immediate supply of horses, checking imposition, ensuring civility, promoting the redress of abuses, are admirable, and appear not unworthy the attention of the British government. These, with the astonishing low rate of posting,—no demand being made for turnpikes on the roads; with the perfect security ensured both for person and property at all hours of the day and night in every district, however remote, or covered with the thickest woods; with the facility of conveying luggage of every description, the primitive simplicity and the courteousness of the peasantry, which are calculated to draw to them the regard of travellers; and the grand and sublime scenery of lakes, cataracts, mountains, and forests, every where exhibited, excite admiration, and command universal respect. I repeat that the government is mild and liberal, the people loyal, happy, and polite; in short, the Swedes fear God, honour the King, and "meddle not with those who are given to change." All these are circumstances calculated to render travelling agreeable, especially to an Englishman, who, from being accustomed to so many conveniences and comforts in his own country, is but too apt to expect to meet with them every where else, and to express his unqualified disappointment and disgust whenever he does not, branding the country as a purgatory, and the inhabitants as uncivilized barbarians. In travelling through the numerous and extensive forests, or, when viewing them from some eminence, whence they appeared to cover the surface of the whole country around, I was frequently disposed to bestow on the King of Sweden a title characteristic of his domains, that of the Sovereign Lord of the Forests; for neither in this country nor in Denmark is there any want of those two great essentials to fine landscape and scenery, wood and water. Nor was I a little astonished to find how few English travellers, particularly artists, are to be met with in this country; which can be accounted for only by the delightful and romantic scenery of this part of Europe not being sufficiently known in Britain; otherwise it would certainly be as much the rage to travel here, as in France, Italy, Switzerland, or other parts, since every article is much cheaper."—pp. 360—362.

On the author's arrival at Elsineur he of course visited the castle of Cronberg, where the unfortunate Queen of Denmark had

been so severely treated during her captivity. Thence he proceeded to Copenhagen, and, as usual, describes every thing as minutely as if he had been the first foreigner who ever entered it. Here also he bears witness to the practical existence of complete toleration in matters of religion. Indeed we happen to know that there is no country in Europe where differences upon this subject are less thought of either by the government or the community than in Denmark. Much of this liberality arises, no doubt, from the mild and benevolent character of the King, whom we shall introduce to the reader.

'During my stay at Copenhagen I had the honour to be presented to His Majesty, for which purpose I proceeded to the palace of Amalienborg, accompanied by Mr. Foster, the British minister. We first passed through a hall, where a party of dragoons were stationed with drawn swords in their hands. This apartment conducted to another, where I found many persons of both sexes, and of the inferior ranks of society: on expressing my surprise at this to one of the ministers next me, he informed me that they had come individually to present petitions to the King, a privilege that unquestionably reflects the highest honour on His Majesty. This must be considered as liberal as it is wise and humane, and cannot fail to increase the affection of the subject towards the monarch. No such instance of royal condescension occurs in any court of Europe, unless at that of Palermo.* The petitions are first delivered into the hands of the prime minister, who lays them before the King, and in due time the answers, if considered necessary, are returned. I own I was forcibly struck on looking on this part of the assembly, with the justice of an observation made to me, that it might be considered in the strictest sense of the word "a paternal levee;" the ear of His Majesty being at all times open to the representations of every class of his subjects, high or low.

'After remaining here a short time, we were ushered by the minister into the presence of the King, whom I found standing alone, with his back to a large table. On this occasion His Majesty displayed the greatest affability and condescension, with a peculiar ease of manner. Having the honour to present him with a copy of my travels in Egypt and Palestine, he entered into a long and familiar conversation relative to that journey. The first question of importance he put, was, if I had in the course of it compared the appearance of the countries of Judea, Galilee, Samaria, &c., and the customs, manners, and usages of the inhabitants, with the Scriptures, and found any correspondence. I replied that this had been my immediate object, and that after all possible diligence and investigation, I had discovered such coincidences as most strongly corroborated, in my mind, the authority of Revelation.

'The King is slender, but of a handsome figure, and about five feet nine inches in height. His hair and eyebrows are white, and he has blue and rather large eyes, a small aquiline nose, and pale countenance; and, on the whole, the cast of his features appeared to me to be not unlike those of the royal family of Great Britain. His Majesty rises at five o'clock in the morning, and is strictly temperate

* A similar custom prevails even now at the court of Madrid, as well as at that of Vienna.—*Rev.*

in his habits. At this time he was dressed in the uniform of his regiment, a red coat with light blue facings and cuffs, pantaloons of the same colour, boots and spurs, with a sword at his side, and he wore a Danish order, with that of the Bath. Perhaps few monarchs in Europe are more distinguished for affability than His Majesty, he being most easy of access, and totally divested of every kind of hauteur and ostentation. He is frequently to be met walking on the public streets; sometimes alone, at others accompanied by the Princess Royal, leaning on his arm, but unattended even by a single servant. It should be observed that the Danish court is divested of parade and ostentation, and more remarkable for economy than any other in Europe.' — pp. 462—464.

This is all very well; and as long as Denmark possesses such an amiable sovereign she has little to apprehend from the despotic power which he possesses. But we confess we cannot agree with Mr. Wilson, that a monarchy tempered only by the natural disposition of the individual, in whom the supreme power resides, is such a species of government as the Danes ought long to be contented with. They were formerly quite as free as we are ourselves. They had a senate consisting of three estates, the nobility, the clergy, and the *tiers etat*, who, actuated by mutual jealousy, were short-sighted, and base enough to agree in surrendering their privileges to the sovereign, thus defrauding the country of its ancient liberties and rights; and condemning themselves and their children to perpetual vassalage. Yet it is upon this state of things that Mr. Wilson thinks it becoming in him, an Englishman, or rather, we suspect, a North Briton, to congratulate the Danes!

Our medical readers will find in the thirteenth chapter a curious and, to them, highly interesting narrative of the case of the Jewess, Rachael Hertz, who, during the horrors attending our bombardment of Copenhagen, swallowed in her fright a paper containing upwards of four hundred needles. The symptoms of the disease which this unhappy accident brought upon her are, according to every account, of the most extraordinary character. She still lingers in existence, reduced to a mere skeleton. One of the most singular circumstances attending her protracted illness has been the unwearied industry with which, under all her sufferings, she has cultivated her mind. She has, since her first confinement to her bed, taught herself to write and speak different languages. Her most favourite books are Cicero de Officiis, Cæsar, Virgil, and Seneca. Mr. Wilson gives two of her letters, which are very well written in Latin.

These specimens of Rachael's composition will be found in the appendix, which contains also copies of the Norwegian and Swedish constitutions, the coronation oath of the King of Denmark, which stands in the place of a constitution, two documents relating to the universities of Christiana and Upsala, and, by way of variety, two or three Norwegian and Danish national airs, with the music and translations of the songs. Upon the whole, though we have found

much to censure in the style of this volume, we look upon it as the depository of the most ample and recent information which we possess concerning the countries that were the principal objects of the author's attention. His notices of Hanover, Germany, and the Netherlands, are few and superficial.

We cannot conclude without reminding Mr. Wilson of some very careless sentences which he allowed to lapse from his pen. We shall select but three or four out of ten times the number which we might have marked.

'*Nature* must, unquestionably, be held as a book, every page of which is rich with hints of a sacred and instructive *nature*.'—pp. 100, 101.

'It must be allowed, that we are all inclined to eat more, nay double the quantity, that nature requires.'—p. 122.

Errors of the press can be no excuse here, for the construction of the sentence is radically ungrammatical.

'The town of Orebro may be classed among one of the principal in Sweden.'—p. 164.

One example more, and we shall have done with this unpleasant labour.

'After he had *kneeled* down, and prayed with two clergymen, who accompanied him, he *laid* down on his face on a block.'—p. 220.

Such instances of bad composition are so rare in modern works, that we were quite surprised to meet them in the production of an author who has written so much as Mr. Rae Wilson.

ART. VIII. *Woodstock; or, The Cavalier.* A Tale of the Year Sixteen Hundred and Fifty-one. By the Author of "Waverley," &c. 3 Vols. 8vo. Edinburgh. Archibald Constable and Co. 1826.

WHATEVER may be the opinion of the public as to their appetite for new additions to the Waverley library, the work before us affords abundant proof that the author's capability of producing them is, as yet, far from being exhausted. We cannot, indeed, aver that 'Woodstock' is destined to be enumerated among the best of his works. His warmest admirers must, we should think, allow that it is greatly inferior to "Ivanhoe," "The Antiquary," and "Rob Roy;" but they may well insist that it is as greatly superior to "The Abbot," "The Monastery," and those other minor creations, which, by general consent, have been already exiled to the regions of undisturbed repose.

'Woodstock' is chiefly remarkable for the dramatic impetuosity and variety of passion and of action which pervade it. It presents scarcely more than one or two characters which wear an appearance of novelty to those who are acquainted with the former works of this prolific author. We have a knight, Sir Henry Lee,

who resembles the Baron of Bradwardine, without the broader shades of his eccentricity; a lovely maid, his daughter, Alice, who is moulded in every respect on the engaging character of Flora Mac-Ivor, without that intense and elevated enthusiasm by which the Scottish heroine was distinguished. The portrait of Waverley himself is not, in the main, unlike that of Markham Everard, the lover of Alice; and the youthful Charles II. is scarcely to be distinguished from the young Pretender.

The most prominent persons in the story are decidedly Cromwell and a cavalier, Roger Wildrake. It appears to us that, upon the whole, the character of the former is pourtrayed in a masterly style. The author follows the best authorities in representing him as an enthusiast, whom the sincere profession of certain religious tenets, and the political activity springing out of them, had first raised to eminence among his equals, but who then becoming fired by ambition and success, followed up those tenets, and exaggerated his profession of them, not because they afforded him any spiritual happiness, but as they supplied him with the most efficacious instruments for the promotion and consolidation of his power. Some of the lesser features in Cromwell's character are also developed in 'Woodstock' with great felicity; such as his confused style of eloquence, when he wished to mystify his auditors, and to refrain from committing himself; that occasional mental inebriety that urged him to issue orders, of which, in a cooler moment, he repented; and that secret remorse, which, even in the height of his power, and under the external appearance of the most reckless hardihood, perpetually reminded him of his share in the death of his sovereign. If we have any thing to object to the character of that extraordinary republican, as depicted in the tale before us, it is, that it seems to be invested with too great a portion of dramatic parade. As his personal history has been transmitted to us by his contemporaries, it seems to elude the reach of exact personation. His rude simplicity, his contempt for forms, the quickness of his resolution, and its speedy appearance in action, conspire to confound those lines of shade and light which are so essential to the perfection of a dramatic hero. Our author, however, sometimes endeavours to displace Cromwell's plain doublet for "the sceptered pall," and to render his eloquence more clear and emphatic, and his demeanour more conducive to theatrical effect, than the truth of history will warrant.

But the 'Cavalier' Wildrake is a perfect picture of his class. Here there is not a single touch of exaggeration. He is one of the loyal, unfortunate, impoverished, gay, licentious gentlemen of the day, waked from the tomb, and presented to us at the most racy period of his existence. Faithful, under every circumstance, to the young King, he yet accepts favours from any one who is disposed to afford them, and ready to undertake any service for friend or enemy,

provided it will afford him the means of renewing his inveterate habits of dissipation. But we anticipate. We must, in some degree, follow the order of the tale.

It begins in the early part of September, 1651, soon after the battle of Worcester, when, in consequence of the utter destruction of his army by the republican forces under Cromwell, Charles II. was compelled to fly. The reader is aware that the unfortunate monarch, in order to provide for his safety, separated himself from fifty or sixty of his companions who had accompanied him from Worcester, and that, without imparting his intentions to them, he went to Boscobel, a lone house on the borders of Staffordshire, belonging to a farmer named Penderell, who, together with his four brothers, faithfully protected the King for some days. It was while under the safeguard of the Penderells that he had, on one occasion, taken refuge in an oak-tree, and heard his pursuers pass beneath him. From Boscobel he proceeded to Bristol, disguised as a poor farmer's son ill of an ague, in the hope that he might there find a ship in which to escape; but being disappointed in that expectation, he entrusted himself to Colonel Windham of Dorsetshire, whose family was long distinguished for its affectionate fidelity to the house of Stuart. They proved their attachment to the King on this perilous occasion; and so complete was his seclusion, that it was generally believed he was dead. During his stay at Colonel Windham's, his friends, after many disappointments, succeeded in providing a vessel at Shoreham, in Sussex, which Charles reached in safety, after passing through many adventures in different disguises. The vessel conveyed him to Fesamp, in Normandy.

Such are the well authenticated particulars of the life of Charles between his flight from Worcester and his escape from the coast; and it will be seen at once that to the unrivalled powers of the author of "Waverley" they presented the foundation of a tale which required but little exertion from his creative hand to be rendered dramatic and interesting in the highest degree. It will be observed that he has changed the scene from Colonel Windham's to Woodstock, where, with the license of his art, he protracts the existence of Rosamond's bower and the lodge adjoining it, which were thrown down during the civil wars under Charles I. Colonel Lee takes the place of Windham, and his son and daughter compensate us for the absence of that venerable old matron, who expressed her delight in being reserved to be instrumental towards the preservation of the young King, after having lost three sons and one grandchild in defence of his father. There seems to be no other reason for transferring the principal scenes of the story from Dorsetshire to Woodstock, than that the supposed continuance of Rosamond's bower might be made use of in lengthening out the narrative, in heightening the interest of the incidents, and conducting them to a dramatic conclusion.

The first volume is chiefly conversational. Dialogue forms the favourite means, as they certainly are the only legitimate ones, which the author usually adopts for introducing his characters, as well as displaying the manners of the period of which he treats, to his readers. We are accordingly first led to the parish-church of the town of Woodstock during the time of service, which is performed, not according to the ritual of the Church of England, but upon the Presbyterian model, by the Rev. Nehemiah Holdenough. We should rather have said that the service was attempted to be performed by this reverend gentleman, for no sooner does he mount the pulpit, than he is forcibly dragged from it by an 'Independent orator' of Cromwell's army, yclep'd Tomkins, otherwise 'Trusty Joe,' who treats his audience to a sermon quite in the style of that period, when every metaphor and precept of Scripture was invested with an immediate application to the events of the day. This Tomkins is a very active agent in the hands of the author. He paints him as a consummate hypocrite and spy, sent down by Cromwell, in the first instance, with a small guard, to take possession for the Parliament of the lodge at Woodstock. After finishing his sermon, he sets out to execute his mission. His proceedings are described in the author's happiest manner, in a chapter headed by the following beautiful stanza:

> 'Come forth, old man — Thy daughter's side
> Is now the fitting place for thee:
> When Time hath quell'd the oak's bold pride,
> The youthful tendril yet may hide
> The ruins of the parent tree.' p. 28.

The soldier, leaving his companions in the town, went alone towards the park of Woodstock.

'A battlemented portal of Gothic appearance defended the entrance to the avenue. It was of mixed architecture, but on the whole, though composed of the styles of different ages, when it had received additions, had a striking and imposing effect. An immense gate composed of rails of hammered iron, with many a flourish and scroll, displaying as its uppermost ornament the ill-fated cypher of C. R., was now decayed, partly with rust, partly from the effects of violence.

'The stranger paused, as if uncertain whether he should demand or assay entrance. He looked through the grating down an avenue skirted by majestic oaks, which led onward with a gentle curve, as if into the depths of some ample and ancient forest. The wicket of the large iron gate being left unwittingly open, the soldier was tempted to enter, yet with some hesitation, as he that intrudes upon ground which he conjectures may be prohibited — indeed his manner showed more reverence for the scene than could have been expected from his condition and character. He slackened his stately and consequential pace, and at length stood still, and looked around him.

'Not far from the gate, he saw rising from the trees one or two ancient and venerable turrets, bearing each its own vane of rare device glittering in the autumn sun. These indicated the ancient hunting

seat, or Lodge, as it was called, which had, since the time of Henry II., been occasionally the residence of the English monarchs, when it pleased them to visit the woods of Oxford, which then so abounded with game, that, according to old Fuller, huntsmen and falconers were nowhere better pleased. The situation which the Lodge occupied was a piece of flat ground, now planted with sycamores, not far from the entrance to that magnificent spot where the spectator first stops to gaze upon Blenheim, to think of Marlborough's victories, and to applaud or criticise the cumbrous magnificence of Vanburgh's style.

'There too paused our military preacher, but with other thoughts, and for other purpose, than to admire the scene around him. It was not long afterwards when he beheld two persons, a male and a female, approaching slowly, and so deeply engaged in their own conversation that they did not raise their eyes to observe that there stood a stranger in the path before them. The soldier took advantage of their state of abstraction, and, desirous at once to watch their motions and avoid their observation, he glided beneath one of the huge trees which skirted the path, and whose boughs, sweeping the ground on every side, insured him against discovery, unless in case of an actual search.

'In the mean time, the gentleman and lady continued to advance, directing their course to a rustic seat, which still enjoyed the sunbeams, and was placed adjacent to the tree where the stranger was concealed.

'The man was elderly, yet seemed bent more by sorrow and infirmity, than by the weight of years. He wore a mourning cloak, over a dress of the same melancholy colour, cut in that picturesque form, which Vandyke has rendered immortal. But although the dress was handsome, it was put on and worn with a carelessness which showed the mind of the wearer ill at ease. His aged, yet still handsome countenance, had the same air of consequence which distinguished his dress and his gait. A striking part of his appearance was a long white beard, which descended far over the breast of his slashed doublet, and looked singular from its contrast in colour with his habit.

'The young lady, by whom this venerable gentleman seemed to be in some degree supported as they walked arm in arm, was a slight and sylph-like form, with a person so delicately made, and so beautiful in countenance, that it seemed the earth on which she walked was too grossly massive a support for a creature so aërial. But mortal beauty must share human sorrows. The eyes of the beautiful being showed tokens of tears; her colour was heightened as she listened to her aged companion; and it was plain, from his melancholy yet displeased look, that the conversation was as distressing to himself as to her. When they sate down on the bench we have mentioned, the gentleman's discourse could be distinctly overheard by the eves-dropping soldier, but the answers of the young lady reached his ear rather less distinctly.

'"It is not to be endured," said the old man passionately; "it would stir up a paralytic wretch to start up a soldier. My people have been thinned, I grant you, or have fallen off from me in these times — I owe them no grudge for it, poor knaves; what should they do when the pantry has no bread and the buttery no ale? But we have still about us some rugged foresters of the old Woodstock breed — old as myself most of them — what of that? old wood seldom warps in the wetting; — I will hold out the old house, and it will not

be the first time that I have held it against ten times the strength that we hear of now."

'"Alas! my dear father,"—said the young lady, in a tone which seemed to intimate his proposal of defence to be altogether desperate.

'"And why, alas?" said the gentleman, angrily; "is it because I shut my door on a score or two of these blood-thirsty hypocrites?"

'"But their masters can as easily send a regiment or an army, if they will," replied the lady; "and what good would your present defence do, excepting to exasperate them to your utter destruction?"

'"Be it so, Alice," replied her father: "I have lived my time and beyond it. I have outlived the kindest and most prince-like of masters. What do I do on the earth since the dismal thirtieth of January? The parricide of that day was a signal to all true servants of Charles Stuart to avenge his death, or die as soon after as they could find a worthy opportunity."

'"Do not speak thus, Sir," said Alice Lee; "it does not become your gravity and your worth to throw away that life which may yet be of service to your king and country,—it will not and cannot always be thus. England will not long endure the rulers which these bad times have assigned her. In the meanwhile—[here a few words escaped the listener's ears]—and beware of that impatience, which makes bad worse."'—Vol. ii. pp. 30—36.

Thus Alice Lee endeavours to soothe the spirit of her aged father, Sir Henry, who was irritated to an extreme degree by intelligence he had received that commissioners had been appointed by Parliament to sequestrate the parks and the property of Woodstock, where he had long resided as ranger. She adds to her own entreaties the advice of her uncle Everard, that he would receive the commissioners courteously; and after enduring the unreflecting passionate opposition of the old man for some time, she at length succeeds in inducing him to acquiesce. Sir Henry is a great admirer of Will Shakspeare, and the remembrance of a single passage from his favourite bard is sufficient to disarm him in the midst of his hottest anger. At the close of their conversation, the military preacher, abandoning his "leafy screen," made his appearance before the old knight and his daughter, who were not a little amazed at such an unexpected vision. The soldier, however, soon declared his office as steward to the commissioners, Desborough, Harrison, and Bletson, and produced his warrant. Sir Henry, forgetting his promise to Alice, gives the steward a rather uncourteous reception; angry words pass on both sides; weapons are unsheathed; and a short contest ensues, in which the Knight is easily defeated. The screams of Alice brought to his aid Joceline Joliffe, the underkeeper; and

'At this moment another auxiliary rushed out of the thicket to the Knight's assistance. It was the large wolf-dog, in strength a mastiff, in form and almost in fleetness a greyhound. Bevis was the noblest of the kind which ever pulled down a stag, tawny-coloured like a lion, with a black muzzle and black feet, just edged with a line of white round the toes. He was as tractable as he was strong and bold.

Just as he was about to rush upon the soldier, the words "Peace, Bevis!" from Sir Henry, converted the lion into a lamb, and, instead of pulling the soldier down, he walked round and round, and snuffed, as if using all his sagacity to discover who the stranger could be, towards whom, though of so questionable an appearance, he was enjoined forbearance. Apparently he was satisfied, for he laid aside his doubtful and threatening demonstrations, lowered his ears, smoothed down his bristles, and wagged his tail.'—Vol. i. pp. *55, 56.*

The Knight, on second thoughts, surrenders to the soldier, and sends Joliffe with him to the lodge to give up possession of it, while he himself and his daughter resolve on taking up their residence for the present in the under-keeper's hut by Rosamond's well. The lodge is described as 'an old Gothic building, irregularly constructed, as the humour of the English monarchs led them to taste the pleasures of Woodstock Chase.'

'The oldest part of the structure had been named by tradition Fair Rosamond's Tower; it was a small turret of great height, with narrow windows, and walls of massive thickness. The tower had no opening to the ground, or means of descending, a great part of the lower portion being solid mason-work. It was traditionally said to have been accessible only by a sort of small drawbridge, which might be dropped at pleasure from a little portal, near the summit of the turret, to the battlements of another tower of the same construction, but twenty feet lower, and containing only a winding staircase, called in Woodstock Love's Ladder; because it is said, that by ascending this staircase to the top of the tower, and then making use of the drawbridge, Henry obtained access to the chamber of his paramour.'—

'The rest of the Lodge was of considerable extent, and of different ages; comprehending a nest of little courts, surrounded by buildings which corresponded with each other, sometimes within doors, sometimes by crossing the courts, and frequently in both ways. The different heights of the building announced that they could only be connected by the usual variety of staircases, which exercised the limbs of our ancestors in the sixteenth and earlier centuries, and seem sometimes to have been contrived for no other purpose.'—Vol. i. pp. *74, 75.*

Joliffe and his companion found unobstructed entrance into the lodge, and the influence of the former over the young housekeeper, 'Phœbe Mayflower, the lightest-footed and lightest-hearted wench that ever tripped the sod in Woodstock-Park,' soon obtained for them 'a mighty venison pasty, adorned with parsley, which was placed on the board on a clean napkin,' and also 'a stone bottle of strong waters, with a black-jack full of ale,' with which they proceeded, without much ceremony, to form an acquaintance, while Phœbe was slily whispered by her swain to attend the Knight and her young lady in the hut.

Sir Henry and Alice, on their arrival at the cottage, found it already occupied by a youthful stranger in a riding habit, who, upon dropping his mantle, in which his face was muffled, appeared to be

'Markham Everard,' Alice's cousin, who was bound to her heart by a secret link, much dearer to both than that of their mere relationship. Markham, however, had not been lately upon good terms with the Knight, as he and his father had become Roundheads, preferring the fortunes of the republic to the then romantic cause of the fugitive King. The reception which he experienced from Sir Henry was by no means a cordial one. In fact, they almost fought; the explanations of Everard seemed only to increase the anger of the Knight, and they separated in high dudgeon, to the infinite grief of Alice. But Everard, who possessed a mind of no ignoble stamp, no sooner heard of the circumstances which compelled the old man and his daughter to take up their residence in the cottage than he formed his resolution. He proceeded towards the Lodge, and on his way met Wildrake, an old college-chum, who, though a cavalier of the first water, felt no hesitation to act the character of secretary to his friend, in order to avoid the peril of impertinent enquiries.

The family of Everard was particularly esteemed by Cromwell; and when Markham, accompanied by Wildrake, sought admittance into the Lodge, Tomkins, the steward, did not dare to offer any opposition. Wildrake spent the night in carousing, Markham occupied it in writing a memorial, addressed to Cromwell, urging the expediency of restoring Sir Henry Lee to his residence in the Lodge. The circumstance of his sending this document by Wildrake to Cromwell naturally serves to introduce that personage into the scene. Nor does there seem to be any thing inconsistent with the character of Wildrake in entrusting him with such a mission; for, though he hated Cromwell, yet he also feared him, and was curious 'to see the old rascal, after all, were it but to say that he had seen him.'

Wildrake proceeded to Windsor, and found Cromwell in the guard-house of the castle drilling a new recruit. The appearance of Cromwell is well described; and a good deal of his character is displayed in the conversation which he subsequently held with the disguised cavalier, in his apartments in the castle. The upshot of the embassy is, that the General addresses a warrant to Markham, empowering him to expel the commissioners and their officers from Woodstock-Lodge; but this warrant was accompanied with a verbal condition, entrusted to Wildrake, that if the fugitive monarch should direct his steps to the Lodge, as Cromwell suspected he would do, he (Markham) would undertake to deliver up the royal guest to the republic.

'"Markham Everard and thou," said Cromwell, "must have an eye in every hair of your head." While he spoke, a flush passed over his brow, he rose from his chair, and paced the apartment in agitation. "Woe to you, if you suffer the young adventurer to escape me! — you had better be in the deepest dungeon in Europe, than breathe the air of England, should you but dream of playing me false. I have

spoken freely to thee, fellow — more freely than is my wont — the time required it. But, to share my confidence is like keeping a watch over a powder-magazine, the least and most insignificant spark blows thee to ashes. Tell your master what I said — but not how I said it — Fie, that I should have been betrayed into the distemperature of passion! — Begone, sirrah. Pearson shall bring thee sealed orders — Yet, stay — thou hast something to ask."

'"I would know," said Wildrake, to whom the visible anxiety of the General gave some confidence, "what is the figure of this young gallant, in case I should find him?"

'"A tall, raw-boned, swarthy lad, they say he has shot up into. Here is his picture by a good hand, some time since." He turned round one of the portraits which stood with its face against the wall; but it proved not to be that of Charles the Second, but of his unhappy father.

'The first motion of Cromwell indicated a purpose of hastily replacing the picture, and it seemed as if an effort was necessary to repress his disinclination to look upon it. But he did repress it, and, placing the picture against the wall, withdrew slowly and sternly, as if, in defiance of his own feeling, he was determined to gain a place from which to see it to advantage. It was well for Wildrake that his dangerous companion had not turned an eye on him, for *his* blood also kindled when he saw the portrait of his master in the hands of the chief author of his death. Being a fierce and desperate man, he commanded his passion with great difficulty; and if, on its first violence, he had been provided with a suitable weapon, it is possible Cromwell would never have ascended higher in his bold ascent towards supreme power.

'But this natural and sudden flash of indignation, which rushed through the veins of an ordinary man like Wildrake, was presently subdued, when confronted with the strong yet stifled emotion displayed by so powerful a character as Cromwell. As the cavalier looked on his dark and bold countenance, agitated by inward and indescribable feelings, he found his own violence of spirit die away and lose itself in fear and wonder. So true it is, that as greater lights swallow up and extinguish the display of those which are less, so men of great, capacious, and over-ruling minds, bear aside and subdue, in their climax of passion, the more feeble wills and passions of others; as, when a river joins a brook, the fiercer torrent shoulders aside the smaller stream.

'Wildrake stood a silent, inactive, and almost a terrified spectator, while Cromwell, assuming a firm sternness of eye and manner, as one who compels himself to look on what some strong internal feeling renders painful and disgustful to him, proceeded, in brief and interrupted expressions, but yet with a firm voice, to comment on the portrait of the late King. His words seemed less addressed to Wildrake, than to be the spontaneous unburthening of his own bosom, swelling under recollection of the past and anticipation of the future.

'"That Flemish painter," he said — "that Antonio Vandyke — what a power he has! Steel may mutilate, warriors may waste and destroy — still the King stands uninjured by time; and our grandchildren, while they read his history, may look on his image, and compare the melancholy features with the woful tale. — It was a stern necessity — it was an awful deed! The calm pride of that eye might

have ruled worlds of crouching Frenchmen, or supple Italians, or formal Spaniards, but its glances only roused the native courage of the stern Englishman.—Lay not on poor sinful man, whose breath is in his nostrils, the blame that he falls, when Heaven never gave him strength of nerves to stand! The weak rider is thrown by his unruly horse, and trampled to death — the strongest man, the best cavalier, springs to the empty saddle, and uses bit and spur till the fiery horse knows its master. Who blames him, who, mounted aloft, rides triumphantly amongst the people, for having succeeded, where the unskilful and feeble fell and died? Verily he hath his reward: Then, what is that piece of painted canvass to me more than others? No; let him show to others the reproaches of that cold, calm face, that proud yet complaining eye: Those who have acted on higher respects have no cause to start at painted shadows. Not wealth nor power brought me from my obscurity. The oppressed consciences, the injured liberties of England, were the banner that I followed."

'He raised his voice so high, as if pleading in his own defence before some tribunal, that Pearson, the officer in attendance, looked into the apartment; and observing his master, with his eyes kindling, his arm extended, his foot advanced, and his voice raised, like a general in the act of commanding the advance of his army, he instantly withdrew.

'"It was other than selfish regards that drew me forth to action," continued Cromwell, "and I dare the world — ay, living or dead I challenge — to assert that I armed for a private cause, or as a means of enlarging my fortunes. Neither was there a trooper in the regiment who came there with less of evil will to yonder unhappy ——"

'At this moment the apartment opened, and a gentlewoman entered, who, from her resemblance to the General, although her features were soft and feminine, might be immediately recognised as his daughter. She walked up to Cromwell, gently but firmly passed her arm through his, and said to him in a persuasive tone, "Father, this is not well — you have promised me this should not happen."

'The General hung down his head, like one who was either ashamed of the passion to which he had given way, or of the influence which was exercised over him. He yielded, however, to the affectionate impulse, and left the apartment, without again turning his head towards the portrait which had so much affected him.'— Vol. ii. pp. 216—221.

Wildrake, hair-brained fellow as he was, carefully conveyed the warrant to his friend, wholly forgetting the verbal conditions so emphatically enjoined by Cromwell. In the mean time, according to the incontrovertible authority of the novel, many pranks had been played on the commissioners, Desborough, Harrison, and Bletson, who had taken up their residence in the Lodge, in order to send them away by means less legitimate than the orders of the Dictator. The characters of these three heroes are pourtrayed with great force; though in many respects they widely differed from each other, they all agreed perfectly in their abject subservience to superstitious apprehensions. This weakness is supposed to have been practised upon to a very annoying extent by the ingenuity of Dr. Rochecliffe, chaplain at the Lodge, and an active royalist.

The commissioners, by the Doctor's contrivances, were frightened almost out of their lives, by having their beds suddenly whirled up to the ceiling and inverted; by being compelled to fight with dreadful phantoms, and by various other astounding devices, which were carried on through the assistance of the intricate recesses in Rosamond's bower. To the whole of this machinery we object. It is beneath the rank even of decent melodrame, and altogether unworthy of the author. It lengthens out the story unnecessarily, and forms a combination of that species of pseudo-horrors, which have been hitherto confined to the Minerva press.

The warrant which Cromwell sent Everard by Wildrake would have been sufficient to effect the removal of the commissioners; at least it would have been so with the new prospect which was held out to them, of being immediately employed in disposing of the royal property, and disparking of the King's forest, at Windsor. This was, after all, the great bait which drew them from the Lodge. Soon after their departure, 'Sir Henry Lee, with his small household, were again in possession of their old apartments,' and, what was by no means an unwelcome blessing, they had the good fortune to find the larder well filled with all sorts of provender. The old knight rubbed his hands with great glee; Phœbe and Joliffe did every thing in their power to set the place in order; and even Alice, so delighted was she with the restoration of her family to the Lodge, particularly effected as it was through the exertions of Everard, that, in the midst of the bustle, she did not hesitate to step in her russet gown to Rosamond's Well for a pitcher of its pure water, for which her father had an ancient predilection.

'This fountain of old memory had been once adorned with architectural ornaments in the style of the sixteenth century, chiefly relating to ancient mythology. All these were now wasted and overthrown, and existed only as moss-covered ruins, while the living spring continued to furnish its daily treasures, unrivalled in purity, though the quantity was small, gushing out amid disjointed stones, and bubbling through fragments of ancient sculpture.

'With a light step and a laughing brow the young Lady of Lee was approaching the fountain, usually so solitary, when she paused on beholding some one seated beside it. She proceeded, however, with confidence, though with a step something less gay, when she observed that the person was a female; — some menial perhaps from the town, whom a fanciful mistress occasionally dispatched for the water of a spring, supposed to be peculiarly pure, or some aged woman, who made a little trade by carrying it to the better sort of families, and selling it for a trifle. There was no cause, therefore, for apprehension.

'Yet the terrors of the times were so great, that Alice did not even see a stranger of her own sex without some apprehension. Denaturalized women had as usual followed the camps of both armies during the Civil War; who on the one side with open profligacy and profanity, on the other with the fraudful tone of fanaticism or hypocrisy, exercised nearly in like degree their talents for murder or plunder. But it was broad daylight, the distance from the Lodge was but trifling, and though a

little alarmed at seeing a stranger where she expected deep solitude, the daughter of the haughty old Knight had too much of the lion about her to fear without some determined and decided cause.

'Alice walked, therefore, gravely on toward the fount, and composed her looks as she took a hasty glance of the female who was seated there, and addressed herself to her task of filling her pitcher.

'The woman, whose presence had surprised and somewhat startled Alice Lee, was a person of the lower rank, whose red cloak, russet kirtle, handkerchief trimmed with Coventry blue, and a coarse steeple hat, could not indicate at best any thing higher than the wife of a small farmer, or, perhaps, the helpmate of a bailiff or hind. It was well if she proved nothing worse. Her clothes, indeed, were of good materials; but, what the female eye discerns with half a glance, they were indifferently adjusted and put on. This looked as if they did not belong to the person by whom they were worn, but were articles of which she had become the mistress by some accident, if not by some successful robbery. Her size, too, as did not escape Alice, even in the short perusal she afforded the stranger, was unusual; her features swarthy and singularly harsh, and her manner altogether unpropitious. The young lady almost wished, as she stooped to fill her pitcher, that she had rather turned back, and sent Joceline on the errand; but repentance was too late now, and she had only to disguise as well as she could her unpleasant feelings.

'"The blessings of this bright day to one bright as it is," said the stranger, with no unfriendly, though a harsh voice.

'"I thank you," said Alice in reply; and continued to fill her pitcher busily, by assistance of an iron bowl which remained still chained to one of the stones beside the fountain.

'"Perhaps, my pretty maiden, if you would accept my help, your work would be sooner done," said the stranger.

'"I thank you," said Alice; "but had I needed assistance, I could have brought those with me who had rendered it."

'"I do not doubt of that, my pretty maiden," answered the female; "there are too many lads in Woodstock with eyes in their heads.— No doubt you could have brought with you any one of them who looked on you, if you had listed."

'Alice replied not a syllable, for she did not like the freedom used by the speaker, and was desirous to break off the conversation.

'"Are you offended, my pretty mistress?" said the stranger; "that was far from my purpose.—I will put my question otherwise — Are the good dames of Woodstock so careless of their pretty daughters as to let the flower of them all wander about the wild chase without a mother, or a somebody to prevent the fox from running away with the lamb?— that carelessness, methinks, shows small kindness."

'"Content yourself, good woman: I am not far from protection and assistance," said Alice, who liked less and less the effrontery of her new acquaintance.'— Vol. ii. pp. 162–166.

At this moment the noble hound Bevis broke through the bushes, and stood by her side, 'fixing on the stranger his eyes that glanced fire, raising every hair on his gallant mane as upright as the bristles of a wild boar when hard pressed;' and after some further parley, the stranger dropped something into the pitcher, and hastily disappeared under cover of the wood. Upon the pitcher being sub-

sequently emptied, there was found at the bottom 'a gold ring, in which was set a ruby, apparently of some value.'

The whole of this scene is well conducted: it is, however, exceeded in effect by the second appearance of this gipsey. Sir Henry, after enjoying a good dinner, the first that he had known for some time, threw himself back in his easy chair, and sunk into a sound slumber. His affectionate daughter, who was in the apartment with him,

'Not venturing to move but on tip-toe, took some needle-work, and bringing it close by the old man's side, employed her fingers on this task, bending her eyes from time to time on her parent, with the affectionate zeal, if not the effective power, of a guardian angel. At length, as the light faded away, and night came on, she was about to cause candles to be brought. But, remembering how indifferent a couch Joceline's cottage had afforded, she could not think of interrupting the first sound and refreshing sleep which her father had enjoyed, in all probability, for the last two nights and days.

'She herself had no other amusement, as she sat facing one of the great oriel windows, the same by which Wildrake had on a former occasion looked in upon Tomkins and Joceline while at their compotations, than watching the clouds, which a lazy wind sometimes chased from the broad disk of the harvest-moon, sometimes permitted to accumulate, and exclude her brightness. There is, I know not why, something peculiarly pleasing to the imagination, in contemplating the Queen of Night, when she is *wading*, as the expression is, among the vapours which she has not power to dispel, and which on their side are unable entirely to quench her lustre. It is the striking image of patient virtue, calmly pursuing her path through good report and bad report, having that excellence in herself which ought to command all admiration, but bedimmed in the eyes of the world, by suffering, by misfortune, by calumny.

'As some such reflections, perhaps, were passing through Alice's imagination, she became sensible, to her surprise and alarm, that some one had clambered up upon the window, and was looking into the room. The idea of supernatural fear did not in the slightest degree agitate Alice. She was too much accustomed to the place and situation; for folks do not see spectres in the scenes with which they have been familiar from infancy. But danger from marauders in a disturbed country was a more formidable subject of apprehension, and the thought armed Alice, who was naturally high-spirited, with such desperate courage, that she snatched a pistol from the wall, on which some firearms hung, and while she screamed to her father to awake, had the presence of mind to present it at the intruder. She did so the more readily, because she imagined she recognised in the visage, which she partially saw, the features of the woman whom she had met with at Rosamond's Well, and which had appeared to her peculiarly harsh and suspicious. Her father at the same time seized his sword and came forward, while the person at the window, alarmed at these demonstrations, and endeavouring to descend, missed footing, as had Cavaliero Wildrake before her, and went down to the earth with no small noise. Nor was the reception on the bosom of our common mother either soft or safe; for, by a most terrific bark and growl, they heard

that Bevis had come up and seized on the party, ere he or she could gain their feet.

'"Hold fast, but worry not," said the old Knight.—"Alice, thou art the queen of wenches! Stand fast here till I run down and secure the rascal."

'"For God's sake, no, my dearest father!" Alice exclaimed; "Joceline will be up immediately—Hark!—I hear him."

'There was indeed a bustle below, and more than one light danced to and fro in confusion, while those who bore them called to each other, yet suppressing their voices as they spoke, as men who would only be heard by those they addressed. The individual who had fallen under the power of Bevis was most impatient in his situation, and called with least precaution.—"Here, Lee—Forester—take the dog off, else I must shoot him."

'"If though dost," said Sir Henry from the window, "I blow thy brains out on the spot—Thieves, Joceline, thieves! come up and secure this ruffian.—Bevis, hold on!"

'"Back, Bevis; down, sir," cried Joceline.—"I am coming, I am coming, Sir Henry—Saint Michael, I shall go distracted!"

'A terrible thought suddenly occurred to Alice,—could Joceline have become unfaithful, that he was calling Bevis off the villain, instead of encouraging the trusty dog to secure him? Her father, meantime, moved perhaps by some suspicion of the same kind, hastily stepped aside out of the moonlight, and pulled Alice close to him, so as to be invisible from without, yet so placed as to hear what should pass. The scuffle between Bevis and his prisoner seemed to be ended by Joceline's interference, and there was close whispering for an instant as of people in consultation.'—Vol. ii. pp. 181—185.

After the lapse of a few minutes, another form presented itself at the window, pushed open the lattice, and sprung into the parlour. This was no other than Albert, Sir Henry's only son, who, after the first alarm, informed them that he had chosen this mode of entrance, as he understood that there was a red coat in the house, alluding to Tomkins, who, on some excuse or another, which was rendered more palatable by his flattering manner, lingered about the Lodge after the commissioners had left it. Albert was at this time upon his return from the battle of Worcester, in which his party had been so signally defeated. He brought news, that the King had escaped by Bristol, and he presented to his father a raw-looking Scotch lad, who attended him as a page, 'the son of a noble lord of Scotland, who followed the great Montrose's banner—afterwards joined the King in Scotland, and came with him as far as Wor'ster.' This page bore the name of Louis Kerneguy, son of Lord Killstowers of Kincardineshire, a name so barbarous to the old Knight's ear, that it was for some time before he was able to pronounce it. It sounded to him 'like a north-west wind, rumbling and roaring among heather and rocks.' The appearance of Master Louis Kerneguy fully corresponded with the rudeness of his name.

'He was a tall, raw-boned lad, with a shock head of hair, fiery red, like many of his country, while the harshness of his national features

was increased by the contrast of his complexion, turned almost black by the exposure to all sorts of weather, which, in that skulking and rambling mode of life, the fugitive royalists had been obliged to encounter. His address was by no means prepossessing, being a mixture of awkwardness and forwardness, and showing, in a remarkable degree, how a want of easy address may be consistent with an admirable stock of assurance. His face intimated having received some recent scratches, and the care of Dr. Rochecliffe had decorated it with a number of patches, which even enhanced its natural plainness. Yet the eyes were brilliant and expressive, and, amid his ugliness — for it amounted to that degree of irregularity — the face was not deficient in some lines which expressed both sagacity and resolution.'— Vol. ii. pp. 101, 102.

The Knight was utterly astonished at the extraordinary faculty of consumption which Louis displayed at the supper-table, but at the same time admired the natural grace with which he dipped his fingers in the ewer, and dried them with the napkin, when he had satisfied his enormous appetite. The evening passed away in high merriment, which was not a little increased by the unexpected accession of Wildrake to the company, who sung some royalist songs, to the great delight of Sir Henry, and at length all retired to rest.

'Albert and his page were ushered by Joceline to what was called the Spanish Chamber, a huge old scrambling bed-room, rather in a dilapidated condition, but furnished with a large standing bed for the master, and a truckle-bed for the domestic, as was common at a much later period in old English houses, where the gentleman often required the assistance of a groom of the chambers to help him to bed, if the hospitality had been exuberant. The walls were covered with hangings of Cordovan leather, stamped with gold, and representing fights between the Spaniards and Moriscoes, bull-feasts, and other sports peculiar to the Peninsula, from which it took its name of the Spanish Chamber. These hangings were in some places entirely torn down, in others defaced and hanging in tatters. But Albert stopped not to make observations, anxious, it seemed, to get Joceline out of the room; which he achieved by hastily answering his offers of fresh fuel, and more liquor, in the negative, and returning, with equal conciseness, the under-keeper's good wishes for the evening. He at length retired, somewhat unwillingly, and as if he thought that his young master might have bestowed a few more words upon a faithful old retainer after so long absence.

'Joliffe was no sooner gone, than, before a single word was spoken between Albert Lee and his page, the former hastened to the door, examined lock, latch, and bolt, and made them fast, with the most scrupulous attention. He superadded to these precautions that of a long screw-bolt, which he brought out of his pocket, and which he screwed on to the staple in such a manner as to render it impossible to withdraw it, or open the door, unless by breaking it down. The page held a light to him during the operation, which his master went through with much exactness and dexterity. But when Albert arose from his knee, on which he had rested during the accomplishment of this task, the manner of the companions was on a sudden entirely changed towards

each other. The honourable Master Kerneguy, from a cubbish lout of a raw Scotsman, seemed to have acquired at once all the grace and ease of motion and manner, which could be given by an acquaintance of the earliest and most familiar kind with the best company of the time.

'He gave the light he held to Albert, with the easy indifference of a superior, who rather graces than troubles his dependent by giving him some slight service to perform. Albert, with the greatest appearance of deference, assumed in his turn the character of torch-bearer, and lighted his page across the chamber, without turning his back upon him as he did so. He then set the light on a table by the bed-side, and approaching the young man with deep reverence, received from him the soiled green jacket, with the same profound respect as if he had been a first lord of the bed-chamber, or other officer of the household of the highest distinction, disrobing his Sovereign of the Mantle of the Garter. The person to whom this ceremony was addressed endured it for a minute or two with profound gravity, and then bursting out a-laughing, exclaimed to Albert, "What a devil means all this formality?—thou complimentest with these miserable rags as if they were silks and sables, and with poor Louis Kerneguy as if he were the King of Great Britain?"

'"And if Your Majesty's commands, and the circumstances of the time, have made me for a moment seem to forget that you are my sovereign, surely I may be permitted to render my homage as such while you are in your own royal palace of Woodstock."'—Vol. ii. pp. 229—232.

The gipsey and the Scottish lout were one and the same person in different disguises. In his intercourse with Albert, and subsequently with Alice, the character of Charles is admirably sustained. His first thoughts turn upon the beauty of his friend's sister, and he hesitates not to express them in that easy and familiar manner, of which he was, perhaps, after his restoration, a more perfect master, than immediately after his defeat at Worcester. He remains at Woodstock for some days, while Albert proceeds to the coast for the purpose of securing a vessel, in which Charles might effect his escape. The monarch having laid aside his red shock peruke, and with the assistance of Joceline having trained his sable elf-locks into curls, he resumed for a season his natural, animated, though not handsome appearance.

It may be imagined, that during the time the King remained unknown to Alice and Sir Henry, at Woodstock, he was liable to hear his own character frequently spoken of with just censure, or with affectionate enthusiasm, as the merits of the man or the sufferings of the Prince happened to be discussed in the small family-circle at the Lodge. There are really some excellent scenes of this description, for which we must refer the reader to the work itself. As time made the presence of Alice more familiar to Charles, he bethought him of making a royal use of it, by endeavouring to persuade her that she might safely entrust her maiden honour to his custody; and when all his arts of insinuation fail him, he tries the

effect which a discovery of his rank would produce upon her. The admirable girl resists all his approaches with the unaffected and dignified firmness of a virtuous mind, at the same time treats him with the most affectionate respect as her sovereign, and preserves the secret of his real character from her father, who was scarcely to be trusted with it, as his ardent loyalty was apt to betray him into indiscretions.

The gold ring which the gipsey threw into the pitcher had, in the mean time, found its way to Markham Everard, who, as he was not yet received by Sir Henry, notwithstanding the services he had rendered the Knight, remained in the neighbourhood of the Lodge, and constantly hovered about it, watching for the safety of Alice. Why Joliffe conveyed the ring to Everard does not very clearly appear, but it strongly awakened the lover's jealousy. Upon pressing a spring contrived in the collet of the setting, the ruby flew back, and showed within it the cypher of Lord Wilmot, engraved in miniature with a coronet. This ring Lord Wilmot presented to Charles, when quitting him at Worcester; but Everard knowing nothing of this circumstance, naturally enough concludes that the young stranger at the Lodge was no other than that dissolute nobleman. His suspicions were wound up to frenzy by a communication from Phœbe, who, with a laudable solicitude for the rights of true love, informed him that 'a wasp was buzzing about his honeycomb.' Everard, after some watching in the Park, encounters the supposed Lord Wilmot alone, and as his jealousy was at its top, his sword was soon unsheathed. Charles drew in his own defence; but the arrival of the Knight, one of those fortunate accidents which a novelist has always at his command, put an end to the combat. Sir Henry not only compels them to put up their weapons, but to shake hands, and, in a fit of kindness, he invites Everard to the Lodge, to take a cup of sack with the stranger in token of reconciliation. The hours glide away pleasantly until the discourse turning upon plays, and, of course upon Shakspeare, Everard unluckily quotes some beautiful lines, which the old Knight greatly admires and praises. But afterwards learning that they were written by Milton, the republican poet, 'the creature and parasite of that grand impostor Cromwell,' he does all but turn Everard out of the house, and passionately quits the room. Charles enjoys this scene amazingly; and his *nonchalance* at a moment that Everard's vexation was again renewed, while his jealousy still remained unappeased, absolutely determined him to demand a fresh combat on the following morning. He hastily left the Lodge, returned to the town of Woodstock, and lost no time in dispatching his secretary Wildrake to the stranger at the Lodge, with a formal challenge, which of course was accepted.

Thus we have also a duel in this novel, as well as in others of the Waverley-school, the preparations for which, together with the scene itself, occupy several pages of the third volume. The result is, that

at the moment the parties are on the ground, Alice, under the guidance of Rochecliffe, interposes between them. In the course of her interference, she betrays more interest for the safety of Everard's antagonist than the lover felt to be justifiable, and he reproaches her with forgetting his own long and sincere devotion, from a preference for a coronet. This imputation she indignantly disclaims, but at the same time drives him almost to madness, by declaring that the life and safety of her father's guest 'are, or ought to be, of more value to her than those of any other man in the kingdom, (commonwealth she should have said,) nay, in the world, be that other man who he will.' This declaration, of course, puts an end to all further proceedings of a hostile nature. Everard, wounded to the soul by this her open preference for his adversary, retracts the challenge, and bids Alice a last 'farewell!' Now it was the King's turn to act. Touched by the consequences which Alice's declaration brought upon herself and her lover, Charles removes all his misapprehensions, by confiding to Everard his real character, in the hearing of Wildrake. The latter is intoxicated with joy at once more seeing his beloved sovereign. Everard receives the communication in the manner that becomes a republican and a gentleman; and though he retains his principles, the scene has too delightful an effect upon his feelings not to render him willing to serve the King by every means in his power. 'Instant then to the town, cousin Markham,' said the affectionate Alice, 'and if danger should approach, give us warning.'

Danger was, in truth, near at hand. The hypocrite, Tomkins, who served in various ways to amuse the Knight, and who affected to give Rochecliffe intelligence of the movements of the troops at Woodstock, was, ever since the departure of the Commissioners, almost an inmate at the Lodge. He soon discovered who Louis Kerneguy was, communicated his information to Cromwell, and made arrangements with him for the capture of Charles, which seemed to be perfectly well calculated for that purpose.

On a dark October night, Everard, besides his constant attendant Wildrake, had the Rev. Nehemiah Holdenough with him as a guest at supper in the town of Woodstock. They were waited upon by 'a little gipsey-looking boy, in an orange-tawny doublet, much decayed, and guarded with blue worsted lace.' His *nom-de-guerre* is Spitfire, and, in short, he is one of that tribe of imps which the author is prone to make use of on almost every occasion. While the party was thus engaged, their attention was, about half-past ten, arrested by a knocking at the door of the house. The scene that follows may be ranked, we think, among the best in the novel, and perhaps among the best which the author ever wrote. We must give it in his own words.

'Even a thing so simple as a knock at the door, may have a character which excites apprehension. This was no quiet gentle tap, intimating a modest intruder; no redoubled rattle, as the pompous annunciation

of some vain person; neither did it resemble the formal summons to formal business, nor the cheerful visit of some welcome friend. It was a single blow, solemn and stern, if not actually menacing in the sound. The door was opened by some of the persons of the house; a heavy foot ascended the stair — a stout man entered the room, and drawing the cloak from his face, said, "Markham Everard, I greet thee in God's name."

'It was General Cromwell.

'Everard, surprised and taken at unawares, endeavoured in vain to find words to express his astonishment. A bustle occurred in receiving the General, assisting him to uncloak himself, and offering in dumb show the civilities of reception. The General cast his keen eye around the apartment, and fixing it first on the divine, addressed Everard as follows:

'"A reverend man I see is with thee. Thou art not one of those, good Markham, who let the time unnoted and unimproved pass away. — Casting aside the things of this world — pressing forward to those of the next — it is by thus using our time in this poor seat of terrestrial sin and care, that we may, as it were —— But how is this?" — he continued, suddenly changing his tone, and speaking briefly, sharply, and anxiously — "One hath left the room since I entered!"

'Wildrake had, indeed, been absent for a minute or two, but was now returned, and stepped forward from a bay window, as if he had been out of sight only, not out of the apartment. "Not so, Sir, I stood but in the back-ground out of respect. Noble General, I hope all is well with the Estate, that Your Excellency makes us so late a visit? — Would not Your Excellency choose some ——"

'"Ah!" said Oliver, looking sternly and fixedly at him — "Our trusty go-between — our faithful confidant — No, Sir; at present I desire nothing more than a kind reception, which, methinks, my friend Markham Everard is in no hurry to give me."

'"You bring your own welcome, my Lord," said Everard, compelling himself to speak. — "I can only trust it was no bad news that made Your Excellency a late traveller, and ask, like my follower, what refreshment I shall command for your accommodation." — Vol. iii. pp. 160—162.

Cromwell then entered into a theological conversation with Holdenough; in the course of which an officer opened the door and looked in, to whom Cromwell, in a rapid, earnest tone, called out, 'Pearson, is he come?' Cromwell was expecting Tomkins every instant, as the time appointed for his arrival had already passed by.

'"No, Sir," replied Pearson; "we have inquired for him at the place you noted, and also at other haunts of his about the town."

'"The knave!" said Cromwell, with bitter emphasis; "can he have proved false? — No, no, his interest is too deeply engaged. We shall find him by-and-by. — Hark thee hither."

'While this conversation was going forward, the reader must imagine the alarm of Everard. He was certain that the personal attendance of Cromwell must be on some most important account, and he could not but strongly suspect that the General had some information respecting Charles's lurking place. If taken, a renewal of the tragedy of the 30th of January was instantly to be apprehended, and the ruin of the whole family of Lee, with himself probably included, must be the necessary consequence.

'He looked eagerly for consolation at Wildrake, whose countenance expressed much alarm, which he endeavoured to bear out with his usual look of confidence. But the weight within was too great; he shuffled with his feet, rolled his eyes, and twisted his hands, like an unassured witness.

'Oliver, meanwhile, left his company not a minute's leisure to take counsel together. Even while his perplexed eloquence flowed on in a stream so mazy that no one could discover which way its course was tending, his sharp watchful eye rendered all attempts of Everard to hold communication with Wildrake, even by signs, altogether vain. Everard, indeed, looked for an instant at the window, then glanced at Wildrake, as if to hint there might be a possibility of escape that way. But the cavalier had replied with a disconsolate shake of the head, so slight as to be almost imperceptible. Everard, therefore, lost all hope, and the melancholy feeling of approaching and inevitable evil was only varied by anxiety concerning the shape and manner in which it was about to make its approach.

'But Wildrake had a spark of hope left. The very instant Cromwell entered he had got out of the room, and down to the door of the house. "Back — back!" repeated by two armed sentinels, convinced him that, as his fears had anticipated, the General had come neither unattended nor unprepared. He turned on his heel, ran up stairs, and meeting on the landing place the boy whom he called Spitfire, hurried him into the small apartment which he occupied as his own. Wildrake had been shooting that morning, and game lay on the table. He pulled a feather from a partridge's [a woodcock's] wing, and saying hastily, "For thy life, Spitfire, mind my orders! — I will put thee safe out at the window into the court — the yard wall is not high — and there will be no sentry there — Fly to the Lodge, as thou wouldst win Heaven, and give this feather to Mistress Alice Lee, if possible — if not to Joceline Joliffe — say I have won the wager of the young lady. Dost mark me, boy?"

'The sharp-witted youth clapped his hand in his master's, and only replied, "Done, and done."

'Wildrake opened the window, and though the height was considerable, he contrived to let the boy down safely by holding his cloak. A heap of straw on which Spitfire lighted rendered the descent perfectly safe, and Wildrake saw him scramble over the wall of the court-yard, at the angle which bore on a back lane; and so rapidly was this accomplished, that the cavalier had just re-entered the room, when, the bustle attending Cromwell's arrival subsiding, his own absence began to be noticed.

'He remained during Cromwell's lecture on the vanity of creeds, anxious in mind whether he might not have done better to send an explicit verbal message, since there was no time to write. But the chance of the boy being stopped, or becoming confused with feeling himself the messenger of a hurried and important communication, made him, on the whole, glad that he had preferred a more enigmatical way of conveying the intelligence. He had, therefore, the advantage of his patron, for he was conscious still of a spark of hope.' — Vol. iii. pp. 166—169.

A long and diversified conversation occupies the party for some time; in the course of which we need only remark, that Wildrake, who made a little too free with the bottle, was incensed to such an extreme by Cromwell, that he attempted to assassinate him on the

spot. The royalist was committed to custody, but could not forbear from triumphing over Cromwell, by indiscreetly announcing that 'the bird had flown.' This information, and the non-appearance of Tomkins long after his appointed time, induced Cromwell to determine at last on setting out for the Lodge. He commanded Everard to attend him, and was followed by a chosen band of infantry and cavalry.

In the mean time Albert had rejoined the little party at the lodge, and brought intelligence to Charles that a vessel was prepared on the Sussex coast to take him to France. It was agreed that they should take their departure early on the following morning. The little circle were engaged in whiling away the time after an early supper, when 'a most melancholy howling arose at the hall-door, and a dog was heard scratching for admittance.' This was Bevis, that noble hound, who, from the attention which the author pays him on every occasion, and the generous qualities which he betrays, cannot fail to be a favourite with most readers. Bevis bore in his mouth a military glove, which belonged to Tomkins, who, we may now inform the reader, hath been already numbered with the slain. In an hour of intoxication he had followed the pretty Phœbe to Rosamond's Well in the early part of the evening, and made a brutal attack on her person. Her screams brought Joliffe to her assistance, and, in the first impulse of his anger, he struck Tomkins with a club on the temple, and that hollow wretch breathed no more. In his haste, Joliffe left him loosely covered among some brambles in the Park, and now, accompanied by Dr. Rochecliffe, he went out with mattock and spade, and a dark lantern, to bury the dead.

The circle in the parlour were, however, as yet ignorant of the fate of Tomkins, which had so materially retarded the approach of Cromwell, and were about to separate for the night, when a tap was heard at the hall-door. Albert, 'the vidette of the party,' hastened to the portal, and asked who was there at so late an hour.

'"It is only me," answered a treble voice.

'"And what is your name, my little fellow?" said Albert.

'"Spitfire, Sir," replied the voice without.

'"Spitfire!" said Albert.

'"Yes, Sir," replied the voice; "all the world calls me so, and Colonel Everard himself. But my name is Spittal for all that."

'"Colonel Everard! arrive you from him?" demanded young Lee.

'"No, Sir; I come, Sir, from Roger Wildrake, Esquire, of Squattlesea-mere, if it like you," said the boy; "and I have brought a token to Mistress Lee, which I am to give into her own hands, if you would but open the door, Sir, and let me in — but I can do nothing with a three-inch board between us."

'"It is some freak of that drunken rakehell," said Albert, in a low voice, to his sister, who had crept out after him on tiptoe.

'"Yet, let us not be hasty in concluding so," said the young lady; "at this moment the least trifle may be of consequence. — What token has Master Wildrake sent me, my little boy?"

'"Nay, nothing very valuable neither," replied the boy; "but he was so anxious you should get it, that he put me out of window as one would chuck out a kitten, that I might not be stopped by the soldiers."

'"Hear you?" said Alice to her brother; "undo the gate for God's sake."

'Her brother, to whom her feelings of suspicion were now sufficiently communicated, opened the gate in haste, and admitted the boy, whose appearance, not much dissimilar to that of a skinned rabbit in a livery, or a monkey at a fair, would at another time have furnished them with amusement. The urchin messenger entered the hall, making several odd bows and congés, and delivered the woodcock's feather with much ceremony to the young lady, assuring her it was the prize she had won upon a wager about hawking.

'"I prithee, my little man," said Albert, "was your master drunk or sober, when he sent thee all this way with a feather at this time of night?"

'"With reverence, Sir," said the boy, "he was what *he* calls sober, and what I would call concerned in liquor for any other person."

'"Curse on the drunken coxcomb!" said Albert. — "There is a tester for thee, boy, and tell thy master to break his jests on suitable persons, and at fitting times."

"Stay yet a minute," exclaimed Alice; "we must not go too fast — this craves wary walking."

'"A feather!" said Albert; "all this work about a feather! Why, Dr. Rochecliffe, who can suck intelligence as a magpie would suck an egg, could make nothing of this."

'"Let us try what we can do without him then," said Alice. Then addressing herself to the boy, — "So there are strangers at your master's?"

'"At Colonel Everard's, madam, which is the same thing," said Spitfire.

'"And what manner of strangers?" said Alice; "guests I suppose?"

'"Ay, mistress," said the boy, "a sort of guests that make themselves welcome wherever they come, if they meet not a welcome from their landlord — soldiers, madam."

'"The men that have been long lying at Woodstock?" said Albert.

'"No, Sir," said Spitfire, "new comers, with gallant buff-coats and steel breast-plates; and their commander—Your Honour and Her Ladyship never saw such a man — at least I am sure Bill Spitfire never did."

'"Was he tall or short?" said Albert, now much alarmed.

'"Neither one nor other," said the boy; "stout made, with slouching shoulders; a nose large, and a face one would not like to say No to. He had several officers with him. I saw him but for a moment, but I shall never forget him while I live."

'"You are right," said Lee to his sister, pulling her to one side, "quite right — the Arch-fiend himself is upon us!"

'"And the feather," said Alice, whom fear had rendered apprehensive of slight tokens, "means flight — and a woodcock is a bird of passage."

'"You have hit it," said her brother; "but the time has taken us cruelly short. Give the boy a trifle more — nothing that can excite suspicion, and dismiss him. I must summon Rochecliffe and Joceline."

'He went accordingly, but, unable to find those he sought, he returned with hasty steps to the parlour, where, in his character of Louis, the page was exerting himself to detain the old knight, who, while laughing at the tales he told him, was anxious to go to see what was passing in the hall.' — Vol. iii. pp. 209—214.

Arrangements were speedily made for the flight of the King in the dress of Albert, while the latter should remain to personate Charles, and by detaining the pursuers amid the labyrinth of the bower, give ample time to the fugitive to insure his safety. The Knight was at length informed of the true character of his guest, which he had not hitherto, in the smallest degree, suspected. Sir Henry, upon this emergency, displayed the greatest coolness and intelligence. The horses prepared for the King were in a stable near the under-keeper's cottage, to which Charles, in the dark night, was unlikely, if unattended, to find his way. Phœbe was in hysterics since the occurrence near the well. It was of the first importance that Albert and the Knight should remain at the lodge; and Rochecliffe and Joliffe were employed in digging a grave for Tomkins in the forest. There was nobody to show the way to the distant stable but Alice. She readily performed this service for her sovereign, who had already seen too much of her character to entertain any other feelings towards her than those of gratitude and respect. Alice is thus adroitly saved from the ferocious scene which was about to take place at the Lodge, while she has the honour and the happiness to contribute to the escape of Charles, which is effected chiefly through her means.

The tale then hastens to a conclusion. Cromwell, with his followers, enters the lodge, ransacks the labyrinth, a plan of which he had obtained from Tomkins, and pursues the supposed Charles until he flies to his last citadel, Rosamond's Tower. This is blown up; and after a scene of great bustle, highly dramatic in its effect, Albert escapes destruction, but is made prisoner. The lodge is left a heap of ruins. The whole party, however, ultimately are spared, in one of those fits of humanity which the author finds it convenient to ascribe occasionally to Cromwell; and they live to witness the restoration of Charles II., to his and their heartfelt satisfaction. At the time of this event, Alice is the wife of Everard, and the comely matron of several children. Phœbe and Joliffe are also usefully employed in a similar manner in adding to the number of His Majesty's subjects; and the Knight, after witnessing the long-desired return of the King, whom he almost worshipped, departs from this life in a good old age.

We have gone beyond our usual limits in introducing this novel to the acquaintance of our readers. They, perhaps, will only complain that we have not devoted still more space to a work which few of them will have had an opportunity of reading before this Journal reaches their hands. We must, however, be brief in the remarks which we have still to make. In the first place, considering the

wide field which the wanderings and perils of Charles before his final escape from Shoreham presented to the novelist, we think that he has made but an inconsiderable use of it. He might have introduced several scenes capable of being wrought up to the highest degree of interest, in which the flight of the King should be exposed more than once to the most imminent danger of interruption. We would have willingly exchanged the greater portion of the first volume for some such hair-breadth escapes, particularly as they would have been perfectly consistent with history, and, indeed, might have assumed the appearance of filling up the general outline it presents us of the dangers to which the fugitive was exposed for forty-one days. We think, also, that however useful it may have been in allowing the author to complete the happiness of the Lee family, the introduction of the Restoration disturbs the unity of the tale. It is quite a new scene, hastily got up, and requires the imagination to pass in an instant from the year 1651 to 1660. It does not harmonise with the train of feeling which had been awakened by the previous current of the tale. The beauty and airy grace of Alice are, in a great measure, disenchanted of their effect, by the new situation in which we find her at the close of the volume, surrounded by chubby urchins, and herself no longer that fair vision whom we met in the early part of the work, and followed with so much interest, until she disappeared from the Lodge, the protector and guide of her sovereign. The character of Rochecliffe reminded us more than once of the stone of Sisyphus. The author labours hard to render him a prominent and interesting person in the scene, but all his exertions are in vain. There is nothing about him that touches our feelings: we hear and see him, and the next moment forget his existence, as if he had never been. When we arrive at the end of the volume, we are in doubt even how he spells his name. Nevertheless the extracts and the outline of the work which we have given, prove that it is the creation of no ordinary mind. If it be inferior in every respect to "Waverley," yet it is such a tale as no one but the author of that splendid fiction could have written.

In the preface the author states that he had not read "Brambletye House" before he finished his task, being desirous that if there were any coincidences between two novels treating of the same period he should not be suspected of any intentional imitation. We hardly think that he need have made this disclaimer; for there is a palpable difference between the sterling gold of genius and the composition-metal of such a writer as one of the authors of "The Rejected Addresses."

ART. IX. *Essai Historique et Moral sur la Pauvreté des Nations.* Par F. E. Fodéré. 8vo. Paris. 1825. Treuttel, Wurtz, and Co. London.

THIS is a trying time to the true believers in political economy. Their creed is passing through a severe ordeal, which does not seem at

all likely to be very speedily ended. For many years it had been making its way gradually, and not silently, among classes of persons in this country, most of whom were rather removed from public affairs, who made up by the zeal and constancy with which they urged their doctrines for the want of power to enforce them in practice. It was their lot, like all professors of a new faith, to be continually harassed by controversy; but the attacks upon their system were for the most part so desultory, and their adversaries acted with so little concert, that although not very well united among themselves, they have uniformly, and of late very rapidly, gained ground upon their opponents. The time has however come, when they have to sustain a conflict far different, both in the kind and the degree of its dangers. They are no longer opposed by mere reasoners, who confine themselves to a war of words and arguments, content with knocking down some "stubborn facts," or wrestling against the logic of the new school. Its proselytes have at length appeared in places so high, and with attitudes so resolute, as to attract, among us, the gaze of the whole nation; and the attempt to introduce its maxims into the government of the state has united in angry and rather formidable resistance, all the habitual haters of innovation, and all those partial interests which must in some degree suffer from any change, even from the worst to the best, in the policy of a commercial country.

Something of this might have been expected, even if the clearest and soundest principles of political science had been unfolded in the most familiar and intelligible language, and with the meekest possible temper. But we cannot help thinking, that much of the opposition which is now made to the best established doctrines, concerning the sources of national wealth and the means of promoting it, is owing to the tone and the manner in which these doctrines have been of late years expounded. Nothing can be more injurious to the interests of science than an exaggerated estimate, by its advocates, of the evidence on which it rests. There is a strong disposition in that perverse animal, man, to withhold even a reasonable portion of assent, when too much is demanded. Political economy is a science which requires more than almost any other that its calculations shall be corrected by experience. It is built upon inductions of facts, of a nature by no means easy to be ascertained, because they are always found in combination, and their effects are perpetually changing according as they are variously combined. Perhaps no facts relating to the transactions among mankind were ever more minutely and extensively investigated than those which regulate the value of money. It may be safely said, that the subject was exhausted by the labours of the Bullion Committee. Yet few investigations ever led to more numerous and bewildering contradictions; and Parliament at length pronounced an opinion upon the value of a bank-note, which is probably not now entertained by half-a-dozen sane persons in the nation. When

a science, which depends on facts capable of being viewed in such various lights, is held forth as resting upon proofs nearly approaching to demonstration, they who have not examined all its foundations are apt to include, in one general estimate of weakness, those portions which possess but doubtful strength, with others, whose stability has been attested by the clearest evidence and the fullest experience.

It must be owned, likewise, that writers on political economy have not always preserved the tone and the temper best suited to soften hostility or win acquiescence. On the contrary, like many other advocates for absolute freedom, they have sometimes adopted a style as contemptuous and intolerant towards their opponents as if the subjects of discussion were too clear for doubt, and as if it were little short of wickedness to dissent from their conclusions. In some of the disputes which are now carried on concerning very knotty points in the science, they find, that although men will submit to be reasoned out of their errors, they will neither be scolded nor sneered into a surrender of the most palpable absurdities.

But perhaps no cause has tended so much to deprive the science of political economy of its due honours, among certain classes of very well-meaning persons, as the charge which has been made upon its votaries, and believed by many to be true, that they seek to exalt their favourite dogmas, to the exclusion of all other considerations in state-government. This imputation is most certainly unfounded, though it must be acknowledged that some colour is given to it by the omission of most writers on these subjects, to define the limits of the science, and to qualify the propositions in which they unfold it. They are too prone to assume, as a matter of course, that their readers will consider their doctrines only with reference to the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth, and not as excluding other maxims of policy essential to the welfare and security of nations. But it unfortunately happens very generally, that the terms in which the doctrines of political economy are stated convey an impression that the writer deems wealth the only source of human felicity, and holds it as an unimpeachable postulate, that all other veins of policy and government ought to be subservient to the increase, in the aggregate, of a nation's riches.

To prove that the teachers of political economy are very absurd in propounding this notion of its exclusive importance (which few among them, if any, entertain,) seems to be the chief design of M. Fodéré's work on the 'Poverty of Nations.' Whatever may be thought of the usefulness of a work, confined to the execution of such a design, it might be so performed as at least to have the merit of being harmless. Unluckily, however, M. Fodéré, in his progress towards proving that the wealth or poverty of a nation does not depend upon the aggregate of its riches, has contrived to stumble successively against some of the fundamental truths, and

many of the best established conclusions of the science with which he quarrels, and to entangle himself in discussions upon other parts of it, in which the wisest have paused. The range which he has taken is indeed extensive. Agriculture, manufactures, foreign and home trade, — population, pauperism and mendicity, hospitals, — education and taxation, — primogeniture, apprenticeships, and corporations, — all are discussed in this ambitious volume, not merely in their principles, but with historical details, and sketches of public establishments for carrying into practical operation the views of the author.

M. Fodéré has, we believe, more than once gained reputation as a writer, on subjects relating to agriculture, and to the profession of which he is a member. The work now before us contains many proofs of a benevolent temper and a cultivated mind. On the regulation of hospitals, and on some subjects which he treats of in his book, connected with the public health, his statements will be read with some interest. His opinions on these points are certainly entitled to much respect, for he seems to have had considerable experience, and the facts which he details show that he has had opportunities of extensive observation. But we must except against the whimsical claim which he makes in his *avant-propos*, in favour of the medical profession, and in disparagement of lawyers and statesmen. He considers, that of these three classes (to which, for some reason or other, he thinks speculations on political economy peculiarly appertain,) the former are in an especial manner favoured by Providence with the means of knowing what sort of institutions are best calculated to make a nation rich and happy. We are sorry to be obliged to think, that M. Fodéré has himself given singular proofs of the error of this new and curious theory.

M. Fodéré has distributed the multifarious topics of which he treats among four sections. The first and most important is devoted to Pauperism, its causes, its effects, and its remedies; the second to Mendicity, as distinguished from Pauperism; the third to Hospitals, and other establishments for the poor; and the fourth to Illegitimacy and institutions for Foundlings. The subordinate arrangements of the work are made with great perspicuity; and although all the parts of M. Fodéré's system are not quite consistent, there is, throughout, no difficulty whatever of understanding what it means.

The grand principle which forms the basis of the whole structure, is, that a nation is rich, not in proportion to the total amount of its possessions, but in proportion as its wealth is so distributed as to produce the greatest degree of comfort among the whole of its inhabitants. Of this principle he gives many illustrations; one, however, will be quite sufficient for a reader at this side of the English Channel:

'Poor also is Great Britain (at least not so happy as her admirers deem her), of whose sixteen millions of subjects, eleven or twelve millions have no property whatever, subsisting upon their wages alone, but enabling, from day to day, some great and fortunate speculators to ruin all small traders, to purchase up estates, to change corn-fields into parks, and the labourers of the country into manufacturing workmen; a system of activity so little advantageous to the nation at large that, in order to maintain an *equilibrium* in the means of subsistence for the population, it has been found necessary to resort to the forced measure of a tax for the support of the poor; a tax which is every year increasing.'—pp. *54*, *55*.

To quarrel with the framer of a system or a theory about the words which he employs, is sometimes not quite fair, and is very commonly a waste of language. But we may surely say, without risking the imputation of substituting cavil for criticism, that to call England a poor country, because she possesses enormous wealth in company with much pauperism, is something too like a solecism to deserve a place in the very front of a new system of political economy. The meaning, however, of M. Fodéré is sufficiently clear; he thinks that it is a bad condition of society, in which wealth is so distributed that there are many paupers.

It follows, as a corollary from this position, that the policy of a state should always be to increase the number of moderate fortunes. All those institutions or practices in society which tend to impede that policy ought, therefore, to be strenuously resisted, and if possible abolished; and a great part of the first section of the work is occupied in showing how legislatures and statesmen ought to deal with those stubborn obstacles to a nation's happiness. M. Fodéré seems to think that these obstacles chiefly arise — from the state of the population, as it is either defective or redundant in proportion to the extent or resources of a state; — from impolitic laws respecting the descent of property; — from an improper distribution of the industry of the country, and in particular, the affording of encouragement to manufactures, and the withholding of it from agriculture; — the want of corporation and apprentice laws, which he thinks absolutely necessary to prevent too great freedom in the exercise of trades and ruinous competition among the tradesmen; — from the disposition to engage in distant speculations of foreign commerce, to the neglect and decay of the home-trade within the country itself; — and from the employment of machinery (*de forces mortes*) instead of the labour of men and of cattle.

Were we to set ourselves seriously to work in an attempt to refute the speculations of M. Fodéré, we should never think of attacking his system in detail. Each particular bar to what he conceives the due distribution of wealth is only a particular illustration of that general law of Providence, which has decreed inequality of possessions to be the lot of all human societies.

Whether or not it would be desirable that things were otherwise, it is vain to argue. Undoubtedly it would be well for the world if there were no poor; and it is quite incontestable, that if wealth could increase as it is found to do, without becoming accumulated in masses, and if, under such circumstances, population increased no faster than it does now in England or in France, pauperism would be greatly diminished, or perhaps might wholly vanish. But the plain and pervading error of M. Fodéré, and of a little band of philanthropists in this country, who would fain carry similar views to an extent of wild absurdity which he never dreamt of, is, that the same institutions which would prevent the accumulation of wealth in single hands, would, as far forth as they could operate, prevent its accumulation at all. M. Fodéré has himself admitted, that strong motives are necessary to overcome the innate indolence of man, and induce him to labour. Sense of duty, generosity, philanthropy, supply no such motive. Laws are equally powerless to call forth those exertions which make a community rich. The slave has ever been an unprofitable labourer. It is only in that sordid feeling against which M. Fodéré has wasted so much invective, the *auri sacra fames*, that we are to find the springs of national opulence. The desire of gain is the only motive that ever did or ever will lead mankind along the toilsome and thorny paths which lead to riches. But the desire of gain can only operate where there is a prospect and an expectation of enjoyment; and it needs no reference to history to prove, what history, however, demonstrates in every page, that in proportion as the free enjoyment of wealth is abridged, the energies are slackened which are required for its production.

Whatever, therefore, be the condition of the population in a country where wealth is increasing, according to its natural course, in the hands of individuals, that condition must grow worse if measures be employed to force the currents of wealth from the larger and fewer channels, into others, smaller, but more numerous. The great streams may subside or grow dry; but the smaller will not be filled by their exhaustion. For it is quite obvious that what checks enterprize in any one direction, by means of laws or institutions which extend generally over the whole community, cannot encourage industry in other quarters. It should never be forgotten, (although it seems never to have occurred to M. Fodéré,) that the mass of the people, unless, indeed, there be a community of goods, must always be labourers for hire, and consequently must be comfortable or wretched according as the whole capital of the country, which can alone give them employment, is great or small, in proportion to their numbers. And it is surely a strange philanthropy, which seeks to better the condition of the poor by means that must diminish the general wealth on which they depend for subsistence.

M. Fodéré passes lightly over the subject of population, and the effect of increasing numbers in producing multitudes of poor.

His notions upon this subject do not appear to be very satisfactory to himself, though he inclines to the opinion that, at least in France, there is no redundancy of population. We cannot help regretting that his reflections did not dwell somewhat longer on this part of his enquiry. It ought indeed to have formed the key-stone to the whole. Until some means can be devised to prevent the increase of unemployed poor, all such measures as may be even successfully applied to secure a more equal distribution of wealth, can be only palliatives of a great and growing plague. If every pauper in France were put into a state of comfort, or even of opulence, by obtaining a share of the possessions of his richer neighbours, (and M. Fodéré is far from advising a measure so extreme,) another generation must produce another brood of claimants, differing from their progenitors only in being more numerous and more urgent. Nothing indeed serves so much to bewilder the philanthropist in his most favourite and alluring schemes, as the influence of increasing numbers, in situations and under circumstances apparently the best calculated to secure comfort and employment for the lower orders of the people. M. Fodéré, after noticing the growth of pauperism in Switzerland, very frankly, and somewhat feelingly, owns his inability to account for it.

'It will be said that this pauperism, which I find to exist no less on the other bank of the Rhine on the side of France, with an equal abundance of manufactures, (as if to show that a difference in the forms of governments avails but little to the real happiness of nations,) it will be said that this pauperism is the result of an excess in the population. But Switzerland was probably more populous when she inundated Europe with her soldiers. Neither can it be ascribed to the scarcity or the dearness of the necessaries of life; for articles of prime necessity were never so abundant or cheap as they have been for some years on both banks of the Rhine. And as to agriculture and the arts of industry, these are not wanting, and yet the people are wretched! *My mind, I own it, is tortured* in the attempt to reconcile these inconsistencies, although I have seen much, and enquired incessantly. I find myself, with respect to those writers on political economy who present us with every thing as plain and easy, who swallow down all that does not make for their opinions, as I was in my youth with respect to systems of medicine, which so often deceived me when I sought to apply them at the sick bed.'—pp. 98, 99.

It is a difficulty which has puzzled many a philanthropist as zealous as M. Fodéré, and which we fear is not destined to be solved in our generation. Our author, however, thinks he has discovered the means of removing pauperism, at least from France, and we shall endeavour to give a brief outline of his views.

After an eulogium on the institution of celibacy among the clergy, and some remarks on the influence of the *droit d'ainesse* in enhancing the evils of pauperism, by giving the force and sanction of the law to the inequality of property, he proceeds to show the importance of a well-regulated system of general education. On

this subject his views are just, liberal, and enlightened; and he is the more deserving of praise for the frankness with which he has avowed his opinions, because we fear they are not calculated to be very palatable to certain classes of his compatriots, with whom it behoves public teachers in France at the present day to be, at least, upon easy terms. We wish, indeed, we could be sure that even among ourselves there may not be some who deem such notions not quite safe, inasmuch as they do not appear to have occurred to the founders of the British constitution. But for the sake of such of our readers as think knowledge no dangerous innovation, forbidden by the wisdom of our ancestors, we shall give M. Fodéré's opinions in his own words, which comprise, indeed, in substance, all that can well be urged upon the question, whether ignorance among the people be advantageous to their rulers.

'I have already said, that it is not the instruction of a little fraction of the people that can secure the public weal, but education generally diffused, and brought home to every class in society. In vain do you pride yourselves on your institutes, your academies, your learned societies spread through all the departments; your reports, your discourses, your pompous panegyrics are *yours only;* the people read neither your books nor your journals; you form but an aristocracy of learned persons who work not *for them*, and we are yet as in the age of *Moliere*, when they spoke Latin in the academies of the capital, while in the country and in the small towns the people knew not how to sign their names. I wish to show that ignorance is calamitous alike to the people and to those who govern them; and that a system of education, such as I contemplate, is the first principle of national wealth, of the power of the prince, and of the security of the whole nation.'—

'As to the security of the prince, and of governments in general, the history of all times furnishes us with whole volumes to prove that this security depends in no sort upon the lights which may be spread among a small fraction of their subjects,—a fraction often restless, ambitious, and turbulent,—but upon this, that all the middle and lower classes have received some education, and the first elements of general knowledge. It cannot be denied me that a people ignorant and degraded will remain indifferent to every change of masters; will follow the impulse of habit and prejudice; and that with them any effort at amendment must fail; that, on the contrary, an enlightened people, who have not been thus debased, will cherish their prince and their country,—two names united together in their affections, and the honour and independence of which they are ever ready to maintain; that with such a people, in short, no advancement in agriculture or the arts is impossible. I grant that such a people will be more difficult to lead by means of deceit, by measures of mere routine; but let sound principles prevail in their government; let justice be dealt towards them, they will feel and be grateful, and will be a rampart against the factious. But so long as you leave them in rudeness and ignorance, you have still, it is true, the pleasure of deceiving them; but at the least false lights held out to them by your enemies, you will see your best cemented fortresses tumbling to the ground.'—pp. 134—137.

The scheme, however, upon which M. Fodéré chiefly relies for removing and preventing pauperism consists of a set of measures, which he details very minutely, and the direct object of which is, to encourage agriculture, and to check commerce and manufactures where he supposes them likely to interfere with the cultivation of the soil. Most of his speculations on this part of his subject are applied specially to France; but whether right or wrong, they are (and indeed so their author considers them) of universal application.

After stating some very unquestionable truths on the policy of maintaining in each nation a direction to industry, corresponding to the local circumstances of the country, (a direction which, it may be observed in passing, the industry of every nation will take spontaneously, without imposing on legislatures the trouble of making laws,) he gives a brief sketch of the progress of agriculture in Europe, and more particularly in France; and concludes that means ought to be taken, without delay, to force industry, in the latter country, away from commerce and manufactures, to agriculture. He contrasts the situation of France with that of England; the latter, from its insular position and its extensive and numerous colonies, having abundant markets for her produce; the former being almost destitute of colonies, being moreover capable of producing few commodities different from those of her neighbours, and having consequently but few articles fit for commercial exchange. He endeavours to show, that although agriculture has made great progress in France during late years, much still is needed in the way of improvement; and he concludes, that as there are large tracts of land uncultivated which might be reclaimed, and as there has been a great increase in the population of the towns, and a corresponding increase in their poor, true policy requires that this crowded population should be diverted from the towns, where they flock for employment in works of manufacture, and be employed in the cultivation of the soil. Manufactures he considers injurious, when carried on to the extent to which they are now proceeding in France, because, among other reasons, they collect large numbers together engaged in unwholesome employments; because the workmen attached to them are liable to be thrown suddenly into idleness and poverty by the failure of their masters; because they accumulate large fortunes in the hands of individuals, thus occasioning, by the successful speculations of wealthy capitalists, the ruin of their neighbours, whose products they are often enabled to drive out of the market by the low price at which the improvements daily made in machinery allow them to vend their own; and a great deal of argument is employed to prove, that machinery is little short of a curse to a densely-peopled nation. To the usual topics urged on this subject, namely, that the use of machinery augments the number of unemployed poor, and tends to produce a glut of commodities, M. Fodéré adds,

that by multiplying those pests of society which continually haunt his imagination, — large individual fortunes, — it tends to create the worst species of aristocracy, an insolent oligarchy of commercial capitalists.

To give a direction to industry corresponding to these views, M. Fodéré proposes the establishment of two boards or councils (*conseils*), to be attached to each *prefecture* in the kingdom, one to superintend *agriculture and rural economy*, and the other to preside over *commerce and the arts of industry*. These councils, especially the latter, he would invest with very extensive powers. The *board of agriculture* should have, in effect, the instruction and guidance of the whole rural community in the art of cultivating and improving the soil, and, moreover, should be employed to draw up rules or laws, for the regulation of the agricultural population; and many of our author's suggestions on these subjects, which we have not space to notice, appear to us to be extremely just, and equally applicable to all agricultural countries. But M. Fodéré's views are not confined to the mere improvement of the art of agriculture; and the combined operation of his two councils would indeed work a mighty change in the condition of the society on which (were the thing practicable) their labours might chance to be bestowed. The following are some of the objects designed by their institution.

All productions of foreign nations which might interfere with those of the French soil should be prohibited; and how sweeping that prohibition should be, our author takes care to apprise us (p. 170.), when he includes among the products which ought to be encouraged in France, *beet*, from which *sugar might be extracted, in order to save the expence of importing it from America; potatoes*, from which might be manufactured *alcohol for the people of the North; plants*, from which stuff might be produced *for tanning and dying;* to which M. Fodéré adds an *et cetera* of portentous meaning. The design, of course, would be to raise, at whatever ruinous cost, all that human labour could extract from the soil at home, *for the single purpose of increasing the number of persons employed in its cultivation.*

Every new invention in machinery should be strictly examined, with a view to two distinct objects; first, to the number of persons seeking employment it might exclude from the manufacture in which it might tend to abridge human labour; and, secondly, to the price and abundance of those commodities which it might have a tendency to cheapen. By a reference to these considerations the new machine ought to be admitted or prohibited.

The introduction, from other countries, of such machinery as may be already in use, or hereafter allowed, should be strictly prohibited for two reasons; first, their manufacture ought to be encouraged at home; secondly, it would be desirable to render them more scarce and dear. . . . .

But the project which must sound the strangest to English ears is that of re-establishing those laws giving exclusive privileges to incorporated trades, and requiring apprenticeships as conditions for entering those trades, which were abolished in France at the Revolution, and the vexation, oppression, absurdity, and impolicy of which are now almost universally acknowledged. M. Fodéré, advocate as he is for increasing the comforts of the rural population, and for augmenting their numbers, does not hesitate to avow that he proposes the restoration of this exploded system, in order to make the profits of the artizans greater and more equal, by limiting competition. In other words, he would give to the incorporated tradesmen and manufacturers of the towns a monopoly, extending over town and country, enhancing the price of many of the necessaries, and all the comforts, of life to the whole population!

This is, we think, a faithful sketch of M. Fodéré's chief scheme for the amelioration of civil societies, and in a more especial manner for improving the condition of his *belle France*. We do not think there is much danger that his system will be adopted by his countrymen. Although their progress in political knowledge has been far from keeping pace with their extraordinary advances in other sciences, the quick instinct of self-interest would set all classes in instant opposition to the wild statesman who should venture upon measures to reduce these visions to practice. In this country it would be idle even to attempt the refutation of some of the doctrines of M. Fodéré. There are few among us, for instance, who could be induced to believe that improvements in machinery which, in the interval between 1765 and 1825, enabled England to increase her exports of one species of her manufactures (cotton goods) from 200,000*l.* to 30,795,000*l.* in value, could have abridged the comforts of the lower orders, or, in the result, have diminished the number of labourers employed in our manufactures. And our author has himself furnished us with some reasons for thinking that even that class of his countrymen for whom he feels so deep an interest, the agricultural body, would by no means concur in his schemes for their improvement. It would seem that at the very time when M. Fodéré was planning the extension of agricultural speculations, the owners and tillers of the soil were complaining of the low price of its produce. He comforts them indeed by the assurance that prices were no better in the times before the Revolution (times, by the way, to which he frequently recurs with many pathetic aspirations concerning the good old usages of his fathers); and he adds, that the condition of the peasantry is now vastly improved; that they are better clad, better fed, and better housed; and that they indulge in luxuries or comforts which their predecessors never thought of. It is surprising that it should never once have occurred to M. Fodéré, that if prices be really low, there is at least quite as much produce raised as the wants of the community require; and that to force farther production must sink

deeper in distress those who now complain that their industry does not meet an adequate reward. And, supposing his account of the peasantry to be correct, it is equally strange that he should not have perceived that the improvement in their condition, which he urges as an argument to soothe their cupidity for farther gain, could only have arisen from the augmentation of the wealth and numbers of those commercial classes who supply the chief markets for the produce of the soil, but whom, as well as the agriculturists, his schemes would ruin.

We have not space to notice, in detail, the other parts of M. Fodéré's work. They comprise some brief, but spirited sketches, partly historical, partly statistic, of the rise and progress of mendicity, and of the institutions and expedients to check or relieve it in Europe, and particularly in France. His account of the establishment of hospitals, and his remarks on institutions for foundlings, will be read with some interest; but we cannot refrain from expressing our regret, that, instead of attempting to complete a system, he did not make at least this portion of his work more strictly statistic. They who might turn with a smile from his speculations on the means of repressing illegitimacy, and preventing the growth of mendicity and pauperism, would receive, with far different impressions, the suggestions which he seems well qualified to offer more in detail, on the discipline of hospitals, and of places for the confinement and reformation of delinquents condemned to temporary imprisonment.

On the whole, we do not apprehend much danger to political economy from the attacks of such assailants as M. Fodéré. His aversion to foreign trade is no doubt shared by many of his countrymen; among whom, and in the highest quarters, the notion seems to be still cherished, that what makes their neighbours rich, must necessarily make them poor. Truth is usually a plant of slow and sickly growth, when first set in a soil overrun with a multitude of old and sturdy errors. Political economy, though it has lived long in England, yet even here has but lately lifted its head. It is yet, with us, but in blossom. And, like our other improvements in policy and legislation, its fruits must be seen here before other nations will share it. But in this, as in so many previous lessons, England is assuredly destined to be the teacher of her neighbours. What is proved to be profitable to her will at length be adopted by those who most envy and fear her prosperity. If any thing, however, can retard the diffusion of those principles which are founded upon as large a collection of well authenticated facts as any within the whole range of inductive knowledge, it is that idle and adventurous spirit of exaggeration to which we have already alluded; which would almost represent political science as capable of the strictest proof the human intellect can admit; and which would vainly seek to place all its favourite doctrines upon the same level of exact certainty. That some doctrines of political economy are

fixed upon a basis which it may now be fairly pronounced impossible to shake, is not more true than that there are others which facts, sufficiently numerous and certain, have not yet been collected to establish. In the mean time, let us be content with what we have; and let us hope that the measures which in this country are now in progress to attest those principles of the science that have been oftenest and most fully proved may not be impeded, either by the extravagant and pettish fondness of their advocates, or by the excited prejudices of some who have not studied, and therefore, and therefore *only*, do not understand them.

ART. X. *Sheridaniana*; or, Anecdotes of the Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan; his Table-Talk, and Bon Mots. 8vo. pp. 334. London. Colburn. 1826.

IN our review of Moore's "Life of Sheridan *" we entered so fully into the character of that extraordinary and unfortunate individual, that we shall offer no more than a few remarks on the work before us: indeed, our chief object in noticing it at all is to avail ourselves of the opportunity which it affords us of correcting one or two errors into which we were led by the authority of a biographer who seemed to have had ample means of acquiring the most authentic information upon every part of his subject.

Towards the decline of Sheridan's life (1812), Mr. Moore says that the Prince-Regent offered to bring him into Parliament, but that not choosing to bear "the royal owner's mark, he declined the offer." It is due to the distinguished person, on whom this observation is intended to reflect, that since the publication of Mr. Moore's work it has been publicly stated, and not contradicted, that the Prince-Regent and his friends offered Mr. Sheridan all their support if he would stand for Westminster on his own principles; that this project was defeated chiefly by his own indolence; that the Prince then supplied him, through a common friend, with four thousand pounds, for the purpose of purchasing a Whig seat; and that in consequence of a disappointment in that quarter a negociation was opened for Wooton Basset, which was also rendered ineffectual by Sheridan's indolence, or perhaps by a real reluctance to appear again in Parliament. The worst part of this transaction is, that Sheridan appropriated the money to his own purposes without the Prince's permission, and indeed, as it would seem, against his express desire.

With respect to the conduct of the Prince towards Sheridan, when the latter was in the last stage of his existence, Mr. Moore appears also to have been without sufficient information, and in the absence of it, to have imputed to His Royal Highness the coldest

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* See vol. cviii. of the former Series of the Monthly Review, p. 149.

indifference to the wretched condition of his unfortunate friend. Facts which have since come to light fully exonerate the Prince from the censure which is here cast upon him. As soon as he learned Sheridan's situation, he directed that any sum or sums necessary for his relief should be conveyed to him in the most expeditious and delicate manner. The relief, indeed, was late, for Sheridan was on his death-bed; and from the circumstance of the only sum (200*l.*) that was accepted having been soon returned again to Mr. Taylor Vaughan the agent employed by the Prince on that occasion, we are bound to infer that there was something in Mr. Vaughan's mode of conducting this delicate transaction which wounded Sheridan's pride to a degree too painful to be borne. Perhaps, after all, the refusal of the Prince's bounty originated in the irritable temper of a patient, who saw himself, at the close of a long, and, during some portion of it, a brilliant public life, doomed to descend into the grave disappointed in all his ambitious projects, and overwhelmed by pecuniary embarrassments of a most distressing nature.

The anecdotes and bon mots in the volume before us are professedly taken from the works of Mr. Moore, Dr. Watkins, and other more perishable records of the day. We are rather surprised that if Mr. Moore was acquainted with its existence he did not make use of the long and very frank and interesting letter, written by Miss Linley before her public marriage to Sheridan, which the reader will find transferred to this publication from the ninety-fifth volume of The Gentleman's Magazine. It gives an account of the state of her heart, and indeed of the character of her life previous to her marriage, very different from that which Mr. Moore has preferred. He represents her as perfectly steeled against the addresses of Mr. Mathews, to whom she never gave the slightest encouragement, and from whose persecution she fled to the arms of Sheridan, to "whose love she became devoted." Her letter places the whole of this story in a point of view not reconcilable with Mr. Moore's statement of it. As the topic is a tender one, we must permit the lady to speak for herself. 'For three years,' she says, 'he (Mathews) never ceased his assiduities to me,' those three being the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth years of her age; 'he made me, instead of flying from him, not only pity him, but promise him my friendship.' The 'friendship' of a young lady is nearly allied to a more ardent feeling. She soon found herself 'wretchedly involved in an unhappy passion for a man whom yet it was criminal in her even to think of.' She disclosed her sentiments to her mother, but that good lady 'laughed at her uneasiness;' for Mathews, being a man of wealth, had considerable influence over the theatrical speculations of the family at Bath, and the mother thought it was not for their 'interest' to displease so powerful a friend.

'I could not fly from the danger; after my first reproof, I was ashamed to mention it again to my mother, and I had every thing to fear from my father's violent temper. For another year we went on in the same manner; till at last, finding it impossible to conquer my inclinations, he soon brought me to a confession of my weakness, which has been the cause of all my distress. That obstacle removed, many others fell of course, and the next season he prevailed on me to meet him at the house of a friend, as we were not permitted to talk together in public.'

This passage, we think, is sufficient to show that Mr. Mathews was not quite so indifferent to Miss Linley as Mr. Moore seems to have imagined. Her next suitor was a Mr. Long, an old gentleman of considerable fortune in Wiltshire, who proposed to marry her, and was accepted. Mr. Moore states, that this affair was frustrated, in consequence of Miss Linley secretly representing to her accepted lover, that 'she never could be happy as his wife,' whereupon 'he generously took upon himself the whole blame of breaking off the alliance, and even indemnified the father, who was proceeding to bring the transaction into court, by settling 3000*l.* upon his daughter. Her own version of the matter is scarcely consistent with this representation of it.

'About this time,' she observes, without telling her friend to whom she addressed the letter the reason, 'my marriage with Mr. Long broke off, and my father went to London to commence a law-suit. During the time he was absent, I went on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Norton. She had been informed by undoubted authority, that my father would not only lose his suit, but that I should be exposed in the public court; as Mr. Long had been informed of my meeting Mathews, and intended to make use of that as a plea in court. This being told me suddenly, and at a time when my spirits were greatly distressed, flung me into a high fever. I lost my senses some time, and when I recovered was so weak, and had such strong symptoms of a rapid decline, that when my father returned, I was sent to the Wells to drink the waters. While I was there, I was told that Mathews, during my illness, had spoken disrespectfully of me in public, and had boasted it was owing to my love for him I was so ill.'

She resented this conduct on the part of Mathews: she lost no time in 'turning her attention' to a certain Mr. R., who all at once wanted her 'to marry him privately, and to go off with him to any part of the world, till his father died.' This proposal made her very angry, and she refused to see Mr. R. until Mathews played off some more of his boasts, when she once more resolved 'to encourage Mr. R.,' and, though she could not go off with him, she told him that when it was in his power she would marry him. This gentleman, however, turned out to be a mere male coquette, and ultimately 'jilted' her. While she was suffering under the effects of Mr. R.'s desertion, Mathews returned; and it seems, that, after all that had passed, 'his engaging behaviour soon regained him that love which had never been quite extinguished!' Her father, however, forbade all further intercourse between the parties; and it

was at this time that she took Sheridan into her confidence, and rendered him the medium of her communications with Mathews. It is clear, from her own narrative, that she looked on Sheridan as a good-natured friend, whose services she stood in need of in order to keep up her correspondence with Mathews. This consummate Lothario wrote to her to say, that he would destroy himself if she did not indulge him with ten minutes' conversation. She yielded, and at this interview he swore that if she would not bind herself to see him again, 'he would shoot himself before her face.' This threat so alarmed her, that she resolved on suicide, and took a bottle of laudanum, which the doctors had some difficulty in removing from her stomach. Mathews next threatened that he would take her away from her family by force.

'Mr. Sheridan then asked me what I designed to do. I told him my mind was in such a state of distraction between anger, remorse, and fear, that I did not know what I should do; but as Mathews had declared he would ruin my reputation, I was resolved never to stay in Bath.'

She was then easily prevailed on by Sheridan to accompany him to France; a step that so completely committed her, that their union was the necessary result, though it is very clear that she had not contemplated any such thing. She was flying from danger, by the assistance of a friend of her family, whom she had treated almost as a brother. He effected his object in a manner highly creditable to his *dramatic* talents. The whole letter is a curious piece of autobiography; and the view which it gives of this important incident in Sheridan's early life is altogether so much at variance with that which Mr. Moore exhibits of it, that we must presume this epistle escaped his attention. In addition to this interesting document, the reader will find here several extracts from Sheridan's best parliamentary speeches, and, as the editor happily expresses it, 'such fragments of wit and eloquence as could, without injury to their lustre, bear, as it were, a separate setting.' He merely claims the praise of a discriminating compiler. We must do him the justice to add, that he has performed his task successfully, and that he has produced an agreeable and instructive volume.

ART. XI. *Molech ;* or, the Approach of the Deluge. A sacred Drama. By the Rev. William Bassett, M. A. 8vo. pp. 157. London. Hatchard and Son. 1826.

AN antediluvian drama is not likely, we fear, to attract many readers in the present day. A pretty considerable portion of the public are unfortunately very prone to suspect, that of the nations that existed before the Flood, of their manners, and the general appearance of this globe of ours, until it was reformed by that great revolu-

tion, little is, or ever can be known, with any degree of certainty. They are therefore inclined to suppose, without giving themselves the trouble of much examination, that every attempt to represent human passion or employment before that epoch must necessarily be a failure; and, in nine cases out of ten, they would be right. The "Death of Abel" is the only tolerable fiction connected with antediluvian times with which we are acquainted. We regret that the drama before us does not admit of an exception in its favour.

The plot supposes the inhabited world to have been nearly overrun by a great conqueror named Molech, who, in the insolence of his power, compelled his subjects to worship him as a god. Vices of the most revolting character prevail under his reign, and are encouraged by his own example. He denies the existence of any being superior to himself, and he collects an army for the purpose of attacking and destroying the ark of Noah, which had been long prepared by him in expectation of the Deluge. On his march, the floodgates of Heaven are opened, and he and his depraved disciples are soon buried beneath the waters. The author endeavours to diversify his subject by the introduction of some sentimental episodes, but the subject is altogether beyond the calibre of his genius.

There is very little beauty in the composition to atone for the innate defects of the theme. The lines indeed contain in general the due number of syllables, but they want almost every other characteristic of poetry. What does the reader think of the following specimen of blank verse from the pen of a Master of Arts?

> 'I am not covetous to govern sheep,
> Or command hosts of ruminating kine;
> I have enough of this inglorious sway:
> But I desire to govern hosts of men,
> As Noah might once have done!' p. 13.

We cannot commend either the subject or the manner in which it is treated; and unless the Rev. Mr. Bassett improve his style very considerably, and borrow from some spring, sacred or profane, a copious draught of inspiration, we would advise him to limit his literary career to the composition of his sermons.

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ART. I. *The Plain Speaker:* Opinions on Books, Men, and Things. 2 Vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* London. Colburn. 1826.

MR. HAZLITT is, we believe, the author of these volumes. Although he has not affixed his name to their title-pages, yet we hardly think that he intended any doubt to be entertained on the subject, as the matter which they contain is full of references to his personal history. The work is composed, like his "Table-Talk," of various essays, the greater number of which seem to have been written some years ago. A few of them appear to be of more recent date, and being scattered through the others without any attention to arrangement, they tend in some degree to perplex the reader who attempts to peruse the whole consecutively. Facts are brought together which have no sort of connection with each other, and topics that have already sunk into oblivion are mixed with those which are hastening to the same bourn of repose.

If this were the only fault of the 'Plain Speaker,' it might easily be passed over in an author who professes to give opinions rather than historical details of 'books, men, and things.' But we regret, for the sake of our literature, that a deeper stain than that of mere negligence pervades too many pages of his volumes. Affecting, from motives of singularity, or rather, perhaps, from a defect in his early education, to despise the information that may be derived from the general experience of mankind, he confines his knowledge of the world, of nature, science, and the arts, within the compass of what he saw with his own eyes, or suffered in his own person. Every subject of which he treats, he combines, or endeavours to combine, with his own feelings. He seems to know little of books, and his excursion to the Continent seems to have had no effect in withdrawing his eyes from their inward glance, for he retains in its full strength his long cherished propensity to judge of all men and of all things by himself.

Now many writers might be mentioned in whom egotism is not only pardonable but eminently interesting. Some of the most

exquisite passages in Lord Byron's writings are those in which he figures out the genuine features of his own character. The same thing might be said of Rousseau and Gibbon; but they united to the fascinations of style an intensity of feeling, or an elegance of philosophy, which commands our sympathies and repays our attention. But Mr. Hazlitt offers us none of these attractions to compensate for his inordinate desire to speak of himself. His breast is not warmed by a single ray of imagination, or by a single feeling in which his readers can participate. If "the genial current of his soul" has been embittered by disappointments in life, by the desertion of early friends, or by any other cause, we may feel for the man; but we cannot apologize for the writer who would therefore pollute our literature with that noxious mass of detraction which forms the leaven of these volumes. As to the style, it differs from that of the author's former works only in an increased degree of feebleness and opacity. The sentences follow one another in nearly equal length, unrelieved by variation of construction, unmarked by any felicity of diction, and scarcely bearing the sign of a presiding intelligence. If there be now and then an attempt at argument, it is founded on a paradox, or ends in a mere assertion. If there be occasionally a sparkle on the surface, it is the phosphorus light of the glow-worm, cold, imbecile, and transitory, perceptible only by means of the darkness that surrounds it.

'Opinions' are very freely given on 'books, men, and things;' these, however, are judged of not with a view to the promotion of good taste in literature, of propriety in ethics, or of truth in history, but merely as they have excited the writer's feelings of admiration or hatred. He knows no medium between the two extremes, and both, according to our mode of thinking, he generally misapplies. We regret that the latter feeling, one of those upon which every society, Pagan or Christian, has set its stigma of reprobation, leads the way among the objectionable parts of this work. We hardly know whether he is a proper subject for pity or for condemnation, who could deliberately exhibit to the world the following character of himself and some of his companions:

'I have quarrelled,' says Mr. Hazlitt, 'with almost all my old friends, (they might say this is owing to my bad temper, but) they have also quarrelled with [one another. — They are scattered, like last year's show. Some of them are dead, — or gone to live at a distance, — or pass one another in the street like strangers; or if they stop to speak, do it as coolly, and try to *cut* one another as soon as possible. — Some of us have dearly earned a name in the world; whilst others remain in their original privacy. We despise the one; and envy and are glad to mortify the other. Times are changed; we cannot revive our old feelings; and we avoid the sight, and are uneasy in the presence of, those who remind us of our infirmity, and put us upon an effort at seeming cordiality, which embarrasses ourselves, and does not impose upon our *quondam* associates. Old friendships are like meats served up repeat-

edly, cold, comfortless, and distasteful. The stomach turns against them.' — Vol. i. pp. 314, 315.

We could not have believed, until we read this passage, that any person wearing the form of a human being could have uttered such sentiments as these. Not satisfied with the reflection, assuredly not a consoling one, that he had quarrelled with all his old friends, he seems to derive a compensation for his misfortune from knowing that they had quarrelled with each other! There is, indeed, as we are taught to believe, a spirit that rejoices in the separation of friends, in the propagation of discord, but we imagined that hitherto it loved its native darkness, and dared not to unveil and boast its unblushing front amid the paths frequented by mankind. 'Some of us,' says this scholar, 'have dearly earned a name in the world; whilst others remain in their original privacy. We *despise* the one; and *envy* and are *glad* to *mortify* the other!' Who Mr. Hazlitt's associates may be, or have been, we know not, but if he truly represents their habits and dispositions, which, for the sake of human nature, we trust is not the case, it is fortunate for the honour of our literature, if they have been indeed 'scattered like the last year's snow.' What must they have been, if the following account of their usual conversation be not a mere invention?

'I don't know what it is that attaches me to H—— so much, except that he and I, whenever we meet, *sit in judgment on another set of old friends*, and "carve them as a dish fit for the gods." There was L—H—, John Scott, Mrs. ——, whose dark raven locks make a picturesque background to our discourse, B—, who is grown fat, and is, they say, married, R——; these had all separated long ago, and their foibles are the common link that holds us together. We do not affect to condole or whine over their follies; we enjoy, we laugh at them till we are ready to burst our sides, "*sans* intermission, for hours by the dial.' We serve up a course of anecdotes, *traits*, master-strokes of character, and *cut and hack at them till we are weary*. Perhaps some of them are even with us. For my own part, as I once said, *I like a friend the better for having faults that one can talk about*. "Then," said Mrs. ——, "you will never cease to be a philanthropist!" — The only intimacy I never found to flinch or fade was a purely intellectual one. There was none of the cant of candour in it, none of the whine of mawkish sensibility. Our mutual acquaintance were considered merely as subjects of conversation and knowledge, not at all of affection. We regarded them no more in our experiments than "mice in an air-pump:" or *like malefactors, they were regularly cut down and given over to the dissecting knife*. We spared neither *friend* nor *foe*. We sacrificed *human infirmities* at the shrine of *truth*. *The skeletons of character might be seen, after the juice was extracted, dangling in the air like flies in cobwebs: or they were kept for future inspection in some refined acid.* The demonstration was as beautiful as it was new. There is no *surfeiting on gall: nothing keeps so well as a decoction of spleen.* We grow tired of every

thing but turning others into ridicule, and congratulating ourselves on their defects.' — Vol. i. pp. 317—320.

The author of this passage, for the insertion of which in these pages we feel that an apology is due to our readers, was born a quarter of a century too late, and in a country not very suitable to his genius. He ought to have been a member of the French Convention. Had his destiny placed him in that situation, nothing could have prevented him, with such a character as he declares himself to possess, from acquiring peculiar distinction in that body. Robespierre and Marat would have exulted in a colleague whose temper would have been in every respect so congenial to their own. The man who can boast of destroying the reputation of his friends as if they were 'malefactors,' could find little difficulty, in times of convulsion, of executing them under a similar pretence. Such a man can talk without remorse of 'cutting them down and giving them over to the dissecting knife,' of 'sparing neither friend nor foe.' If he might not be 'surfeited on gall,' what draught could be copious or bitter enough to allay a thirst so unnatural?

The essay from which we have made the above extracts is appropriately entitled 'The Pleasure of Hating.' What sort of a heart must the individual possess who can derive a sense of pleasure from such a source? Is not this

"——to love
Vice for itself?"

Such language, we are happy to think, has no parallel in our literature, unless in that class of it which is the most worthless and degraded. It would be spurned even by an Atheist. Indeed we cannot gather from this work to what sect in politics, in letters, or in religion, Mr. Hazlitt now belongs. He tells us, at the close of the essay from which we have been just quoting, that he is 'heartily sick of all his old opinions.' They have, he says, deceived him sadly; and he informs us, in indirect terms, of his belief that 'genius is a bawd, virtue a mask, liberty a name, and that love has no seat in the human heart. (Vol. i. p. 325.) 'I see folly,' he adds, 'join with knavery, and together make up public spirit and public opinion. I see the *insolent* Tory, the *blind* Reformer, the *coward* Whig!' He thus closes the infuriate strain:

'Seeing all this as I do, and unravelling the web of human life into its various threads of meanness, spite, cowardice, want of feeling, and want of understanding, of indifference towards others and ignorance of ourselves — seeing custom prevail over all excellence, itself giving way to infamy — mistaken as I have been in my public and private hopes, calculating others from myself, and calculating wrong; always disappointed where I placed most reliance; the dupe of friendship, and the fool of love; have I not reason to hate and to despise myself? Indeed I do; and chiefly for not having hated and despised the world enough.' — Vol. i. p. 327.

Here, then, we have the secret of all this discontent and rancour: he was 'mistaken in his public and private hopes;' he 'calculated others from himself, and he calculated wrong.' So that because fortune has not raised Mr. Hazlitt to a high political station, because nature denied him the talents which are necessary to success in literature, because he mistook his vocation when he abandoned the pencil for the pen, it follows, forsooth, that he is the victim of 'spite, cowardice, and want of feeling;' and his singular 'excellence' was compelled 'to give way' to the general 'infamy' of mankind! Admirable philosopher! A second Socrates!

Yet if we are to believe Mr. Hazlitt, when writing in a less despairing, though not a less egotistical mood, he has seldom been without consolation for the injuries inflicted on him by an ungrateful world. He is particularly delighted with his style of composition, which, he says, whenever he writes at Winterslow, 'flows like a river, and overspreads its banks.' 'There,' he adds, 'I have not to seek for thoughts or hunt for images: they come of themselves: I inhale them with the breeze, and the *silent* groves are *vocal* with a thousand recollections.' It seems to be a property peculiar, we apprehend, to the groves of Winterslow, that they can be *silent* and *vocal* at the same time — vocal, too, of 'recollections,' whence, we presume, they possess the enviable faculty of memory. We must give a specimen of the eloquence which he 'inhaled with the breeze' amid this sylvan scene. We quote, be it known, from an essay on the question, 'Whether genius is conscious of its Powers?' — a question which Mr. Hazlitt has resolved in the affirmative, so far, at least, as he himself is concerned.

'Here (to Winterslow) I came fifteen years ago, a willing exile; and as I trod the lengthened greensward by the low wood-side, repeated the old line,

'"My mind to me a kingdom is!"

I found it so then, before, and since; and shall I faint, now that I have poured out the spirit of that mind to the world, and treated many subjects with truth, with freedom, and power, because I have been followed with one cry of abuse ever since *for not being a government-tool?* Here I returned a few years after to finish some works I had undertaken, doubtful of the event, but determined to do my best; and wrote that character of Millimant which was once transcribed by fingers fairer than Aurora's, but no notice was taken of it, because I was not a government-tool, and must be supposed devoid of taste and elegance by all who aspired to these qualities in their own persons. Here I sketched my account of that old honest Signior Orlando Friscobaldo, which with its fine, racy, acrid tone that old crab-apple, G*ff***d, would have relished or pretended to relish, had I been a government-tool! Here, too, I have written *Table-Talks* without number, and as yet without a falling-off, till now that they are nearly done, or I should not make this boast. I could swear (were they not mine) the thoughts in many of them are founded as the rock, free as air, the tone like an Italian picture. What then? Had the style been like polished steel, as firm and

as bright, it would have availed me nothing, for I am not a government-tool! I had endeavoured to guide the taste of the English people to the best old English writers; but I had said that English kings did not reign by right divine, and that His present Majesty was descended from an elector of Hanover in a right line; and no loyal subject would after this look into Webster or Deckar because I had pointed them out. I had done something (more than any one except Schlegel) to vindicate the *Characters of Shakespear's Plays* from the stigma of French criticism: but our Anti-Jacobin and Anti-Gallican writers soon found out that I had said and written that Frenchmen, Englishmen, men were not slaves by birth-right. This was enough to *damn* the work. Such has been the head and front of my offending. While my friend Leigh Hunt was writing the *Descent of Liberty*, and strewing the march of the allied sovereigns with flowers, I sat by the waters of Babylon and hung my harp upon the willows. I knew all along there was but one alternative —the cause of kings or of mankind. This I foresaw, this I feared; the world see it now, when it is too late. Therefore I lamented, and would take no comfort when the mighty fell, because we, all men, fell with him, like lightning from heaven, to grovel in the grave of Liberty, in the stye of Legitimacy!'— Vol. i. pp. 291—293.

For ourselves, we presume that we would not be readily suspected of assisting to denounce any writer, because 'he was not a government-tool.' If we have any prejudices on the subject, we rather believe that they run the other way, though we own that we have no great admiration for a man who would become the 'tool' of any party. But we firmly believe, that if all the critical journals in the empire were to unite for the purpose of hunting down a particular writer from unworthy motives, they would fail in their object, if that writer had any considerable portion of sterling merit to sustain him with the public. That public, composed as it is of a mass of intelligence, honesty, and patriotism, such as no other country can boast of, would sooner or later reverse the unjust sentence of partial criticism, and amply compensate the injured party by the tribute of its own applause, and by securing to him the admiration of posterity. If the judgment of the literary tribunals has not yet been subverted in favour of Mr. Hazlitt, he must have no just right to complain; for the public would before this time have come to his assistance, if his 'genius' really possessed all the 'powers' of which he seems to be so 'conscious.'

Without entering into any of that minute criticism to which the whole of this passage is so openly exposed, we must confess that we have always entertained doubts of the sincerity of those individuals in the cause of liberty, who during his ascendancy hailed the success of Buonaparte, or upon his overthrow deplored his fall. If Mr. Hazlitt be one of those who 'lamented, and would take no comfort when the mighty fell,' he must be contented to stand among the suspected soldiers of the garrison, upon whom, in the hour of peril, no reliance could be placed. We cannot conceive by what process of reasoning it is, that an Englishman can reconcile it to his habits

of thinking, to 'lament' the destruction of the most inexorable enemy which not only this country but the freedom of mankind ever encountered. What is called 'legitimacy' may indeed be hostile to the progress of free institutions upon the Continent, but it does not operate to the injury of England; and circumstances have occurred since the commencement of its reign, which show that it is not altogether beyond the influence of our councils, and, above all, of our living example. But let us pass to other themes.

Mr. Hazlitt, though he proses a great deal upon the fine arts, is, however, more endurable on that subject than upon either literature or politics. A scholar could never have written as he has written of 'intellectual Sisyphuses always rolling the stone of knowledge up a hill, for the perverse pleasure of rolling it down again.' (Vol. i. p. 36.) If the classic tale may be relied upon, Sisyphus would have been too happy to let the stone rest upon the top of the hill, if he could only get it there:

> "Optat supremo collocare Sisyphus
> In monte saxum; sed vetant leges Jovis."

We very much agree in the following observations, which we select from an essay 'On Application to Study.'

'There cannot be a greater contradiction to the common prejudice that "Genius is naturally a truant and a vagabond," than the astonishing and (on this hypothesis) unaccountable number of *chef-d'œuvres* left behind them by the old masters. The stream of their invention supplies the taste of successive generations like a river: they furnish a hundred galleries, and preclude competition, not more by the excellence than by the number of their performances. Take Raphael and Rubens alone. There are works of theirs in single collections enough to occupy a long and laborious life, and yet their works are spread through all the collections of Europe. They seem to have cost them no more labour than if they "had drawn in their breath, and puffed it forth again." But we know that they made drawings, studies, sketches of all the principal of these, with the care and caution of the merest tyros in the art; and they remain equal proofs of their capacity and diligence. The Cartoons of Raphael alone might have employed many years, and made a life of illustrious labour, though they look as if they had been struck off at a blow, and are not a tenth part of what he produced in his short but bright career. Titian and Michael Angelo lived longer, but they worked as hard and did as well. Shall we bring in competition with examples like these some trashy caricaturist or idle dauber, who has no sense of the infinite resources of nature or art, nor consequently any power to employ himself upon them for any length of time or to any purpose, to prove that genius and regular industry are incompatible qualities?

'In my opinion, the very superiority of the works of the great painters (instead of being a bar to) accounts for their multiplicity. Power is pleasure; and pleasure sweetens pain. A fine poet thus describes the effect of the sight of nature on his mind:

> —— '"The sounding cataract
> Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,

> The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
> Their colours and their forms were then to me
> An appetite, a feeling, and a love,
> That had no need of a remoter charm
> By thought supplied, or any interest
> Unborrowed from the eye."

So the forms of nature, or the human form divine, stood before the great artists of old, nor required any other stimulus to lead the eye to survey, or the hand to embody them, than the pleasure derived from the inspiration of the subject, and "propulsive force" of the mimic creation. The grandeur of their works was an argument with them, not to stop short, but to proceed. They could have no higher excitement or satisfaction than in the exercise of their art and endless generation of truth and beauty. Success prompts to exertion; and habit facilitates success. It is idle to suppose we can exhaust nature; and the more we employ our own faculties, the more we strengthen them and enrich our stores of observation and invention. The more we do, the more we *can* do. Not indeed if we *get our ideas out of our own heads* — that stock is soon exhausted, and we recur to tiresome, vapid imitations of ourselves. But this is the difference between real and mock talent, between genius and affectation. Nature is not limited, nor does it become effete, like our conceit and vanity. The closer we examine it, the more it refines upon us; it expands as we enlarge and shift our view; it "grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength." The subjects are endless; and our capacity is invigorated as it is called out by occasion and necessity. He who does nothing, renders himself incapable of doing any thing; but while we are executing any work, we are preparing and qualifying ourselves to undertake another.'—Vol. i. pp. 136—139.

The subject is, upon the whole well treated, and it is one of general importance; but we undertake to say that the ideas which are spread by Mr. Hazlitt, in his usual diffuse style, over twenty pages, might be easily compressed within five. The composition would thus be improved, and the reader spared a great deal of unnecessary trouble. Mr. Hazlitt dedicates an essay to 'Envy,' of the character of which some notion may be formed from the specimens which we have already given of the author's personal dispositions. It is in the form of a dialogue, and contains a mass of ungenerous attacks upon literary and public men, which, however, no person of taste will have the patience to read. It is the condition attached to mean and unworthy topics, that they degrade the mind of him who handles them to their own level. His composition is fitted to his theme — grovelling, vapid, a miserable exhibition of the serpent without the sting.

From the opinion which we have expressed of the general character of these volumes, it will not be expected that we should make further extracts from them. We are inclined, however, to admit an exception in favour of the essay upon Madame Pasta, and Mademoiselle Mars. Those who have seen Pasta will think with us that her powers are by no means overrated.

'Mademoiselle Mars has greater elegance, perhaps, and precision of style than Madame Pasta, but not half her boldness or grace. In short, every thing she does is voluntary, instead of being spontaneous. It seems as if she might be acting from marginal directions to her part. When not speaking, she stands in general quite still. When she speaks, she extends first one hand and then the other, in a way that you can foresee every time she does so, or in which a machine might be elaborately constructed to develope different successive movements. When she enters, she advances in a straight line from the other end to the middle of the stage with the slight unvarying trip of her country-women, and then stops short, as if under the drill of a *fugal-man*. When she speaks, she articulates with perfect clearness and propriety, but it is the facility of a singer executing a difficult passage. The case is that of habit, not of nature. Whatever she does, is right in the intention, and she takes care not to carry it too far; but she appears to say beforehand, "*This* I will do, I must not do *that*." Her acting is an inimitable study or consummate rehearsal of the part as a preparatory performance: she hardly yet appears to have assumed the character; something more is wanting, and that something you find in Madame Pasta. If Mademoiselle Mars has to smile, a slight and evanescent expression of pleasure passes across the surface of her face; twinkles in her eyelids, dimples her chin, compresses her lips, and plays on each feature: when Madame Pasta smiles, a beam of joy seems to have struck upon her heart, and to irradiate her countenance. Her whole face is bathed and melted in expression, instead of its glancing from particular points. When she speaks, it is in music. When she moves, it is without thinking whether she is graceful or not. When she weeps, it is a fountain of tears, not a few trickling drops, that glitter and vanish the instant after. The French themselves admire Madame Pasta's acting, (who indeed can help it?) but they go away thinking how much one of her simple movements would be improved by their extravagant gesticulations, and that her noble, natural expression would be the better for having twenty airs of mincing affectation added to it. In her Nina there is a listless vacancy, an awkward grace, a want of *bienseance*, that is like a child or a changeling, and that no French actress would venture upon for a moment, lest she should be suspected of a want of *esprit* or of *bon mien*. A French actress always plays before the court; she is always in the presence of an audience, with whom she first settles her personal pretensions by a significant hint or side-glance, and then as much nature and simplicity as you please. Poor Madame Pasta thinks no more of the audience than Nina herself would, if she could be observed by stealth, or than the fawn that wounded comes to drink, or the flower that droops in the sun or wags its sweet head in the gale. She gives herself entirely up to the impression of the part, loses her power over herself, is led away by her feelings either to an expression of stupor or of artless joy, borrows beauty from deformity, charms unconsciously, and is transformed into the very being she represents. She does not act the character — she *is* it, looks it, breathes it. She does not study for an effect, but strives to possess herself of the feeling which should dictate what she is to do, and which gives birth to the proper degree of grace, dignity, ease, or force. She makes no point all the way through, but her whole style and manner is in perfect keeping, as if she were really a love-sick, care-crazed

maiden, occupied with one deep sorrow, and who had no other idea or interest in the world. This alone is true nature and true art. The rest is sophistical; and French art is not free from the imputation: it never places an implicit faith in nature, but always mixes up a certain portion of art, that is, of consciousness and affectation with it.'—Vol. ii. pp. 311—314.

If Mr. Hazlitt wrote a little more frequently in this style, and upon subjects such as this, he would find little reason to complain of the apathy of the public towards him, or of the severity of the critics. But he loves too much "to fish in troubled water." We have but to turn over two or three essays further on of a very different description, until we arrive at the last and the most objectionable of the whole, 'On the Spleen of Party.' There is, indeed, 'no surfeiting on gall,' if Mr. Hazlitt's example may be deemed a sufficient authority. We shall not disgust our readers by any extracts from this wild and unsparing effusion of egotism, and shall only say, in the words of the author, that 'having got to the end of the volume, we hope never to look into it again.'

Art. II. *The Last of the Mohicans;* a Narrative of 1757. By the Author of "The Spy," "The Pilot," "The Pioneers," &c. 3 Vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 1*s.* John Miller. 1826.

The "American novels" have rapidly been acquiring a character quite as distinctive of its kind as that which our great northern magician has created for the narrative fiction of his country. Doubtless, but for the example of the author of Waverley, we should never have heard of the American historical tale; and nothing would be more absurd than to imagine any equality of inventive genius, between the gifted spirit who has originated the most delightful class of modern romance, and the most successful of his imitators on either side of the Atlantic. But very considerable praise is still due to more than one of the American novelists for the tact and good judgment which have led them to borrow no more than the rules of their art, and to apply them to the fabrication of materials which were their own proper and incontestible possession. It is their particular merit to have seen, that the neglected records of their early colonial and of their later national history abounded in a wild and unusual cast of romance; and that by their hands alone could these be wrought up and blended appropriately with the colouring of native habits, costume, and scenery. All this they have assumed for a sufficient fund of curiosity and interest; and it constitutes also a sufficient, as it is their only, title to originality. They have boldy undertaken to sketch the manners and characters of their ancestors, but a generation or two removed, either as colonists contending in desperation for property and life against the encroaching Frenchman and the

fierce Indian, or as citizens proudly struggling for national rights and republican independence.

These sketches none but themselves would desire to select, or would be free to execute with dramatic keeping and accuracy; and yet even to them the subjects bore every facility of fiction. For in America a single age of revolution and independence has changed the whole aspect of society, and thrown back the occurrences of a mere half century past into the distant obscurity and romantic light of antiquity. This advantage the American novelists were not slow to perceive; and they have availed themselves skilfully of it. They have happily drawn the foundations of their romances from the records of their national fortunes; and their works are, in the main, genuine historical pictures. The style and expression of their painting are those of the author of Waverley: but the subjects, and characters, and grouping of their stories, are their own. Their productions are not mere bungling copies of their great master, but rather pieces executed only after his best manner, and often with a free and spirited design.

Among these American novelists, the author of the volumes before us figures the Coryphæus of the band. Mr. Cooper — for like other *anonymous* writers his name is well known — is really a person of very considerable and even extraordinary talents. Being originally bred to the sea, he served as a midshipman in the American navy; and this early pursuit of a profession of danger has ministered to the strength of his vigorous imagination. His Pilot is unquestionably the best romance of nautical adventure which our times have produced; and there is one scene in that tale — a sea-fight — which, if he had never written another line, would alone distinguish him for a master of powerful description. Many passages from his other novels might be cited to support this reputation: but our present business is only with the narrative before us.

He has here attempted to offer a picture of Indian character and life; and we may be justified, by a personal acquaintance with the aboriginal tribes of the North-American wilderness which falls to the lot of few Europeans, in pronouncing with confidence that it is a representation of admirable fidelity. That the author has availed himself of the narrative of John Hunter and of the notices of the missionary Heckewelder, is extremely probable; but we are convinced that the tale could never have been written, with the peculiar graphic truth which marks every page of his delineations of Indian manners, unless he had himself mingled with the red children of his country's forests. Elaborate relations of their general usages, and even imitations of their nervous and figurative language, might be copied from books: but here we have a thousand little peculiarities of habit, gesture, tone, and attitude, thrown as it were incidentally and unconsciously into the narrative, but which could not possibly have been noted except by familiar and watchful

observance from the life. We are particular in remarking the easy and perpetual recurrence of these little characteristic touches, because they serve to determine the pretensions of the work to the highest praise which can be bestowed upon it. They certify that it is all that it claims to be, — an authentic exhibition of the wildest and most fearfully romantic state of society, which the world has ever known.

The structure of the tale itself is sufficiently simple, but the narrative is frequently worked up to an intensity of horror and an agony of suspense which are really much more than interesting: the anxiety of the reader becomes engrossed, and his imagination excited, in many of the situations of the story, to a degree which is absolutely painful. Indeed it is a positive fault in the romance that the personages, for whom our sympathies are keenly awakened, encounter one unrelieved and perpetual crisis of terrific danger through three whole volumes of adventure. They are never for an instant secured from the appalling contingencies of a conflict with the Indian. Throughout the entire tale, the lair and ambush are around them and the war-whoop in their ears: the death-shot from the unerring rifle is the least of their dangers; and the tomahawk, the scalping knife, and the demoniac refinements of savage torture, appear as their hourly and impending lot. The first volume is filled with the thrilling details of an encounter with the Indians, which should seem to terminate, after a quick succession of imminent perils and as many sudden escapes, in the temporary safety of the rescued victims. These adventures are conceived with vivid invention, and the circumstances are told with amazing animation and force of description. Through this first volume we are led by the author in breathless rapid interest: our attention is never off the stretch; and yet we seek no relief, until we have seen the objects of our sympathy beyond their first series of dangers. But then it is that we encounter the prominent defect of the work. The second volume resembles the first, and the third is a repetition of the second. Without respite, without variety of interest, and almost without any change of scene, machinery, or action, we are led in an uniformity of horror through two volumes more of Indian ambushes, pursuits, battles, massacres, and scalpings.

But a brief outline of the plot of the tale will best give an idea both of its intensity of interest and of the leading defect to which we have been alluding. The ground-work of the story is a historical incident in the third year (1757) of the last French Canadian war: — the siege of the British fort of William-Henry on Lake George, by the French under the Marquis of Montcalm, the capitulation of the place, and the subsequent horrible butchery of the garrison by the Indian allies of the victors, who coolly looked on without one generous effort to throw themselves between the remorseless savages and their defenceless enemies who had confided in their faith. It is not the least melancholy and disgraceful ag-

gravation of this gloomy event, — which is known in the colonial history as The Massacre of William-Henry, — that Webb, the British commander-in-chief, lay passively at Fort Edward on the Hudson, within a few miles of the scene, with an army which might have relieved the besieged and averted their fate. But the terror inspired by the successes of the French, and the cruelties of their Indian confederates in the preceding campaigns, had paralysed the counsels of the British, and communicated its infection to the measures of their General.

Our tale opens with the arrival of the first intelligence at Webb's head-quarters of the advance of Montcalm by Lake Champlain and the danger of the fortress of William-Henry. Webb contents himself with sending a reinforcement to the garrison; and, by rather an improbable exposure of two such tender beings to the point of threatened danger, the same opportunity is chosen to conduct the lovely daughters of Colonel Munro, the commandant of William-Henry, to their father's post. These young ladies, Cora and Alice, the co-heroines of the tale, are escorted by Major Duncan Heyward, the youthful friend or ward of Munro, and of course the lover of at least one of his daughters. By a second improbability Heyward sees more danger in accompanying the march of the column of troops with his fair charges than in committing himself and them to the guidance of an Indian, who promises to lead them to William-Henry by a secret and circuitous route through the woods. This Indian, named Magua, is a principal personage in the tale. He had been a chief among his own Huron tribe in the Canadian wilds until the Whites, as he is made to declare, 'taught him to drink the fire-water, and he became a rascal.' His nation had then expelled him, — 'driven him from the graves of his father,' — and he had joined the tribes in the British interest. Preserving his fatal passion for the fire-water, he had, in a moment of intoxication, infringed some military regulation of Munro's quarters, and the Colonel had in consequence ordered him to be flogged. This imprudent severity had sunken deep and venomously into the memory of the Indian. He had been disgraced by marks on the back which 'he must hide, like a squaw, under the painted cloth of the Whites;' and he harboured the purpose of vengeance with all that enduring malignity which the Indian nature, if once thoroughly exasperated, is so capable of cherishing. He has undertaken to guide the daughters of the hated Munro, only that he may bewilder them in the forest, and deliver them over to some party of Indians in the French alliance; and his treacherous purpose is nearly consummated, when the travellers fortunately meet with three outlying scouts from the British camp, a white man and two Indians. Heyward communicates to them his suspicions of his guide, and they endeavour to seize Magua; but he contrives to elude their grasp, and escapes through the forest.

These three individuals, whom the travellers so fortunately encounter, prove conspicuous actors in the subsequent tale, and are, beyond all comparison, the most remarkable and best drawn characters in the book. One of them, the white hunter, who is introduced to us only by his *noms de guerre* of Hawk-eye and La Longue Carabine, is a specimen (of the better sort, indeed,) of a class of men still to be found in the American forests. His qualities are adroitly elicited by a hundred little characteristic niceties of opinion and action, which, though perhaps they might not be quite understood by our home-bred readers, are all struck off from the original with most admirable tact. In the strange mixture of the habits of civilised and Indian life, the corresponding confusion of moral opinions and principles, an enthusiastic respect for the finer qualities of the red people, coupled always with the superior pride of pure European blood, and the perpetual boast of being 'a man without a cross,' in all these points, he who is familiar with the population of the American forests will at once recognise Hawk-eye for the true exemplar of a whole class. He is the genuine representative of the white hunter, who has naturalised himself among the red people, preserving some of the lingering traits and humaner features of civilised man, but acquiring the stern insensibility to danger and suffering, the patient endurance of privation, the suppleness and activity of limb, and even in part the wonderful sagacity of the senses, by which the native warrior supports and guards his life, and tracks out his path in the darkness, and solitude, and bewildering mazes of his gigantic forests.

The two Indian companions of Hawk-eye are father and son, 'the Last of the Mohicans,' a once celebrated tribe of the Delaware nations. Mr. Cooper will not be accused, by those at least who know any thing of the Indian character, of having, with any undue and foolish partiality for the virtues of savage life, depicted it too favourably for truth. But as in Magua he has displayed all the worst and most revolting features of the Indian mind, so may his portraits of the two Mohicans, Chingachgook and Uncas, be received as accurately representing in their persons all that is dignified and estimable, — and the amount of this is far from small, — in the simple children of the lake and forest. The character of the younger warrior, Uncas, may, indeed, in one respect, be thought a little to overstep the probabilities of Indian feeling. Mr. Cooper has evidently had some sentimental inclination, although it is scarcely more than half developed, to inspire him with a passion for Cora, 'the dark hair,' of the Munros; and, in keeping with this under-play, he has ascribed to his temperament throughout more gentleness, even feminine gentleness, than our experience would amalgamate with the stern bearing of a young warrior who had already made himself the terror of his enemies.

From the instant that Heyward and the sisters fall in with these three friendly scouts, the plot rapidly thickens. Fearful of the re-

appearance of Magua with a force of Montcalm's Indians, who filled the vicinity, Hawk-eye hurries the travellers, for the night, to his favourite lurking place, a small island in the falls of the Hudson, with a secret cavern, encompassed by dangerous rapids. He skilfully pilots them in a canoe from the shore to this retreat of perilous access, and places their horses in the bed of the river, in security against the wolves. The howling of the ravening packs, however, and the shrieks of the horses in their agony of fear, betray the retreat of the party to a band of their pursuers. The sudden and appalling war-whoop, the attack of the island, the daring attempt of five of the assailants to reach it by swimming the rapids, the death-grapple with knives which followed their landing, and in which they fell, and, finally, the whole progress of the subsequent contest with the rifle, are all related with such an air of eager reality, that no man, after reading it, shall be at a loss to comprehend the peculiarities of Indian warfare. We shall select the last part of this scene for our only extract.

'The warning call of the scout was not uttered without occasion. During the occurrence of the deadly encounter just related, the roar of the falls was unbroken by any human sound whatever. It would seem, that interest in the result had kept the natives, on the opposite shores, in breathless suspense, while the quick evolutions and swift changes in the positions of the combatants, effectually prevented a fire, that might prove dangerous alike to friend and enemy. But the moment the struggle was decided, a yell arose, as fierce and savage as wild and revengeful passions could throw into the air. It was followed by the swift flashes of the rifles, which sent their leaden messengers across the rock in vollies, as though the assailants would pour out their impotent fury on the insensible scene of the fatal contest.

'A steady though deliberate return was made from the rifle of Chingachgook, who had maintained his post throughout the fray with unmoved resolution. When the triumphant shout of Uncas was borne to his ears, the gratified father had raised his voice in a single responsive cry, after which his busy piece alone proved that he still guarded his pass with unwearied diligence. In this manner many minutes flew by with the swiftness of thought; the rifles of the assailants speaking, at times, in rattling vollies, and at others, in occasional, scattering shots. Though the rock, the trees, and the shrubs, were cut and torn in a hundred places around the besieged, their cover was so close, and so rigidly maintained, that, as yet, David had been the only sufferer in their little band.

'"Let them burn their powder," said the deliberate scout, while bullet after bullet whizzed by the place where he so securely lay; "there will be a fine gathering of lead when it is over, and I fancy the imps will tire of the sport, afore these old stones cry out for mercy! Uncas, boy, you waste the kernels by overcharging; and a kicking rifle never carries a true bullet. I told you to take that loping miscreant under the line of white paint; now, if your bullet went a hair's breadth, it went two inches above it. The life lies low in a Mingo, and humanity teaches us to make a quick end of the sarpents."

'A quiet smile lighted the haughty features of the young Mohican, betraying his knowledge of the English language, as well as of the other's meaning, but he suffered it to pass away without vindication or reply.

'"I cannot permit you to accuse Uncas of want of judgment or of skill," said Duncan; "he saved my life in the coolest and readiest manner, and he has made a friend who never will require to be reminded of the debt he owes."

'Uncas partly raised his body, and offered his hand to the grasp of Heyward. During this act of friendship, the two young men exchanged looks of intelligence, which caused Duncan to forget the character and condition of his wild associate. In the meanwhile, Hawk-eye, who looked on this burst of youthful feeling with a cool but kind regard, made the following calm reply:

'"Life is an obligation which friends often owe to each other in the wilderness. I dare say I may have served Uncas some such turn myself before now; and I very well remember, that he has stood between me and death five different times: three times from the Mingoes, once in crossing Horican, and —"

'"That bullet was better aimed than common!" exclaimed Duncan, involuntarily shrinking from a shot which struck on the rock at his side with a smart rebound.

'Hawk-eye laid his hand on the shapeless metal, and shook his head, as he examined it, saying, "Falling lead is never flattened! had it come from the clouds this might have happened!"

'But the rifle of Uncas was deliberately raised toward the heavens, directing the eyes of his companions to a point, where the mystery was immediately explained. A ragged oak grew on the right bank of the river, nearly opposite to their position, which seeking the freedom of the open space, had inclined so far forward, that its upper branches overhung that arm of the stream which flowed nearest to its own shore. Among the topmost leaves, which scantily concealed the gnarled and stinted limbs, a dark looking savage was nestled, partly concealed by the trunk of the tree, and partly exposed, as though looking down upon them, to ascertain the effect produced by his treacherous aim.

'"These devils will scale heaven to circumvent us to our ruin," said Hawk-eye; "keep him in play, boy, until I can bring 'kill-deer' to bear, when we will try his metal on each side of the tree at once."

'Uncas delayed his fire until the scout uttered the word. The rifles flashed, the leaves and bark of the oak flew into the air, and were scattered by the wind, but the Indian answered their assault by a taunting laugh, sending down upon them another bullet in return, that struck the cap of Hawk-eye from his head. Once more the savage yells burst out of the woods, and the leaden hail whistled above the heads of the besieged, as if to confine them to a place where they might become easy victims to the enterprise of the warrior who had mounted the tree.

'"This must be looked to!" said the scout, glancing about him with an anxious eye. "Uncas, call up your father; we have need of all our weapons to bring the cunning varment from his roost."

'The signal was instantly given; and before Hawk-eye had reloaded his rifle, they were joined by Chingachgook. When his son pointed out to the experienced warrior the situation of their dangerous enemy, the usual exclamatory "hugh" burst from his lips; after which, no further

expression of surprise or alarm was suffered to escape from him. Hawk-eye and the Mohicans conversed earnestly together in Delaware for a few moments, when each quietly took his post, in order to execute the plan they had speedily devised.

'The warrior in the oak had maintained a quick, though ineffectual, fire, from the moment of his discovery. But his aim was interrupted by the vigilance of his enemies, whose rifles instantaneously bore on any part of his person that was left exposed. Still his bullets fell in the centre of the crouching party. The clothes of Heyward, which rendered him peculiarly conspicuous, were repeatedly cut, and once blood was drawn from a slight wound in his arm.

'At length, emboldened by the long and patient watchfulness of his enemies, the Huron attempted a better and more fatal aim. The quick eyes of the Mohicans caught the dark line of his lower limbs incautiously exposed through the thin foliage, a few inches from the trunk of the tree. Their rifles made a common report, when, sinking on his wounded limb, part of the body of the savage came into view. Swift as thought, Hawk-eye seized the advantage, and discharged his fatal weapon into the top of the oak. The leaves were unusually agitated; the dangerous rifle fell from its commanding elevation, and after a few moments of vain struggling, the form of the savage was seen swinging in the wind, while he grasped a ragged and naked branch of the tree with his hands clenched in desperation.

'"Give him, in pity, give him, the contents of another rifle!" cried Duncan, turning away his eyes in horror from the spectacle of a fellow-creature in such awful jeopardy.

'"Not a karnel!" exclaimed the obdurate Hawk-eye; "his death is certain, and we have no powder to spare, for Indian fights, sometimes, last for days; 'tis their scalps, or ours! — and God, who made us, has put into our natures the craving after life!"

'Against this stern and unyielding morality, supported, as it was, by such visible policy, there was no appeal. From that moment the yells in the forest once more ceased, the fire was suffered to decline, and all eyes, those of friends, as well as enemies, became fixed on the hopeless condition of the wretch, who was dangling between heaven and earth. The body yielded to the currents of air, and though no murmur or groan escaped the victim, there were instants when he grimly faced his foes, and the anguish of cold despair might be traced, through the intervening distance, in possession of his swarthy lineaments. Three several times the scout raised his piece in mercy, and as often prudence getting the better of his intention, it was again silently lowered. At length, one hand of the Huron lost its hold, and dropped exhausted to his side. A desperate and fruitless struggle to recover the branch succeeded, and then the savage was seen, for a fleeting instant, grasping wildly at the empty air. The lightning is not quicker than was the flame from the rifle of Hawk-eye; the limbs of the victim trembled and contracted, the head fell to the bosom, and the body parted the foaming waters, like lead, when the element closed above it, in its ceaseless velocity, and every vestige of the unhappy Huron was lost for ever.

'No shout of triumph succeeded this important advantage, but the Mohicans gazed at each other in silent horror. A single yell burst from the woods, and all was again still. Hawk-eye, who alone appeared

to reason on the occasion, shook his head, at his own momentary weakness, even uttering his self-disapprobation aloud.

' " 'Twas the last charge in my horn, and the last bullet in my pouch, and 'twas the act of a boy!" he said; " what mattered it whether he struck the rock living or dead! feeling would soon be over. Uncas, lad, go down to the canoe, and bring up the big horn; it is all the powder we have left, and we shall need it to the last grain, or I am ignorant of the Mingo nature." ' — Vol. i. pp. 156—165.

After this scene follows one of accumulated horror. One of their enemies has boldly swam to the island, and carried off their canoe. Thus left without ammunition, and without the last means of escape, the whole party prepare for death, until Cora persuades the reluctant scout and the two Indians to swim down the current, with the remote hope of reaching Webb's head-quarters, and bringing a party to their rescue. The attempt is made, and the three warriors drop down the stream unobserved; but Heyward and the sisters, after a period of dreadful suspense, have heard their enemies land on the island, and quit it, without discovering them in their concealment, when an accident exposes them to the view of Magua, who had lingered behind the band. The captives are dragged forth, but their lives are spared, for the Indians determine to reserve prisoners of such distinction for Montcalm. They select Magua, with six of the band, for their escort; but the implacable ruffian has no sooner separated from the main body than he attempts to glut his revenge. In his refinement of malignity, and inflamed by the beauty of Cora, he offers her the alternative of purchasing the release of the rest of the party, by herself becoming his squaw, or of enduring with them torture and death. On the rejection of his offer, he excites the ferocity of his companions by reminding them of the friends whom they had lost in the late conflict; and wrought to fury by his harangues, they have just bound their captives, in preparation for the torture, when Hawk-eye and the two Mohicans, who had, unseen, been hanging on the track of the party, burst in to the rescue. Then we have a second death-struggle, and again a third, before the travellers, led by Hawk-eye, pass through the beleaguering French posts in a fog, and gain in safety the interior of the fort of William-Henry.

After their arrival, we have a few animated chapters devoted to the narrative of the siege of the fortress, the gallant defence of Munro, and his final and inevitable necessity to capitulate. Then follows the historical fact of the evacuation of the place, the onset of the treacherous Indians, and the infamous apathy of Montcalm during the massacre of great part of the garrison. In that terrific scene of butchery, the two daughters of Munro again fall into the hands of Magua, and again the savage anticipates the malignant satisfaction of making the child of the detested ' grey head' his squaw and his slave.

The last part of the tale, and not the shortest, may be said to commence with the re-appearance of Munro, Heyward, Hawk-eye, and the two Mohicans, all of whom had escaped the massacre, among the ruins of William-Henry, which Montcalm, after its surrender, had dismantled and quitted with his army. The mourning party have returned to the scene of slaughter to seek either for the remains of Cora and Alice, or for some trace of their existence. A fragment of Cora's veil is found in the neighbouring forest; and this slight clue is sufficient to throw the acute observation of the Mohicans upon the 'trail,' or track of the captors, and to enable them to fasten upon the direction which Magua and his party had taken with their fair victims towards the frontiers of Canada. We are then led with the wretched father, the anxious lover, and their three faithful attendants, into a new and long succession of adventures; and we plunge with them into the series of Indian stratagems, hair-breadth 'scapes, and mortal encounters, through which they finally discover Cora and Alice, separated in the villages of two different tribes. Here we are introduced thoroughly into the interior of Indian life and manners. 'The Last of the Mohicans' is recognised as the hereditary chieftain of a tribe of the Delaware people, who had emigrated beyond the Canadian border; and the romance closes with a battle between them and the Huron brethren of Magua, in which the latter people are vanquished and exterminated.

The *denouement* is altogether rendered needlessly tragical. In the conflict Cora is pierced to the heart by the knife of one of Magua's people. Uncas, the younger Mohican, revenges her fate in the blood of her murderer; and he himself, at the same moment, receives a mortal stab in the back from Magua, who falls immediately afterwards in his flight by a shot from the rifle of Hawk-eye. Munro dies broken-hearted at the cruel fate of his elder child; Heyward and Alice are united; and Hawk-eye, clinging to the last to his forest-life and his Indian friendship, remains the sole stay and solace of his red brother Chingachgook, the childless father of 'the Last of the Mohicans.'

ART. III. *Historical Researches on the Wars and Sports of the Mongols and Romans:* in which Elephants and Wild Beasts were employed or slain; and the remarkable local Agreement of History with the Remains of such Animals found in Europe and Siberia. With a Map and Ten Plates. By John Ranking. 4to. pp. 516. *3l. 3s.* London. Longman and Co. 1826.

MR. RANKING, the author of the present work, is a gentleman engaged in commercial pursuits, who has been, as he carefully informs us, resident upwards of twenty years in Hindoostan and Russia, and having, as he thought, in that time had reason to doubt of the justness of the prevailing opinion concerning the remains

History of Hindoostan is, we believe, not rated very highly by those best qualified to judge.

We will freely admit that our author has, in his first two hundred and seventy pages, established the fact of the extensive dominion of the Tartar Khans; that they conquered some of the elephant countries, and possessed great numbers of those animals; and that they carried on wars in Siberia, where they probably had some elephants, according to a passage from Dow, which Mr. Ranking thinks of infinite importance for establishing the fact of their being able to exist in high latitudes. Still we think but little has been done towards accounting for the great quantity of fossil-remains in that country.

Every page we read we wish most earnestly that Mr. Ranking had taken a few lessons in the art of writing and of logic; for he is perpetually presenting us with something totally irrelevant to the object of the work, or with some instance of bad reasoning; and we flounder along through descriptions of capitals no longer existing, bloody wars for a white elephant, heroism of the Indian ladies, marches of Hannibal and Asdrubal over the Alps, wars in Britain, &c. till we are tired, and almost forget what the book is about. Occasionally, however, our sense of seeing is gratified by a picture of Tamerlane, or a plate representing Kublai in a chariot drawn by elephants, a plan of the battle of Zama, and impressions of the coins and medals of the ancient British kings, or of the Romans in Britain, for what purpose introduced it is needless to ask.

After a chapter on amphitheatres, telling when they were and when they might have been, we are told, we know not on what authority, that the passion for amphitheatrical diversions was so general, that scarcely any camp or military station was without them, and that every savage animal that could be procured in the forests of Asia and Africa was brought to be hunted. Another piece of information rather new to us is the following:

'The chariots of the Romans were drawn by elephants: they had sometimes two, and sometimes four; and frequently, when they had towers upon their backs, they at the same time drew one of those little chariots which were used for racing in the circus. These towers they generally put upon the backs of single elephants, both for warfare and travelling, as they do at this day in Persia and India. —

'The Romans were drawn by camels; and Pliny tells us that Mark Antony made use of lions. Heliogabalus did the same; and also of boars, stags, wild asses, bisontes, and oryges, a sort of animal with *one horn*, which Ptolemy, according to Athenæus, drew his carriage with. *

We certainly had no conception of such magnificence in the private life of the Romans.

Gratian, we are told from Gibbon, enclosed large parks in Gaul (one was at Paris), all of them plentifully stocked with wild beasts,

'* Montfaucon, vol. iv. p. 125.'

where he hunted and slew them. After this period, these expensive amusements were probably discontinued as the Goths invaded the empire. And now what becomes of M. Cuvier's boasted discoveries in the Paris basin, and his classification? for the Romans slaughtered hippopotamuses, rhinoceroses, elephants, *turtles*, zebras, *little dragons*, (probably, thinks our author, the plesiosaurus,) hyænas, &c. &c.

'Besides this list of animals, named by the Romans as having been exhibited, remains of others not noticed, as far as these researches go, have been found, — the beaver, tapir, and mastodon (probably by the Romans called elephant); and they are known to have exhibited some animals, the bones of which have not been detected, as far as the writer's knowledge extends, — the camelopard, zebra, ostrich, — nor has there ever occurred in this research a single instance of the mention of camels' bones being found, of which there must be vast numbers in Siberia, and some in Europe: this is a very remarkable fact, and may account for many bones, which have puzzled those who found them, or have been supposed to belong to other large quadrupeds.' — pp. 334, 335.

That is, we are sure, a real poser for M. Cuvier, who has, in all probability, been palming camels and camelopard bones upon us for anoplotheria and palæotheria.

We were at first inclined to suppose that the works of Baron Cuvier were unknown to our author, but we soon discovered our mistake; for chapter the twelfth is devoted to accounting on the amphitheatrical hypothesis for the instances of fossil-remains adduced by that eminent naturalist. Thus; If, says Cuvier, ever there was a fossil-elephant, which might be considered as one of Hannibal's, it is that found two miles from the Trebia, and nine above Plaisance; but as if to contradict these conjectures, the head of a rhinoceros was found near it. Ah, but says Mr. Ranking, there was an amphitheatre at Placentia, and that the largest in Italy. The nine miles, we see, go for nothing. The inmates of the Exeter Change are not, we apprehend, sent as far as Richmond for inhumation.

At Bologna elephants' remains. True, but Bologna was a colony, and a municipium, and therefore had *probably* an amphitheatre.

In Tuscany hippopotamus' and rhinoceros' bone, mixed. Florence was built by Sylla, and *must* have had an amphitheatre; so also must Pisa.

All the fossil-bones in Italy, Spain, and France, are accounted for by wars and amphitheatres; but the German examples are a little harder to manage. We shall give one instance of the mode of treating these cases.

'At Osterode, a skeleton, with two bones of a rhinoceros. Near Steigerthal, (Hohenstein), four grinders (also an under jaw of a hyæna, and, at the distance of a league, some bones of a rhinoceros). Between Halle (in Saxony) and Querfurt, many elephants' bones, some of which were found in a quarry of hard stone, apparently in a cleft ("fente"). At Cassel, and several places in Hesse, elephants' bones: at Soders-

hausen, elephants' bones much calcined. At Potsdam, elephants' bones: near Magdeburg, elephants' bones.

'In Bohemia, some elephants' bones in several places.

'*Note.* — Marcus Aurelius waged war in person for about three years together against many nations who had confederated. The Emperor in person, and the principal officers, marched at the head of the troops: this war was very obstinate, and many of the nobility were killed.' — p. 346.

No Roman army, it would seem, ever marched without its *corps dramatique* of elephants, hippopotami, hyænas, and other performers of the same nature, just as the French troops under the great Saxe always had a corps of comedians attached. As to historians saying nothing about this military regulation, it gives our theorist very little concern; the matter was so common, that no one would ever have dreamt of recording it.

Some years ago we were all very much interested by Professor Buckland's account of the immense quantity of fossil-remains found in a cavern at Kirkdale, and we acquiesced very willingly in the idea of our island having been in former ages the abode of hyænas, elephants, tigers, and other animals no longer to be found in it. But there was no necessity for believing any such thing. Kirkdale is but *twenty-three* miles from York, 'which was the Roman capital of Britain for above three hundred years, and the head-quarters of the Roman empire for above three years.' And 'in Spartian's life of Severus we read, that when he was in Egypt he was much pleased with his voyage, because of the singular strangeness of the animals and places which he saw. Therefore, nothing is more probable than that he possessed hippopotami, rhinoceroses, crocodiles, and hyænas, all of which are natives of Egypt, and have been found at Kirkdale and Whitby in a fossil-state.'

What a glorious appearance Severus must have made with his *cortège* of wild beasts, and what splendid shows Eboracum must have enjoyed in those days, before which the York races and festival shrink into insignificance. At all events, Professor Buckland's fine theory is completely overturned.

At Walton, five miles from Harwich, bones of the elephant, stag, &c. have been found. — Harwich is the port leading to the Roman colony of Camelodunum, where Claudius encamped with three legions, replies Mr. Ranking. Our readers will learn with surprise, a few lines farther, that this visit of Claudius, which is supposed to have contributed so much to the introduction of the hyæna and elephant bones into Britain, lasted but *sixteen* days, and that it is not probable that there were exhibitions during that short period. Yet we are frequently referred to this expedition of Claudius, who together with Severus, that was so fond of strange wild beasts, and Julius Cæsar, who, Polyænus tells us, though the celebrated commentator says nothing of it himself, employed an elephant against the Britons, are represented as the chief suppliers of the country with fossil-remains.

In Dublin, in 1681, an elephant was accidentally burnt to death. Any remains, therefore, found in Ireland need give us no great concern. At Magherry, near Belturbet, in the county of Cavan, four fossil-grinders of an elephant were found. 'It is not improbable,' says our author, 'that these teeth may have belonged to an *exhibited* elephant, nor is it impossible that they should be of Roman origin. Ptolemy has given a better map of Ireland than of Scotland; and the Romans had garrisons and settlements on the coast of Britain opposite to Ireland for upwards of three hundred years.' We may therefore infer, that the Politos and Howes of those days, who were attached to the Roman legions, used occasionally to make trips over to the polished region opposite, and exhibit these strange beasts to the nobility and gentry, who crowded to its rich and flourishing cities and towns!

The fossil-remains in Scotland are satisfactorily accounted for by the remark, that Forfarshire was the scene of Agricola's fame; that the forts of Agricola and the rampart of Antoninus were on the very road on which some of these remains were found; that as they were garrisoned for a number of years, it is fair to presume they were supplied, like other Roman stations, with the usual amusements; and that the mention of such trivial circumstances as wild beasts accompanying the camps and armies was beneath the dignity of such historians as have been preserved to the present day. It is not at all improbable, it is added, that some animals may have been *exhibited* in Caledonia, for the entertainment, we suppose, of the Attacotti, those epicures, who, our author informs us from St. Jerom, were so fond of rump-steaks cut from the shepherdesses' buttocks.

Our readers are, we suppose, now perfectly well able to account for all the bones found in Europe: they belonged to animals that were either slain in the amphitheatres, one of which was, though historians say nothing of it, attached to every Roman camp, or they were killed or died in wars, or they were exhibited for the profit of their owners, to the natives of Ireland, Scotland, Germany, and other such polished regions. The immense quantities found in Russia and Siberia are accounted for much in the same way, with the aid, however, of the morse, which we find has been imposed upon Pallas and Cuvier for an elephant. We shall just give one instance.

'The greatest quantity is found on the islands between the mouths of the Lena and Indigerska. The nearest island is thirty-six leagues in length. The whole island (it has often been repeated) is formed of mammoths' bones, with horns and skulls of buffaloes, or some animal which resembles them, and some rhinoceroses' horns. Another island, five leagues farther, and twelve leagues long, furnishes the same bones and teeth. — Cuvier, 151. According to Pallas, there is scarcely a river, from the Don to the Tschutskoi Nos, in the banks of which the bones are not abundant. And the two islands at the mouth of the Indigerska seem entirely composed of these bones, and those of the elk, rhinoceros, and other large quadrupeds. — Rees's Addenda. "Mammoth."

'*Note.* — These are the paragraphs and allusions which have filled the world with astonishment; and history, geology, and natural history, with marvellous perplexity and conjecture. Instead of elephants, rhinoceroses, elks, and buffaloes of foreign regions having furnished these heaps of bones, it will be seen that they are remains of native animals of the places where they are found. The elephants and rhinoceroses, which have been found in Siberia, have caused the confusion. Here mammoths are walruses: to prove which, the reader is referred to Strahlenberg, p. 402.; Muschkin Puschkin in Père Avril's Travels, p. 176.; and to this vol. chap. xvi.' — pp. 244, 245.

As to the mammoth found at the mouth of the Lena, Mr. Ranking would appear to consider him as having belonged to one of the Tartar conquerors: the quantity of hair on him is naturally accounted for by the change of climate and change of diet; for 'the green winter-food of a northern climate must be extremely warm and stimulating.'

Mr. Ranking can swallow any thing, no matter how incredible. The following extract, says he, is from the Baron Cuvier's great work, and it is more interesting and diverting from these *mammoths* having been seen alive on the plains in the year 1571. He then gives a long extract, of which the following paragraphs only are to our purpose.

'Un autre écrivain cité par celui là, s'exprime ainsi, "Le tyn-schu ne se tient que dans des endroits obscurs et non-frequentés. Il meurt si tot qu'il voit les rayons du soleil ou de la lune: ses pieds sont courts à proportion de sa taille, ce qui fait qu'il marche mal. Sa queue est longue d'une aune Chinoise. Ses yeux sont petits et son cou courbe. Il est fort stupide et paresseux.

'"Lors d'une *inondation* aux environs du fleuve Tan-schuann-tuy (en l'année 1571), *il se montra beaucoup de tyn-schu dans la plaine*, ils se nourissoient des racines de la plante fu-kia."' — p. 466.

Surely no one but Mr. Ranking would have believed this wild Chinese tale of a mole as big as an elephant; and is it possible he could have thought that Cuvier credited it?

Among the rest of the new and important information to be derived from the present work is, that our great epic poet, when drawing his character of Satan, did not, as is generally supposed, turn his eye to the extraordinary man of his own day, or to the Prometheus of Æschylus; for his model, we now find, was the redoubted Timur. 'It appears highly probable, that Milton has taken Timur in some instances as his prototype for Satan. The allusions to Timur and Cyrus, in the Paradise Lost, are numerous.' Nothing is more easy than to point out imitations and plagiarisms, for, unfortunately, we all relate the same or similar things in pretty nearly the same way; but we fancy Milton could have written the following fine lines without having read an account of Timur's reviewing his troops, in which account we can perceive nothing very uncommon or different from other reviews:

" Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
With orient colours waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array,
Of depth immeasurable. * * * *
Advanced in view, they stand a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, * *
Awaiting what commands their mighty chief
Had to impose. He through the armed files
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion, views their order due,
Their visages and stature. * * * *
* * * * * And now his heart
Distends with pride." Book 1.

When his youngest son, Mehemet, asked the honour of commanding the scouts, Timur approved his zeal, but reminded him that he had need of great presence of mind, &c. in an employ on which the safety of the whole army depended. Hence Milton;

—— " Here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage, for on whom we send,
The weight of all and our last hope relies." Book 2.

This, we apprehend, is quite enough. Milton, who knew all history, was certainly not unacquainted with that of Timur. But what resemblance is there between Timur and Satan?

We will now dismiss Mr. Ranking, with expressing our wish that he had never written; for his book is, we conceive, perfectly useless, and the theory of Cuvier, against which it is evidently directed, is as little affected by it as a bold and gigantic promontory is by the dash of a single wave. No wars, no sports, not all that ever were, will account for the single instance of the cave at Kirkdale; and the histories of the Monguls, and of the Romans in Britain, we know as well from other and better books.

Art. IV. *The Forest Sanctuary;* and other Poems. By Mrs. Hemans. 8vo. pp. 205. 7*s.* 6*d.* London. Murray. 1826.

The scene of 'The Forest Sanctuary' is laid amid the wilds of North America, not many years after that continent was discovered. An article written some time since in the Quarterly Review on Mr. Quin's "Visit to Spain," and generally attributed to the Rev. Blanco White, seems to have suggested to Mrs. Hemans whatever of incident or story there is in her production. In that paper, Mr. White, who, since his arrival in England, has distinguished himself by making one half of his life a satire on the other, and the whole of it, so far as it has hitherto gone, a satire on his country, enters

into an ingenious discourse upon the Spanish Inquisition, and mentions the fate of Gonzalez and his sisters. This short episode Mrs. Hemans has endeavoured to extend into a poem, and it is with great regret we are bound to say that she has fallen very far short of that success which we would have wished her to attain.

She has been unfortunate in the selection of her subject, and, if possible, still more unlucky in the choice of her scene. Her hero, a Spaniard, is supposed to have fled from his country in the sixteenth century, in order to avoid the terror of the Inquisition, to which he had indiscreetly exposed himself. He escapes from a dungeon with his wife and child, on board of a vessel bound for South America. His wife dies on the voyage, and he and his son after wandering some time amongst the Andes, where he again trembles at 'the tyranny of Spain,' proceed to North America, and find a refuge in the woods which Mrs. Hemans rather affectedly names 'The Forest Sanctuary.' It would be presumptuous to deny that such a groundwork as this, destitute as it apparently is of the sources of those high and contending emotions in which poetry delights, might not be filled up by the hand of genius with combinations of the most engaging description. But it is invidious to conjecture what might have been done by other writers. It is sufficient for us at present to know, that Mrs. Hemans found her theme almost wholly devoid of interest, and that by her mode of treating it she has rather weakened than improved the little which it did possess.

The scene too,—America,—has by no means assisted her poetical inspirations. We scarcely know why it is, but the New World seems, as yet, to have been fatal to most of our writers who have made it the theme of their minstrelsy. It is not, perhaps, that they are altogether ignorant of the localities, for the author of that hapless tale of Paraguay cannot be supposed unacquainted with a country into which he has more than once adventured, both as a historian and a fabulist. Masses of wood, gigantic mountains, rivers, and lakes, are not, however, of themselves sufficient to call forth the diviner mind of poetry. They are indeed among the favourite haunts of the muse, but it would seem that in order to attract her peculiar favour, they must have been time out of mind crowned with temples sacred to her name, and peopled with her worshippers. The banks of the Avon are "beautiful in song," not because nature has been propitious to them, but because they are associated with the name of Shakspeare. The traveller is wrapt in enthusiasm among the hills, and streams, and promontories of Greece, not so much on account of their appearance as pieces of exquisite scenery, but because they remind him of the poets, the sages, and the heroes, who have by their verse, eloquence, and bravery, rendered the leading features of their country so many monuments of their glory. America is not old enough as yet, she has no mysteries, no associations for attractive fiction. Man and his works, his sufferings, and his

happiness, can alone bestow on rude or cultivated nature that magnetic power which will always command the sympathies of his kind.

Mrs. Hemans must have felt throughout her work the want of that charm, for we know of none of her productions that bear so many tokens of the lamp as 'The Forest Sanctuary.' The stanzas are in the Spenserian measure, but how unlike the flowing melody of those upon whose model they are founded! We shall give but a few examples, and these shall be by no means the least favourable specimens of the whole. The poem thus opens:

'The voices of my home! — I hear them still!
They have been with me through the dreamy night —
The blessed household voices, wont to fill
My heart's clear depths with unalloy'd delight!
I hear them still unchang'd: — though some from earth
Are music parted, and the tones of mirth —
Wild, silvery tones, that rang through days more bright!
Have died in others, — yet to me they come,
Singing of boyhood back — the voices of my home!

'They call me through this hush of woods, reposing
In the grey stillness of the summer morn,
They wander by, when heavy flowers are closing,
And thoughts grow deep, and winds and stars are born;
Ev'n as a fount's remember'd gushings burst
On the parch'd traveller in his hour of thirst,
E'en thus they haunt me with sweet sounds, till worn
By quenchless longings, to my soul I say —
Oh! for the dove's swift wings, that I might flee away,

'And find mine ark! — yet whither? — I must bear
A yearning heart within me to the grave.
I am of those o'er whom a breath of air —
Just darkening in its course the lake's bright wave,
And sighing through the feathery canes — hath power
To call up shadows, in the silent hour,
From the dim past, as from a wizard's cave! —
So must it be! — These skies above me spread,
Are they my own soft skies? — Ye rest not here, my dead!

'Ye far amidst the southern flowers lie sleeping,
Your graves all smiling in the sunshine clear,
Save one! — a blue, lone, distant main is sweeping
High o'er *one* gentle head — ye rest not here! —
'Tis not the olive, with a whisper swaying,
Not thy low riplings, glassy water, playing
Through my own chesnut groves, which fill mine ear;
But the faint echoes in my breast that dwell,
And for their birth-place moan, as moans the ocean-shell.'

pp. 3—5.

Mrs. Hemans has avowed her obligations for the beautiful thought in the last couplet to Mr. Wordsworth's exquisite descrip-

tion in his Excursion of a boy on the beach listening to the mystic murmur of a sea-shell:

> ——" his very soul
> Listen'd intently, and his countenance soon
> Brighten'd with joy; for murmurings from within
> Were heard —sonorous cadences! whereby,
> To his belief, the monitor express'd
> Mysterious union with its native sea.
> — Even such a shell the universe itself
> Is to the ear of Faith."

It will be perceived, that Mrs. Hemans makes a different use of the image from Mr. Wordsworth, yet it is in itself perhaps equally felicitous. The lines from the Excursion would furnish an admirable subject for the pencil.

After these reflections, the hero (he has no name) enters into a narrative of the tragic scene which was enacted by the Inquisition, and as his child is too young to be interested in such a story, he repeats it to the 'ear of the desert,' which could hardly fail of being a patient listener. The whole of this narrative, which embraces the greater portion of the poem, is exceedingly elaborate and unimpressive. We have no desire to characterise the verse of Mrs. Hemans generally. But we cannot refrain from observing that her style of composition, in this work at least, is cold, disconnected, harsh, and arid. It wears the form of poetry; the syllables are duly measured; the words placed generally in proper order, and there is no want of precision. But the lines, taken together, have no power to animate the reader. Here and there an expression sparkles, and promises a higher strain, but promises only to delude. The rhymes are too often forced, so much so, that ideas which have no sort of natural link between them are brought into companionship, solely for the sake of filling out the stanza. There is none of that flush of inspiration upon her page, none of that unction of impetuous eloquence, which indicates the presence of the muse. What is there but the rhyme, and that too of no very peculiar merit, to distinguish the following stanza from very humble prose?

> 'But a lance met me in that day's career,
> Senseless I lay amidst th' o'ersweeping fight,
> Wakening at last — how full, how strangely clear,
> That scene on memory flash'd! — the shivery light,
> Moonlight, on broken shields — *the plain of slaughter,*
> The fountain-side — *the low sweet sound of water* —
> And Alva bending o'er me — from the night
> Covering me with his mantle! — all the past
> *Flow'd back — my soul's far chords all answer'd to the blast.*' p. 17.

It may be presumed that if we had not the word 'past,' in the penultimate line, we should not have heard a syllable of the 'soul's far chords all answering to the blast,' the meaning of which, we must

own, we have found it impossible to comprehend. The following is in better style, though inconsistent with the character of the hero, who is supposed to look with as much abomination as the Rev. Blanco White himself on the established religion of Spain:

'Sounds of triumphant praise! — the mass was sung —
— Voices that die not might have pour'd such strains!
Thro' Salem's towers might that proud chant have rung,
When the Most High, on Syria's palmy plains,
Had quell'd her foes! — so full it swept, a sea
Of loud waves jubilant, and rolling free!
— Oft when the wind, as thro' resounding fanes,
Hath fill'd the choral forests with its power,
Some deep tone brings me back the music of that hour.' p. 27.

This solemnity, too, formed part of that bloody ceremony which the hero witnessed with so much horror, and from which he afterwards fled, as indeed well he might have fled from such an unholy exhibition, like one half distracted. The stanza which we have just cited is the only one out of at least fifty which are occupied with the *auto-da-fé*, worthy of favourable notice. Mrs. Hemans has here indulged herself after the example of Mr. Southey, with pouring forth a great deal of those meditative effusions on sacred subjects, which, to say the least of them, are very much out of place in compositions of this description. True piety, whatever be its source, is always best seen or heard of in action, or in the influence by which it subdues the passions, and directs the natural benevolence of the heart. We have no taste for the commixture of sacred writ with that sort of poetry which is or ought to be intended for the amusement of cultivated minds. But we return with our hero to a more agreeable theme.

'I sought my home again: — and thou, my child,
There at thy play beneath yon ancient pine,
With eyes, whose lightning laughter hath beguil'd
A thousand pangs, thence flashing joy to mine;
Thou in thy mother's arms, a babe, didst meet
My coming with young smiles, which yet, though sweet,
Seem'd on my soul all mournfully to shine,
And ask a happier heritage for thee,
Than but in turn the blight of human hope to see.

'Now sport, for thou art free — the bright birds chasing,
Whose wings waft star-like gleams from tree to tree;
Or with the fawn, thy swift wood-playmate racing,
Sport on, my joyous child! for thou art free!
Yes, on that day I took thee to my heart,
And inly vow'd, for thee a better part
To choose; that so thy sunny bursts of glee
Should wake no more dim thoughts of far-seen woe,
But, gladdening fearless eyes, flow on — as now they flow.

'Thou hast a rich world round thee: — Mighty shades
Weaving their gorgeous tracery o'er thy head,
With the light melting through their high arcades,
As through a pillar'd cloister's: but the dead
Sleep not beneath; nor doth the sunbeam pass
To marble shrines through rainbow-tinted glass;
Yet thou, by fount and forest-murmur led
To worship, thou art blest! — to thee is shown
Earth in her holy pomp, deck'd for her God alone.' pp. 48, 49.

At home he remained but a little time, when he incurred the suspicions of the Inquisition, and was conveyed to a dungeon. We shall close our extracts from this poem with the description of the fugitive's feelings immediately after he effected his escape from imprisonment. It is without comparison the most powerful, we had almost said the only powerful, passage of the whole composition. We quote it cheerfully; and it would have afforded us gratification if we could have discovered any other lines in the 'second part' of this production worthy of a similar distinction.

'—— I had gain'd
The covert's heart with swift and stealthy tread:
A moan went past me, and the dark trees rain'd
Their autumn foliage rustling on my head;
A moan — a hollow gust — and there I stood
Girt with majestic night, and ancient wood,
And foaming water. — Thither might have fled
The mountain Christian with his faith of yore,
When Afric's tambour shook the ringing western shore!

'But through the black ravine the storm came swelling —
Mighty thou art amidst the hills, thou blast!
In thy lone course the kingly cedars felling,
Like plumes upon the path of battle cast!
A rent oak thunder'd down beside my cave —
Booming it rush'd, as booms a deep sea-wave;
A falcon soar'd; a startled wild-deer pass'd;
A far-off bell toll'd faintly through the roar —
How my glad spirit swept forth with the winds once more!

'And with the arrowy lightnings! — for they flash'd,
Smiting the branches in their fitful play,
And brightly shivering where the torrents dash'd
Up, even to crag and eagle's nest, their spray!
And there to stand amidst the pealing strife,
The strong pines groaning with tempestuous life,
And all the mountain-voices on their way, —
Was it not joy? — 'twas joy in rushing might,
After those years that wove but one long dead of night!

'There came a softer hour, a lovelier moon,
And lit me to my home of youth again,
Through the dim chesnut shade, where oft at noon,
By the fount's flashing burst, my head had lain,

In gentle sleep: but now I pass'd as one
That may not pause where wood-streams whispering run,
Or light sprays tremble to a bird's wild strain,
Because the avenger's voice is in the wind,
The foe's quick rustling step close on the leaves behind.

'My home of youth! — oh! if indeed to part
With the soul's lov'd ones be a mournful thing,
When we go forth in buoyancy of heart,
And bearing all the glories of our spring
For life to breathe on, — is it less to meet,
When these are faded? — who shall call it sweet?
— Even though love's mingling tears may haply bring
Balm as they fall, too well their heavy showers
Teach us how much is lost of all that once was ours!

'Not by the sunshine, with its golden glow,
Nor the green earth, nor yet the laughing sky,
Nor the faint flower-scents, as they come and go
In the soft air, like music wandering by;
— Oh! not by these, th' unfailing, are we taught
How time and sorrow on our frames have wrought,
But by the sadden'd eye, the darken'd brow,
Of kindred aspects, and the long dim gaze,
Which tells us *we* are chang'd, — how chang'd from other days!

'Before my father — in my place of birth,
I stood an alien. On the very floor
Which oft had trembled to my boyish mirth,
The love that rear'd me, knew my face no more!
There hung the antique armour, helm and crest,
Whose every stain woke childhood in my breast,
There droop'd the banner, with the marks it bore
Of Paynim spears; and I, the worn in frame
And heart, what there was I? — another and the same!

'Then bounded in a boy, with clear dark eye —
— How should *he* know his father? — when we parted,
From the soft cloud which mantles infancy,
His soul, just wakening into wonder, darted
Its first looks round. Him follow'd one, the bride
Of my young days, the wife how lov'd and tried!
Her glance met mine — I could not speak — she started
With a bewilder'd gaze; — until there came
Tears to my burning eyes, and from my lips her name.

'She knew me then! — I murmur'd "*Leonor!*"
And her heart answer'd! — Oh! the voice is known
First from all else, and swiftest to restore
Love's buried images with one low tone,
That strikes like lightning, when the cheek is faded,
And the brow heavily with thought o'ershaded,
And all the brightness from the aspect gone!
— Upon my breast she sunk, when doubt was fled,
Weeping as those may weep, that meet in woe and dread.

'For there we might not rest.' Alas! to leave
Those native towers, and know that they must fall
By slow decay, and none remain to grieve
When the weeds cluster'd on the lonely wall!
We were the last — my boy and I — the last
Of a long line which brightly thence had pass'd!
My father bless'd me as I left his hall —
—With his deep tones and sweet, tho' full of years,
He bless'd me there, and bath'd my child's young head with tears.'
pp. 60—65.

We have already told the rest. Leonora perished on the voyage, and the father and child found, after various wanderings, a 'sanctuary in the forest.' Of the minor compositions at the end of the volume, we are disposed to think very favourably. In truth, Mrs. Hemans is likely to be more successful in a short poem, for which a single hint and a few happy thoughts are sufficient, than in a longer work, which requires a prolific invention, and an ardent, adventurous, lofty imagination.

ART. V. *History of the Commonwealth of England*, from its Commencement to the Restoration of Charles the Second. By William Godwin. Vol. II. 8vo. pp. 696. London. Colburn. 1826.

IT is about two years since the first volume of Mr. Godwin's History of the Commonwealth of England was reviewed in the pages of this Journal*; and in now taking up the continuation of his labours, after so considerable an interval of time, we have been careful to subject them anew, in this second volume, to a distinct and dispassionate judgment. But after diligently examining the progress of the work, we can only confirm and extend the strictures passed by our predecessors upon the earlier portion. A recurrence to their opinion has left us something to add, but nothing to reverse or to modify; and we find Mr. Godwin's second volume compiled with exactly the same overweening pretensions, and the same mistaken estimate of the value and novelty of his undertaking, which were justly remarked in the first. That he still fancifully and pertinaciously imagines it reserved for himself to rescue the history of the Commonwealth and the character of its leaders from oblivion and calumny is evident in various ways. Such are the repeated boasts of his motto,—"to attend to the neglected, and to remember the forgotten,"—his contemptuous and sweeping depreciation of historians as a body,—and his total omission to notice with applause the productions of writers who have anticipated him on his own side of the political question, with the benefit of precisely the same materials to work upon, and with at least an equal measure of

* See Vol. civ. p. 242. of the former Series of the Monthly Review.

ability, industry, and zeal. Among these need be instanced only Mrs. Macauley in the last century, and Mr. Brodie in our own times: — to say nothing of the masterly and philosophical though rapid view of the great features and principles of the contest between Charles I. and the Parliament, which was prefixed by Mr. Fox to his life of James II.

In the first portion of his work, Mr. Godwin was pleased to proclaim to the world his indifferent opinion of 'the careless and imitative set of men that we call historians.' Therein he proceeded no farther than to exhibit his complacent conviction of his own superiority over all that despised and vituperated race. But his second volume has, it seems, a higher object than this: it is replete with profound and original remarks upon the province and true business of history itself, which are evidently intended for the improvement of so neglected a science, and the edification and correction of its unworthy professors. Thus, we are for the first time instructed, that (p. 7.) 'the historian treats of facts, not fictions;' that (p. 78.) 'it is the duty of the historian to glean up incidental points of information;' that (p. 431.) 'it is the province of history to distribute justice with discernment;' and, lastly, we are indebted to him for a hint for which his own work may sufficiently afford some practical exercise, that (p. 529.) 'it is not unworthy of notice to remark the style in which history is written by party men.' From these and similar new and important discoveries some individual of more leisure than we possess may extract from Mr. Godwin's pages a whole code of maxims and precepts for the better writing of history in future: but lest, after all, the gleaner should be disposed to estimate too highly the value of the instruction which he may thus collect from the perfection of the science, let him learn from this great authority how vain and impotent are its best conclusions:

'It is thus that history is obliged to grope its way, in treating of the most considerable events. We put together seemings, and draw our inferences as well as we may. Contemporaries who employ themselves in preserving facts are sure to omit some of the most material, upon the presumption of their notoriety, and that they are what every body knows. History in some of its most essential members dies, even as generations of men pass off the stage, and the men who were occupied in the busy scene become victims of mortality. If we could call up Cromwel from the dead, nay, if we could call up some one of the comparatively insignificant actors in the time of which we are treating, and were allowed the opportunity of proposing to him the proper questions, how many doubts would be cleared up, how many perplexing matters would be unravelled, and what a multitude of interesting anecdotes would be revealed to the eyes of posterity! But History comes like a beggarly gleaner in the field, after Death, the great lord of the domain, has gathered the crop with his mighty hand, and lodged it in his garner, which no man can open.'— pp. 29, 30.

This is sad common-place trifling, and quite unworthy of a veteran writer like Mr. Godwin of much acknowledged ability and matured acquirements. But this idle and pompous repetition of truisms is not the only peculiarity of his manner. He has formally recorded his universal contempt of the spirit in which history has usually been composed; but his own elevated conceptions of the dignity of the historical style he has left us to infer only from the example of his pages. The conclusion might safely be rested on a single such passage as the following notable illustration of the art of sinking:

'From the scene of these momentous changes, and these heroic proceedings, it is not unnatural to look back to John Lilburne. While all this was doing, he sat in his corner, and could think of nothing but the impropriety of answering interrogatories. Such is the true picture of a vulgar patriot — narrow of comprehension, impassioned, stiff in opinion — seeing nothing but what he can discern through one small window, and sitting at a distance from that — so that the entire field of his observation, his universe, in the wide landscape of the world, and the immense city of mankind, with all its lanes, its alleys, its streets, and its squares, is *twelve inches by twelve*.' — pp. 43, 44.

But the bathos is yet more conspicuous in the elaborated absurdity of passages like this:

'There have been men, who could see every thing, and from whom no secret of the human heart has been hid, to whom the faculty of exciting sympathy has been denied, who could not emit a spark from their own bosoms, that should light up a kindred fire in the breasts of others, who could not utter a sound which should instantly string the nerves, and brace the arm of every one whose assistance they desired. Such persons live, as it were, in a field of dead men's bones: the light of heaven is upon every object around them: nothing escapes their observation: — but all this is to no purpose: they do not possess the transcendant power of saying to those dry bones, Live.' — p. 408.

In truth it would be difficult to say whether Mr. Godwin's style is most remarkable for the absurd and overstrained application, or for the confusion and vulgarity of his metaphors. Thus, for examples of mixed metaphor: (p. 75.) 'the elected are the heart, the electors the body politic, and the circulation between the one and the other should *be free as air*.' Again, (p. 638.) Hollis and others are introduced, 'resolving to embark their character *in this bottom*, and to set up a *standard*, &c. to which all might resort.' And in another place we are affectedly told, that 'Cromwel used in the erection of his edifice whatever natural appeared most promising; but the plan, or *ichnography*, by which he proceeded, the constitution of a commonwealth, appears to have been always the same.' Among vulgar and colloquial images, we hear (p. 140.) 'of splitting hairs;' of the real objects of certain patriots being (p. 502.) 'the loaves and fishes;' and of fearing to mount from the im-

pulse of feeling, lest (p. 221.) we should 'break our necks by the fall.'

Mr. Godwin's use of simple expressions is often as inaccurate as his complex images are faulty. Thus we have *to fight* perpetually employed in a transitive sense, as 'to fight one party against another.' (pp. 81. 226. 316, &c.) Again we hear (p. 80.) of bringing a *just* army into the field; meaning, we presume, a sufficient army; and of the Scotch obeying a summons '*promptly*, though somewhat of the *latest*.' Nor has Mr. Godwin's language always even the poor merit of being grammatical. Thus of Cromwell (p. 520.): 'He left the metropolis entrusted with an important command; but if he were not successful in his enterprise, he would probably never have seen [never see] London more, unless as a state-prisoner.' Sometimes we really are at a loss to comprehend the meaning of passages: as when, (p. 272.) in recording some vote hostile to Cromwel and the Independents, Mr. Godwin finds it a 'somewhat singular coincidence (why?) that just at this period Ireton married the eldest daughter of Cromwel;' or when he comments (p. 201.) in the following sublimated nonsense, on the submission of Cromwel to Ireton's patriotic influence: 'This stooping of a mind of the highest class to another which, in magnitude of spirit, could scarcely be said to equal his own, and which yet is worthily submitted to, is one of the most beautiful spectacles that this globe of earth has to offer.'

Nor are all these the only weak points in Mr. Godwin's manner of composition. This second volume bears marks of more hasty and slovenly execution than should have been betrayed in a work of so much gravity and such pompous pretensions. At least the narrative is full of needless repetitions, for the existence of which we can no otherwise account than by the suspicion that the work has undergone no revision. Thus, in the character of Ireton, it is three times repeated to us in three successive pages (200, 201, 202.) that 'Ireton was a man of the sternest integrity.' 'Ireton was a man of inflexible integrity.' 'Ireton was a man of stern integrity.' In the same manner we find reiterated the well-known and hacknied quotation from Shakspeare,

> "There's a divinity doth hedge a king,
> And treason can but peep to what it would;"

—a quotation of which Mr. Godwin is marvellously fond, considering that he cannot be suspected of sharing in the toryism of the sentiment. So also, in the first half of the volume, we have the narrative three several times interrupted (pp. 48. 149. 174.) to listen to repetitions of the characters and views of the two rival parties, (Presbyterians and Independents,) where a single well digested, clear, and concise notice of their opposition in principles and objects might once for all have sufficed to familiarise the reader with the motives of their struggle. Nay, so curious would appear to

have been Mr. Godwin's repugnance to the revision of his narrative, that, upon one occasion (p. 219.), we have first a statement by the author himself in the text, and then a note in contradiction of it, beginning 'This is not the exactly correct statement:' as if the alteration of the original passage were not the obvious remedy for its errors. It is probably to such needless repetitions that we are to attribute the unwieldy bulk of this second part, — an octavo volume of seven hundred pages: for even here the literary tact and judgment of an experienced writer must have deserted him, before he ventured to concoct a volume of such cumbrous form and appalling dimensions, to fatigue the languid attention and offend the fastidious taste of the degenerate students of these latter times.

The numerous blemishes to which we have here pointed, — and this volume is disfigured by many more, — would alone be fatal to the credit of a younger and less practised author; and they are certainly not calculated to augment the literary reputation of the well-known writer before us. If Mr. Godwin were disposed to apply the austerity of his political maxims to the formation of his style, he might be free to reject all extraneous ornament for a severe simplicity both of thought and expression. He might disdain to model the narrative of his republican theme after the polished periods and various graces of a Hume, a Robertson, or a Gibbon. But if he discarded the refinements of elegant composition, he was at least bound to exhibit correctness and purity of diction. His style is neither brilliant nor elegant: but still less is it distinguished either by dignity, terseness, or simplicity. When he would be forcible, it is often merely vulgar; when he would rise to the elevation of sentiment, it is always vitiated by incongruous images, laboured, obscure, and bombastic. But enough of criticism upon the singularities and inaccuracies of Mr. Godwin's composition: much as such faults of manner and language must necessarily detract from the value and charm of any work, we should have been less disposed to lay particular stress upon them here, if Mr. Godwin had been more cautious in his self-complacency, and more indulgent in his estimate of former labourers. But he has offered a challenge of superiority in his vocation, and he cannot complain if this pretension be encountered by a rigid enquiry into the real value of his own qualifications.

We pass, however, from considering the literary merits of Mr. Godwin's second volume to the more interesting task of giving some statement of its historical contents. The first volume closed with an account of the military transactions which immediately followed the battle of Naseby: this second portion is occupied with the momentous history of the next three years, from the ruin of the royal cause in that fatal field, to the trial and execution of the King. In the whole range and compass of our annals there is no epoch more deeply interesting, more pregnant with great events, and altogether more worthy of repeated study and

close investigation than these three years. Over the busy narrative of the stormy and incessant intrigues, and the thick-coming political events by which they were filled, we feel that we can never tire: the discussions which the magnitude and questionable character of these transactions may provoke, it is equally impossible to exhaust and to terminate. These three years involve the consideration of almost as many practical and important cases as there are settled and unsettled problems in the theory of public principles, free government, and political right. Every feature in this brief and vitally interesting epoch deserves to be studied over and over again, to be viewed under every possible aspect and bearing; and if Mr. Godwin's pages had not one half of the originality of thought which they really possess, and if they contained twice as many erroneous and distorted conclusions as they will be found to offer, the subject would still invest his labours with an enduring and inevitable attraction.

We need scarcely remind the reader of the outlines of the topics which occupy this volume. The great contest in the field had terminated: the royal party were conquered; and the victors, in the quaint language of that stout cavalier, Sir Jacob Astley, had "done their work and might go play, unless it pleased them to fall out among themselves." They needed only leisure to betray this inclination. The two distinct parties into which the Long Parliament had gradually been separating, had been restrained from open hostility with each other only by the danger of their common cause against the King. The total overthrow of the Royalists left the Presbyterians and Independents no other occupation than that of striving between themselves for the mastery of the King and the kingdom, in the parliament, the army, and the nation. Then came the great crisis of their struggle, the impotent majorities of the Presbyterians in the houses of parliament, the fearful strength of the Independents in the army, and the inevitable consequence, that the swords of Cromwel and his followers were cast into the balance, and ensured the preponderance. The King's surrender to the Scotch; their sale of his person to the Parliament; his subsequent seizure by the army; the continued negociations and intrigues carried on with him by both parties; by the Presbyterian leaders in the name of the Parliament, and by the military leaders of the Independents for themselves: all these important transactions are but so many collateral events of the contest between the two great factions who were now struggling for the dominion. So also their final collision itself; the violent and lawless interference of the army; the momentary and apparent triumph of the Independent minority in the House of Commons; the real and more lasting degradation and servitude of that shadow of a parliament, under a reign of terror and military anarchy; the deposition, the trial, and the execution of the King: all these vicissitudes served only to prepare

the elevation and the despotism of one unscrupulous, daring, and wily spirit.

The pervading circumstance in the history of the period which fills this second volume of Mr. Godwin's labours, offers a curious opposition to a passage in the former portion of his work. And the contradiction is the more remarkable, because it was in that very passage that Mr. Godwin chose his occasion for evincing his superior accuracy over 'the careless and imitative set of men that we call historians.' They, he declared, have 'misrepresented' the division which had ensued in the parliamentary party. 'They have considered it as a struggle between two sects, the Presbyterians and Independents, and have necessarily led their readers to the enquiry which of these sects was the worthiest.' Yet what has Mr. Godwin himself done in this second volume? He has followed (and necessarily) in the precise steps of these 'imitative men.' *He* also has weighed and balanced the principles and virtues of these two sects, and essayed to determine between them which was the worthiest. And he has done this, not once merely, but has, as we before observed, led his readers in three several places to the enquiry into the distinction between the parties, their grounds of dispute, their political tenets, and their motives of action. Thus, then, to this submission to, and agreement in, the views taken by former historians of the same contest, has all Mr. Godwin's boast of novelty and superior acuteness fallen at last!

The dissensions among the parliamentary party produced only the two political divisions of Presbyterians and Independents, and no other. Mr. Godwin, indeed, in his former volume, explained correctly that the political party of the Independents was not so confined in numbers as to be identified in signification with the religious sect of the Independents, properly so called. But, in fact, what former historians had ever confounded the small religious community of the Independents with the numerous other sects and classes of men who combined with them to secure, by political union, the toleration necessary for them in common, and which was denied to them all by the Presbyterians? Even Hume, having here no temptation to misrepresent the truth, and needing merely a superficial enquiry to discover so notorious a fact, has (vol. viii. opening of cap. lix.) broadly and briefly noticed the amalgamation of the inferior sectaries with the Independents. And Mrs. Macauley, too, more fully explained (vol. iv. c. iv.) the composition of the latter as a political body.

In the commencement of the civil wars, all other sects of dissenters had joined with the greater mass of the Presbyterians, and were not easily distinguished from them in the common resistance to the persecutions of the established church and the tyranny of the royal government. But the overthrow of an intolerant episcopacy was to be used by the Presbyterians only as a preparation for setting up their own system of uniformity,—a system to the

full as intolerant, and still more inquisitorial. The men who, for conscience-sake, had joined hand and heart with the Presbyterians in putting down one ecclesiastical tyranny, were not of a temper to suffer their allies to raise another in its stead. Not only the religious association of Independent churches, but every other variety and description of Christian sects, and even those maintaining opinions which were not Christian, the Deists, or *heathens* as Cromwel learnt to call them in his detestation and fear of their dangerous rejection of enthusiasm, — all these sects and sets of men became interested alike in resisting the establishment of a new and rigorous church which they did not acknowledge. Hence, naturally, they were led to oppose the political ascendancy of the party which desired to inflict upon them an obligation of religious conformity more onerous and tyrannical than that from which they had escaped. These banded and various sects, which agreed in opposition to the Presbyterians, all came to be known under one political term, as Independents, and appropriately enough; since independence of all compulsive uniformity of worship and belief, and a full toleration for themselves mutually, and for others in general, were the bonds of their union. The political necessity of resisting the Presbyterians formed them into a political party: the more moderate were then, as usual in faction, drawn in to proceed all lengths with the more violent; and the latitude of opinion, which the bolder spirits of the party transferred from their religion to their politics, made republicans of them all.

It has been the principal business of Mr. Godwin in this second volume to relate the full maturity, the gradual progress, and the final issue of the interesting struggle between these two memorable parties; and he has certainly executed his undertaking with great earnestness, animation, and natural fervour. But all idea of finding him impartial between these two popular factions, and still more between their common cause and that of the King, we must really leave most completely out of the question. That Mr. Godwin himself imagines that he has conducted his narrative without passion or bias we can indeed readily believe; and he has evidently designed to render his work only a monument of his attachment to the principles of civil and religious liberty. But it is quite amusing to observe the perseverance and zeal with which, throughout the whole volume, he has fought the cause of a favourite side; exaggerating their patriotism and talents, apologising for their errors in conduct and judgment, and defending their most unjustifiable actions. His work is one of the most palpable examples of historical prejudice that we have ever encountered, and we will add, also, one of the most harmless. For it is impossible to entertain a doubt of his honesty: facts he has stated with scrupulous fidelity, and his obliquities are those only of reasoning and deduction.

The Independents are the objects, from first to last, of his affection and praise. His admiration of the leaders of that faction appears to be founded principally upon their bold resolution and remarkable talents, their republican tenets, and their maxims of universal toleration. What other congenial qualities between their spirit and his own may have warmed his attachment we know not: but reviewing the whole conduct of those men after the suppression of the royal cause, we confess we can ourselves find little to commend in them beyond their generous and consistent maintenance of the doctrines of toleration. A minority of fanatics and infidels in a free national legislature, who invoked the aid of an insolent army to overpower and eject the majority of their own body, who subjected themselves and their country to the despotism of that army, and who finished, whether as dupes or accomplices, by plunging the state into an anarchy that left it a prey to a military leader,—these men would seem to deserve little of our sympathy or respect.

The Presbyterians and their leaders, on the other hand, are the objects of Mr. Godwin's sarcasm and contempt. The latter were men of 'ordinary capacities;' they are stigmatised as loving to call themselves the moderate party; they endeavoured to disband the army, which had conquered their rights for them, and were as intolerant and exclusive in their religious doctrines as the displaced hierarchy. Yet Mr. Godwin might have remarked that, however inferior the measure of their abilities to those of their opponents, the Presbyterian leaders had the penetration to foresee the dangerous qualities of that army, which their rivals courted to their own destruction; and we find that all the talents of their republican adversaries did not prevent them from being over-reached and enslaved by the General of their choice. The political moderation of the Presbyterians few will be disposed, with Mr. Godwin, to impute to them as a crime. They had originally embarked in the glorious cause of freedom, not for the subversion, but for the constitutional restraint, of the monarchy. When that object seemed secured by the overthrow of the royalists, they appear to have been sincerely desirous of an accommodation with Charles; and there is every reason to believe that nothing but the bad faith and duplicity of that unfortunate monarch prevented this desirable settlement of the kingdom.

The charge of intolerance against the Presbyterians is of course better founded; and here, having, unlike Mr. Godwin, no political partialities to gratify, we shall not hesitate to pronounce that their conduct in this respect is the foulest taint on their cause. For after having, as it has often been observed, themselves been the victims of the tyranny of the episcopal church, they no sooner acquired the ascendancy than they desired to inflict on all who dissented from their doctrines precisely the same penalties which they had suffered themselves; and they would thus have committed the same violence

on the consciences of their brethren which they had so justly opposed in the King. However, as Mr. Godwin has well observed, 'we should be upon our guard against judging men of other times by notions which have since been gradually ripened into maxims.' There can be no doubt that the Presbyterians acted from conscience in insisting upon religious uniformity, and they were not singular in their times. The doctrine of toleration was contrary to the spirit of that age, and had been recognised as little by any of the reformed communities as by the Catholic church; it would even have been held for a criminal indulgence by the sincere of all parties. The history of toleration would be a singular and interesting subject; and the Independents would receive in it the glorious distinction of having originated the practice if not the doctrine itself. Altogether, in summing up the political conduct of the Presbyterians and Independents, we should say, that the former were inconsistent in this great point, but consistent in all others; and that the latter were consistent throughout in their support of religious liberty, but inconsistent in every thing else. Under the pretence of resisting only the unconstitutional tyranny of the King, they had secretly been labouring to erect a democracy: in the pursuit of that object they were guilty of every species of criminal violence; and so far from establishing the Utopian freedom which they coveted, they contributed only to the ruin of all liberty under a military despotism.

Perhaps the spirit of partiality for every measure of the Independent or republican party, in which Mr. Godwin has composed his history, cannot be better illustrated than by considering the light in which he has viewed their employment of the army in overawing and subjugating the parliamentary majority. If there be one maxim more trite and obvious than another in the constitution of a free state, it is that which condemns and prohibits the interference of an armed force with the measures of the legislature. How has Mr. Godwin treated the violation of this essential law of freedom? In introducing the subject of the discontents of the army on the order for disbandment, and their mutinous approach to the metropolis, he observes, (p. 276.) that 'the man must have been without the heart of a soldier who could have thought that some expression of dissatisfaction and demur was not required at so extraordinary a crisis. The question was, what expression should be adopted that should not lay them open to the contempt and revenge of their enemies, and should yet leave a door open for reconciliation and atonement?' And again, of the formation of the convention of officers and the representative body of *agitators* from among the soldiery, we are told: 'This proceeding on the part of the army has been idly represented, by some historians, as an ambitious attempt to place themselves on a level with the Parliament. The General's council of officers, say they, resembled the House of Peers, while the persons chosen by the soldiers in general out

of each troop or company were considered as answering to the House of Commons. But this is one of the gratuitous fictions with which history has been so often disfigured. We may be sure that the House of Lords (which had recently incurred so much odium, and within twenty months afterwards was entirely abolished,) was not at this time in so good odour with the military, that, however they might wish to engross the direction of the state into their hands, they should in any degree have aspired to imitate the old constitution of the realm, and have erected two houses of legislature in their military republic.' How far this military republic was designed, not merely to rival, but to subdue the Parliament, as historians have 'idly represented,' was sufficiently shown, we imagine, by the event. But proceed we to Mr. Godwin's more elaborate vindication of the mutiny of the army, or rather of the acts of the Independent leaders by whom their revolt was prompted.

'It will ever be a momentous and a difficult question upon the principles of moral rectitude and public justice, how Cromwel and the leaders of the army ought to have acted on this occasion. Nothing can be more indubitable than the unworthiness of the proceeding of the ruling party in parliament. There was nothing direct and manly in whatever they did. Their favourite reasoning was, that the war was at an end, and there was no further occasion for the army. But their whole conduct belied their assertion. The royal party was not so beaten down as not to be an object of the most incessant jealousy. The majority in parliament had voted to keep up in England a large body of horse, and a considerable number of garrisons. They had voted a large army to be transported to subdue the resistance of Ireland. They were looking out on all sides for recruits and new soldiers. Their quarrel was not with an army, but with the army which had obtained the victory that the votaries of liberty so much desired. They feared them as the friends of toleration, and the enemies of that lordly and oppressive junto which at this time ruled the nation. They were anxious not merely to disperse them, but to put upon them every species of obloquy and injustice. They refused to provide for their arrears, and were desirous to load them with disrespect and affronts. If provocation could justify resistance, never could any resistance be more amply justified than that of the followers of Fairfax.

'But this is not the view in which the subject ought to be considered. Anger and passion are not the principles by which nations and states should be guided; and men to whose care the interests of others are intrusted must discard these feelings, or they will prove themselves unworthy of the situations they occupy. The sole consideration to which conscientious public men were bound to turn their attention then, and which calls for the judgment of an impartial posterity now, is what conduct the general welfare demanded from those by whose proceedings that welfare would be materially affected. Ought they to have yielded to the injustice which the parliament was desirous of putting upon them? There is a point at which submission ceases to be a duty, and resistance is a virtue. Was that point arrived in the present instance? It is a dangerous undertaking to set ourselves in open defiance of the highest constituted authority, in a country which boasts of its freedom.

The function of the King, the executive government of England, had been shaken to its basis, by the civil war, and the issue of that war. The Parliament had won itself immortal honour by the deliberate and majestic tone which had marked its proceedings in the commencement of the contest: it was still the same assembly. After putting down the authority of the King, was it wise, was it justifiable, to proceed to put down the authority of parliament? The House of Commons was a body chosen by a numerous set of constituents, was the authentic representative of the nation. What was the army? Certainly not a body constituted for the purposes of legislation. They were for the most part an assemblage of volunteers, who had been encouraged, and endowed with authorities by the Parliament, to fight their battles. If they attempted to decide, and overbear the measures of the legislature in civil affairs, they were, for that purpose, merely a self-constituted authority. Nothing but the most uncontroulable necessity could justify, if that could justify, their interference for such purposes.

'Perilous however as the crisis was at this period, and much as the system of our political government had been shaken, this in one point of view furnishes a new consideration, persuading the army to hold out firmly for the points which they deemed inseparable from the public welfare. In ordinary times the authorities which custom has sanctioned carry with them the greatest weight. The present parliament had sat already for nearly seven years, a period unprecedented by any former example, and was therefore not such a parliament as the English constitution recognised. They had engrossed the executive, and all other public and political authorities within their own sphere. They had abundant means to corrupt others, and to corrupt themselves. They had existed long enough to have afforded a regular arena for the machinations of party; and the period of their dissolution was yet unproclaimed.'—

'Another particular which well deserves to be considered in order to enable us to make a just judgment of the present crisis of public affairs, is the state of debate and divisions in the House of Commons. If the parliament had been decidedly Presbyterian, and the army Independent, this would have produced a still more portentous state of things than that which actually existed. But the struggle had been violent and severe between the two parties from the time of the new model in 1644 to the present. For a considerable period the interest of the Independent party prevailed; but, towards the close of the year 1646, and particularly during the negociation with the Scots for the surrender of Charles, and the evacuation of England by the Scottish army, the Presbyterians gained the upper hand. Still the contest from day to day was sharp, and the Presbyterian measures were carried by the smallest possible majorities. It was a mighty effort on both sides; and numerous, no doubt, were the consultations and canvassings by means of which the Independents expected to make the cause of the army, of justice, and liberality, triumphant. But they were reserved to perpetual disappointment. They had the troops at hand, by means of which in a moment they could secure the victory. They had only to throw the sword into the scale. Should they for ever submit to injustice, intrigue, and persecution, because in the counting of numbers they were still a little inferior to their adversaries? It is for the impartial and disinterested judge of man and of human affairs to decide this question. The ascendancy of the Presbyterians was so very slight, that Cromwel

and his confederates thought that by the impeachment of ten or twelve leaders, and disqualifying their votes, the schemes of the Presbyterians would be made wholly abortive.' — pp. 332—338.

And after all this the discussion of the question is rounded with the conclusion, that, 'of consequence, Cromwel and his coadjutors had no choice. They must either surrender at once all the prospects of *virtue and felicity*, which opened before them, and which they seemed called on to realise; or they must, with sobriety and caution, but without hesitation, adopt such measures, and use such instruments, as offered themselves to their hands.'

The character and conduct of Cromwel himself form, it need scarcely be said, not the least curious and important objects for consideration throughout all the history of this period. It appears to us that here Mr. Godwin has refined and speculated overmuch upon the real motives and views of that extraordinary man. Even after the battle of Naseby Mr. Godwin observes of him, 'at this time we have no reason to think that Cromwel had any sinister views;' and he conducts his narrative to the end of this volume, and the execution of the King, without leaving us to suppose that any design of usurpation had corrupted the republican integrity of the future Lord Protector. In fact Mr. Godwin has here to the last distinctly applauded the intentions of Cromwel. The next volume will probably enlighten us with the discovery at what period our author *does* suspect his hero to have undergone the transition from political sincerity to the selfish and iniquitous project of trampling on the public liberties. But in his eagerness to attribute consistency and principle to the military leader of the Independents, Mr. Godwin has encountered an embarrassing necessity. He cannot blind himself to the fact of Cromwel's repeated negociations and intrigues with the King: he will not allow himself to doubt the sincerity of his republican views; and therefore to screen him from the charge of any dereliction of political honesty, he is content to brand him with infamy of a far deeper dye. He supposes that Cromwel and Ireton negociated with the King only to prevent him by false hopes from closing with the offers of the Presbyterians, and by luring him to the scaffold, to render inevitable the establishment of a republic. And thus it is that Mr. Godwin complacently views so diabolical a scheme of perfidy:

'This is one of the consequences of the institution of kingship. Frankness and an unalterable sincerity are republican virtues. Where one man is so far exalted over the heads of the community, there flattery and dissimulation will inevitably grow up. The King who wears the crown will to thousands be the theme of adulation; the exile who pretends to it, will be an object of importance. This was never more strikingly illustrated than in the conjuncture of which we treat. Charles, stripped as he was of the insignia of royalty, was the centre round which the cabals of party memorably exercised themselves. The Presbyterians were satisfied that, if they could win him over to concur with them, they should surmount every obstacle to their views. In this situation

should the Independents do nothing? To expect it, is to expect what is not in the nature of man. Cromwel and Ireton resolved not thus to be defeated. They had fought for political and religious liberty. They abhorred the views, and they despised the persons, of their antagonists. They believed that, if the Presbyterians succeeded, a worse species of tyranny, and a more unmitigated and intolerable subjection, would follow, than that which the leaders of the Long Parliament had conspired to prevent. They placed themselves in the gap, and resolved by whatever means to save the character and the fortune of their country.

'It is interesting to observe, when men of high talents and energies have determined to engage in any enterprise, how fully they perform the task they have chalked out for themselves. Ireton, a firm and rigid disciple of the republican school, Cromwel, the undaunted, of whom it was notorious that, whatever he dared to think, that also he dared to speak, had no sooner chosen their part, and determined to fight their adversaries with their own weapons, than they completely threw into shade the pigmy efforts of the Presbyterians. Having once sworn to deceive, the dimensions of their minds enabled them immediately to stand forth accomplished and entire adepts in the school of Machiavel. They were satisfied that the system they adopted was just; and they felt no jot of humiliation and self-abasement in the systematical pursuit of it.' — pp. 202—204.

Upon the same principle Mr. Godwin proceeds to account for every action of Cromwel towards the King. We confess we cannot see reason to attribute all this refinement of treachery to the man. It is more natural to suppose that Cromwel was sincere in his professions to the King, until he found Charles was not to be trusted. This supposition indeed would not suit Mr. Godwin's theory, since it would be fatal to the virtuous intentions of Cromwel as a sincere republican. It is more natural to believe, with Hume, that Cromwel was guided by events, and listened seriously to the King's terms of aggrandisement, — a splendid income, an earldom, and the order of the Garter. That Cromwel had originally been far more enthusiast than hypocrite we cannot entertain a doubt; that he became later, by success and temptation, influenced by selfish ambition alone need not be added. Nor is there any reason why he who consulted his personal aggrandisement at the expense of his principles in 1653 should not have been willing to have made the same sacrifice to ambition, when his hopes and his prospects were more humble some five or six years earlier.

But we may even be said to have Cromwel's own statement of the fact, that he and his associates were once disposed to have closed with the King; and the whole story which was first published in Morrice's Life of Orrery, and has since been reprinted by Carte in his Life of Ormond, by Hume, and now again by Mr. Godwin himself, bears such marks of truth that its authenticity has never been questioned, though an attempt is here made to get rid of it as 'a circumstance merely reported in the lightness of a private and inconsequential conversation.' This account, given by Cromwel to Lord Orrery, as it will be remembered by most

readers, was in substance the intercepting of a letter from Charles to his Queen, in which he acquainted her 'that he was now courted by both factions, the Scotch Presbyterians and the army, and which bid fairest for him should have him; but he thought he should close with the Scots sooner than the other, &c. Upon this, added Cromwel, we took horse, and went to Windsor; and, finding we were not likely to have any tolerable terms from the King, we immediately from that time forward resolved his ruin.'

After Mr. Godwin's view of the preceding conduct of Cromwel and of the army it will surprise no one that he has at least an apology for 'the purging of the Parliament,' and an eulogy for the Rump or Independent residue of the House.

'Whether the men who at this time presided over public affairs were wrong in supposing it necessary by such means to put an end to the proceedings of Hollis and his allies, and whether their ends might have been accomplished with a less extensive violence, it is the province of impartial men who have fully possessed themselves of the facts to decide. But, whatever judgment we may form on these questions, it is scarcely possible not to admire the courage of the individuals who undertook the conduct of the state under these perilous circumstances, through measures so unprecedented and daring, and finally advanced their country to a glory that no former age of its annals could parallel. Royalists and Presbyterians joined to scoff at the parliament as now constituted, under the name of "The Rump." They were not aware that by this representation they in some respects swelled its panegyric. The more it was the Rump of a Parliament, and the more it was in dimension the despicable fragment of the mighty council that began the contest in November, 1640, the more wonderful it is that they accomplished such ends by so inadequate means. They were surrounded with difficulties. Royalists and Presbyterians regarded them with inextinguishable animosity. They looked round on the empty benches which had been prepared for a much more complete and copious assembly, and felt in themselves the energy, the firmness, and the intellectual power, that might well compensate this seeming deficiency.' — pp. 648, 649.

By this party it was, under the guidance of Cromwel, and the other military leaders of the faction, that Charles the First was brought to the block. The character of that extreme and memorable act has been too often examined and canvassed by writers of all parties to render it necessary that we should here enter upon its discussion; nor are we in any degree disposed to engage in the consideration of Mr. Godwin's reasoning on so disputed and momentous a question. But it may be interesting to our readers to observe the manner in which it is here treated by the apologist of the Republicans; and we accordingly close our notice of this second volume of Mr. Godwin's work with the following extract:

'Respecting the death of Charles it has been pronounced by Fox, that "it is much to be doubted whether his trial and execution have not, as much as any other circumstance, served to raise the character of the

English nation in the opinion of Europe in general." And he goes on to speak with considerable favour of the authors of that event.

'One of the great authorities of the age having so pronounced, an hundred and fifty years after the deed, it may be proper to consider for a little the real merits of the actors, and the act.

'It is not easy to imagine a greater criminal than the individual against whom the sentence was awarded. And, when we say this, we will not enter into the metaphysics of crime, or decide in this place how far a man, when he is doing a great mischief, may persuade himself that he is acting virtuously, or even be under the influence of upright and benevolent motives, nor how far it is possible for any man to act otherwise than he does, and consequently how far he who inflicts great evil on his fellow-creature may not be more properly an object of pity than of anger.

'We will understand the terms in their common acceptation, without any thought, while we are considering this portion of history, of changing the judicial *dicta* which have in almost all instances governed the decisions of communities and states.

'Crime, then, is that act of a human being, in possession of his understanding and personal freedom, which diminishes the quantity of happiness and good that would otherwise exist among human beings; and the greatness of a crime consists in the extent to which it produces this effect. Liberty is one of the greatest negative advantages that can fall to the lot of a man: without it we cannot possess any high degree of happiness, or exercise any considerable virtue. Now Charles, to a degree which can scarcely be exceeded, conspired against the liberty of his country. To assert his own authority without limitation was the object of all his desires and all his actions, so far as the public was concerned. To accomplish this object he laid aside the use of a parliament. When he was compelled once more to have recourse to this assembly, and found it retrograde to his purposes, he determined to bring up the army, and by that means to put an end to its sittings. Both in Scotland and England the scheme that he formed for setting aside all opposition was by force of arms. For that purpose he commenced war against the English parliament, and continued it by every expedient in his power for four years. Conquered, and driven out of the field, he did not for that for a moment lose sight of his object and his resolution. He sought in every quarter for the materials of a new war; and, after an interval of twenty months, and from the depths of his prison, he found them. To this must be added the most consummate insincerity and duplicity. He could never be reconciled; he could never be disarmed; he could never be convinced. His was a war to the death, and therefore had the utmost aggravation that can belong to a war against the liberty of a nation.

'The great object of punishment upon the principles of jurisprudence seems to be example, the deterring others from the perpetration of crime. It has been observed, however, that there was no use in this instance in making an example, since the men by whom Charles was tried and condemned had determined that there should be no more kings in England. But this objection is more specious than solid. The persons who had formed this resolution well knew that their will was not omnipotent. They constituted but a small portion of the nation.

The royalists were still numerous, and were more bent on their object than ever. The Presbyterians were probably more numerous than the royalists, to the full as much exasperated against the present government, and fixed upon their scheme of a limited and presbyterian monarchy. It is idle to say, because the present ruling party is resolute for a republic that there never shall be a king in the country. And the example to be made might be fully as effective against an aspirant as against a king in possession. The proper lesson taught by the act of the thirtieth of January was that no person, however high in station, however protected by the prejudices of his contemporaries, must expect to be criminal against the welfare of the state and community without retribution and punishment.

'The event, however, sufficiently proved that the condemnation and execution of Charles did not answer the purposes intended by its authors. It did not conciliate the English nation to republican ideas. It shocked all those persons in the country who did not adhere to the ruling party. This was in some degree owing to the decency with which Charles met his fate. He had always been in manners formal, sober, and specious. And the immediate publication of the Eikon Basilike, an event that could not have been foreseen, gave force to these ideas. The first magistrate in England had at all times been placed at a distance above the rest of the community. As Shakespeare expresses it,

> "There's a divinity doth hedge a king,
> And treason can but peep to what it would."

The notion was every where prevalent, that a sovereign could not be called to account, could not be arraigned at the bar of his subjects. And the violation of this prejudice, instead of breaking down the wall which separated him from others, gave to his person a sacredness which never before appertained to it. Among his own partisans the death of Charles was treated, and was spoken of, as a sort of deicide. And it may be admitted for a universal rule, that the abrupt violation of a deep-rooted maxim and persuasion of the human mind produces a reaction, and urges men to hug the maxim closer than ever. I am afraid, that the day that saw Charles perish on the scaffold rendered the restoration of his family certain.' — pp. 685—692.

ART. VI. *Le Pantcha-Tantra; ou, les Cinq Ruses, Fables du Brahme Vichnou-Sarma; Aventures de Paramarta, et autres Contes, le tout traduit, pour la première fois, sur les Originaux Indiens.* Par M. L'Abbé J. A. Dubois. 8vo. pp. 411. Paris, Merlin; London, Treuttel and Wurtz. 1826.

IT was with some surprise that we lately saw an announcement of an intended *translation* of this volume; for half of it already exists in English, and the version is to be found in the works of no obscure writer, — Sir William Jones. * The Fables of Vishnou-Sarma, (whom we absurdly call Pilpay,) which occupy the first half of the

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* Works, vol. xiii. 8vo. edition.

present volume, have been already translated by that distinguished Orientalist, under the title of "Hitopadesa; or, Pleasing Instruction," — a work which scarcely differs from the Pantcha-Tantra, but in the order of the fables, which the accomplished translator * has pronounced to be the most beautiful, if not the most ancient, apologues in the world. The fifth *tantra*, indeed, is not in the "Hitopadesa;" but the three fables of which it consists are well known to all readers: the first is the story of the dog which, after destroying the serpent that threatened his master's child, was himself killed by the alarmed father; the second is the story of the milkmaid and her vain projects; and the third is familiar to all young ladies and gentlemen who have been forced to study Wanostrocht's Grammar, as *The Three Dervishes.*

The Indian stories, however, composing the second part of the volume, (which comes recommended by the name of the Abbé Dubois, whom a residence of thirty years in India, and an excellent work upon its manners, eminently qualify for the task he has here undertaken,) present much that is equally new and entertaining. We already knew how deeply we were indebted to the East at the revival of letters for the invention that then suddenly blossomed out over Europe, and we are now aware that the old fabulists derived from Sanscrit originals some of their most brilliant fancies, and most of their diverting incidents: but we were not prepared to meet in Indian fiction with the fine satire and grotesque exaggeration of Rabelais, which the stories at the end of M. Dubois's volume present us. On the Brahmins, throughout, the most unsparing ridicule is lavished; and wherever they are not represented as hateful, they are exhibited in a despicable or ludicrous light. We translate a few examples, as a specimen at once of this and of the volume:

'There was once a simple gourou (or priest) called Paramarta, who had five foolish disciples, in company with whom the gourou was one day visiting his district: about mid-day they arrived at a river which they had to cross. On finding the part of the river which was most easily fordable, the disciples prepared to enter the water, when the gourou stopped them, and said, "My sons, this river is often in very bad humour, and many tragical events have been occasioned by it. I have heard, that in order to avoid accidents it should be crossed only when it is asleep, and never when it is awake: therefore before entering it let one of you go and ascertain whether it is awake or asleep: after which we shall determine whether we should cross it now, or wait for a more favourable opportunity."

'The gourou's advice appearing very sensible, one of the disciples whose name was *Stupid* was deputed to ascertain whether the river was asleep or awake. In order to do this, Stupid took the match with which he had just lighted his cigar, and approaching the river very softly, for fear of awaking it, he touched the surface of the water with the burn-

* Sir W. Jones, Discourse III.

ing match. As soon as the fire and water came in contact, the latter sent forth a hissing noise accompanied with the smoke of the extinguished match.

'At the sight of these alarming phenomena, Stupid runs back to the gourou and assures him that the angry river is awake. They remain accordingly for a long time on the bank, waiting for a more favourable opportunity, when they see a man on horseback traverse the river without difficulty. Stupid is then sent back to examine once more the river; and that ingenious disciple finding that the insertion of the extinguished match produces no bubbling of the water, he returns to report that the river is asleep; and the priest and his disciples accordingly cross it without danger.

'On reaching the other side they mutually congratulated each other on their happy escape from danger, and one of the disciples named Idiot began to count their number, to ascertain whether any of them had been drowned in crossing: but in counting he forgot to reckon himself, and counted only the five others. Having repeated his calculation several times, and still finding only five, he broke out into loud lamentations, in which he was joined by Paramarta and the other disciples. Their regrets soon changed into curses, and one of them, apostrophising the river, prayed that the *fire* might devour it. A traveller happening to pass that way, and witnessing this scene, asked them for an explanation of it; and the gourou detailed the affair at full length. The traveller seeing their excessive stupidity, and being resolved to take advantage of it, professed to be a sorcerer, and offered for an adequate reward to restore by his charms the defunct to life. Paramarta assured him that he only possessed forty fanons of gold, but offered him that sum on condition of restoring the lost member of their society to life. The pretended magician observed that the sum was very disproportionate to the service required, but that under all the circumstances he would accept Paramarta's offer. He then showed the group a huge stick which he held in his hand: "All my magic power," said he, "lies in this stick; and it is from the end of this enchanted wand that the missing member must spring: range yourselves in a line, and each of you must allow me to apply a good blow with this stick upon his shoulders: on receiving the stroke, each must call out his name; at the same time I will count your number, and finally there will appear on the scene six persons, the number which there was before you crossed the river."

'He then made them stand in a line, and beginning with the gourou, he discharged on his shoulders a stiff blow with his magic wand: "Gently," cried the patient: "it is I — the gourou Paramarta."

'"One," said the magician: then giving Stupid a still harder blow on the back: "Ah," cried he, my back is broken: it is I — the disciple Stupid."

'"Two," cried the magician; and continuing to apply smart strokes on the shoulders of the next three, he arrived at Idiot, who had made the erroneous calculation. The sorcerer, giving him a heavy blow which laid him flat on the ground: "There," said he, "is the sixth: that is the lost one, whom I here restore to you in perfect health."

'Paramarta and his disciples, fully convinced of the wonderful powers of the traveller's magic wand, paid him the forty fanons agreed on; and without testifying the slightest wish that he should repeat the calcul-

ation of their number, they thanked him, and returned to their *mata*.'* —pp. 231—247.

A great number of similar adventures are detailed, in which the simplicity of the priest and the stupidity of his disciples are very ludicrously exhibited: in one instance Paramarta having hired an ox to ride on by the day, lies down under its shadow: for this the proprietor wishes to exact an additional sum. Paramarta refuses to pay it, and appeals to the chief of the neighbouring village, who decides the question in the same way as the arbiter in the following story, which he relates as *a-propos* to Paramarta's adventure:

'I was myself on a journey some years ago, and one evening I arrived at an inn where I intended to pass the night. This inn presented not only a place of repose, but in the keeper of it travellers found a person who for their money would cook their victuals. He was then preparing a ragoût so well seasoned, that the perfume which it sent forth filled all the room, and was highly agreeable. I should have been glad to have eaten part of it, but not having money to pay for it, I could not satisfy my longing. I had brought with me my little portion of boiled rice, and approaching the fire-place where the ragoût was preparing, I begged the cook to allow me to hold my bag of rice in the fragrant steam, in order that it might catch some of the odour, as I could not afford to pay for the substance.

'The cook, with more complaisance than generally belongs to that class, granted my request. I accordingly held my rice over the steam of the ragoût until it was withdrawn from the fire. I then retired to a corner, and ate my rice, which, though it had only been seasoned by vapour, appeared to me excellent.

'Next morning when I was about to proceed on my journey, the innkeeper stopped me, and in a determined tone insisted on my paying him for the vapours of his ragoût, with which I had seasoned my rice the preceding evening.

'"What!" cried I, with equal astonishment and indignation: "Did ever any one hear of paying money for smoke?" I refused to pay; and my adversary seizing me by the collar, swore he would not loose his hold till I had paid him for the steam of his ragoût. I still refused; and we mutually agreed to refer our dispute to the chief of the village, who fortunately was a very equitable person.

'This worthy man gave his decision on the point in the following terms:

'"Those who ate of the ragoût shall pay in hard cash.

'"Those who have only swallowed the vapours of it should pay only with the smell of money."

'Then taking a small bag of money which he had about him, he approached my adversary, and seizing him with one hand by the nape of the neck, he rubbed his nose roughly with the coin, saying, "Smell it, my good friend, smell it: take payment for the odour of your ragoût."

'"Enough, enough," cried my adversary: "you'll rub my nose off: I'm quite satisfied, and am ready to give a receipt in full."'— pp. 272—275.

'* Convent.'

We cannot afford room for any other adventures of the worthy Paramarta; but we must extract one short story, incidentally told by a village buffoon, who is called in when the gourou fancies himself *in extremis*, in consequence of his approaching death being predicted by a Pourohita Brahmin or astrologer. The visitor advises Paramarta to perform *the sacrifice of the pestle*, of which, of course, the gourou has never heard; and the visitor gives the sick man the following account of this famous sacrifice, in which the Brahmins are, as usual throughout these tales, represented as utterly stupid and contemptible:

'There was once a merchant of the sect of Siva, who testified his devotion to the goddess by his bounty to the pandarangs *; and wherever he met any of these penitents, he invited them to his house. His wife, who was far from having the same affection for these pious persons entertained by her husband, and who besides was forced to cook for hem, was rather annoyed at the numerous and frequent visits of the pandarangs. Seeing that her remonstrances with her husband produced no effect, she had at last recourse to a stratagem for diminishing the number of her visitors.

'One day her husband went into the market-place on business, and met in the streets a pandarang who asked alms. "I have not time to attend to you at present," replied the merchant; "but go to my house, nd tell my wife that I have desired you to wait there till my return."

'The pandarang gladly accepted the invitation, and proceeded to the house where he found the merchant's wife, who begged him to sit down on a mat near the door. The pandarang did so, and the woman proceeded to sweep and arrange the room, after which she washed her face, arms, and feet, and embellished her forehead with sandal-wood dust, and her feet and hands with saffron. After completing her toilette she took the pestle with which rice is pounded, and approached with a solemn air the spot where the pandarang sat. She then went to the hearth, and taking two handfulls of ashes, she rubbed her forehead, and the pestle therewith, and then placing the pestle in the midst of the room, she adored it by prostrating herself thrice before it.

'The pandarang, who had observed all the ceremony in silence and astonishment, then said, "This is something quite new to me: till this day I never witnessed nor heard of such a sacrifice as that you have just performed. Pray, madam, do me the favour to tell me what it all signifies: can this pestle be one of your household gods?"

'"The ceremony I have just performed," replied the merchant's wife, "is one peculiar to the women of our *caste*;" and after saying these words, she desired the Brahmin in a very angry voice to follow her into the inner room: "for," added she in an under tone, but so oud as to be perfectly heard by the pandarang, "the sacrifice of the pestle is not yet completed; and in order that you may remember it, it shall be accomplished on your shoulders, to remind you and your crew never to come prowling here again."

'The pandarang, on hearing this, got up, but instead of following the woman he rushed out at the door as quickly as possible, in order to avoid the accomplishment of the sacrifice on his head and shoulders.

'* Mendicant priests of the sect of Siva.'

'Soon after his departure, the merchant returned, and enquired about the pandarang. "Ay," cried his wife, "that was a pretty pandarang you sent here: he must have been mad. As soon as he came in, he asked for our pestle, intending to carry it off: I can't give it you, said I, without my husband's permission: he is now in the market-place, but you may sit down, and wait till his return. On this, your pandarang got up in a rage, and went off."

'"You were wrong to refuse the holy man," said her husband: "give me the pestle, and I'll take it to him myself." The merchant then took the pestle and hastened after the pandarang, whom he saw at a little distance. "Stop, pandarang!" he shouted, "Stop! here is the pestle you wanted." The Brahmin, seeing the merchant coming with a pestle in his hand, felt convinced that he intended to consummate the sacrifice on his shoulders which his wife had not completed, and instead of stopping, continued to run as fast as he could. The merchant seeing him run was satisfied that he was mad, as his wife had said; and his age and belly not allowing him to run as fast as the other, he ceased to pursue him.

'This artifice of the woman produced the intended effect; and the story having spread among the pandarangs, not one thenceforth ventured to enter the merchant's house, lest he should be welcomed by *the sacrifice of the pestle.*' — pp. 326—332.

We must here conclude by assuring our readers, that if they have derived any amusement from the extracts which we have given, they may enjoy a much higher degree of pleasure from some other stories which we have been prevented, by their length, from translating into English.

ART. VII. *Sketches of Portuguese Life, Manners, Costume, and Character.* Illustrated by Twenty coloured Plates. By A. P. D. G. 8vo. pp. 364. 16*s*. London. Whittaker. 1826.

CONSIDERING the close and uninterrupted intercourse, political and commercial, which has subsisted between this country and Portugal for nearly a century and a half, and which was drawn still closer by the events of the last war, it is a little surprising how rarely and imperfectly the attempt has been made to familiarise the English reader with Portuguese manners, scenes, and national peculiarities. And yet there is a great deal both in the people and their country which is highly remarkable and curious; and, assuredly, there is no portion of Europe which may be said to offer a more distinct and striking individuality of aspect and character.

The ardent, deep-toned temperament, the excited mannerism and the southern features of its people, the variegated costume and primitive appurtenances of the peasantry, the gorgeous processions and pageantry of the public worship; — then the endless variety of architecture, aqueducts, and fountains, stately palaces, masses of conventual gloom, cottages of primæval rudeness, Gothic and Moorish ruins of frowning grandeur or fantastic tracery; — again, the

delightful climate of the country, with its brilliant and sultry sunshine, relieved by the most balmy of atmospheres, the mingled fertility and wild grandeur of its scenery, its luxuriant productions, its groves of the orange, the lemon, and the olive, vineyards and orchards, forests of the chesnut, and cork-tree, and pine, wilds of myrtle, jessamine, and geranium, its bold and rugged mountain outlines, its parched rocks, and cool sparkling rivulets; — such are the objects which Portugal lavishes on the delighted and inquisitive observer. Doubtless these charms of the senses are often broken and suspended by sounds, and sights, and effluvia of the most abominable description; on the roads by the eternal creaking and groaning of bullock-carts, "the dry wheel grating on the axle-tree," and the discordant tones which the peasantry design for music; and in Lisbon, above all, by the most loathsome spectacles of mendicity and ordure, and the most villainous compound of unspeakable odours that imagination can conceive or filth engender. But from the most appalling of these *désagrémens* the rural scenes of Portugal are free; and yet all the beauties of those scenes have scarcely induced a single pen to celebrate their praise.

Until the appearance of the volume before us, none of our numerous British travellers and residents in Portugal, since the commencement of the present century, have employed themselves expressly in delineating the peculiarities of Portuguese society and nature, with only a single exception, that of Mrs. Baillie, whose letters from Lisbon were published two or three years ago: but that lady's brief residence in Portugal was confined to the capital and its environs; and even her descriptions of the aspect and manners of Lisbon, lively and entertaining as they were, still bore a feminine character of slightness and insufficiency, which left untouched all the coarser features of society, and must altogether fail to satisfy the less scrupulous curiosity of the male enquirer.

There are, indeed, some details of manners rather unceremoniously recorded in the present volume; and notwithstanding the warmth and earnestness with which, on another subject, the author deprecates the possibility of his motives being misconstrued, we cannot help thinking that the strain of mingled virulence and ridicule, with which he has treated the vices of the Portuguese clergy and the ceremonies of the national worship, exceeds the bounds both of moderation and decorum. But in every other respect, save that of religion, it is impossible for any one who has ever been in the country to hesitate in confirming the fidelity of these animated sketches of Portuguese life. The work bears internal evidence of faithful observation, independently of the statement which the author gives in his preface of his long experience of Portugal and its inhabitants; his long residence in the country satisfactorily accounts for his intimate acquaintance with his subject. To his other qualifications he has added the agreeable power of illustrating his descriptions by

some very spirited drawings. It appears that the twenty plates which accompany the volume are, with only three exceptions, from his own pencil, and that the whole of them have been etched by himself. As specimens of excellence in the art, we suppose that he would himself be the first to disclaim any pretensions for them; but they are really among the best *amateur* sketches which we have ever met with in a book of the kind.

These drawings, however, are converted by the author into a reason or excuse for the absence of much method and arrangement from his work. Having at first, he declares, had no other intention than that of accompanying his few drawings with short notices, the volume into which these gradually swelled can boast, he fears, of little connection or order; and accordingly, in the very beginning, we are set down, rather abruptly, in the streets of Lisbon, and introduced to a group illustrative of its popular costumes which form the subject of the first chapter.

We are next conducted through the public buildings and other remarkable objects of the capital. The relation is interspersed, indeed, with many good anecdotes and curious notices of character and manners: but the lengthened description of streets, quays, and squares, churches, palaces, and convents, must ever be tedious, even in the hands of the liveliest tourist; and accordingly this part is the heaviest of our author's volume. Here, too, without necessity or obvious connection, he has taken occasion to introduce two episodes, in a style which evinces considerable acquaintance with the notable art of book-making. These are the history of King Sebastian's expedition against the Moors, and the life of the heroic Dom João, — or, as he most unsentimentally *anglifies* the name, Don John de Castro, — the famous Viceroy of Portuguese India in the sixteenth century. The story of Sebastian owes all its romantic attraction to two or three circumstances only; — the chivalrous spirit of the young monarch, his gallant bearing and untimely fall in a well-fought but disastrous field, and the strange uncertainty in which his real fate seems so long to have been enveloped. None of the other particulars of his rash expedition were remarkable; and the whole relation is besides sufficiently familiar to most readers. For the introduction of the life of the hero, Dom João de Castro, our author has had a fairer excuse. The noble disinterestedness and loyal devotion, the invincible fortitude and patient courage of the man, his really great talents, exalted piety, and rigid integrity, oddly associated with quaint eccentricities, whimsical punctilios, and superstitious observances, all invest his character with a singular and powerful interest. The events and vicissitudes of his life and fortunes are worth relation; and altogether we do not object to our author's plea for the introduction into these sketches of a memoir, that 'may serve to afford a characteristic specimen of the Portuguese men of the olden time, and

enable the reader to form some comparison between them and their descendants of our days.'

We next come to a chapter on the religious processions of Lisbon, which aided by the plates will be found to afford the untravelled reader a very accurate idea of the superb and picturesque ceremonies of the Catholic church. But as we cannot transfer the author's drawings to our pages we shall not attempt to transcribe any of the descriptions which accompany them. The next chapter, on Portuguese equipages, is amusing, though sketched too much in caricature. Here the subject leads our author to speak of the establishment and retinue of noble families in Portugal and of the degrading habits of the young fidalgos, who are brought up totally without mental cultivation, and suffered to find their associates among the lacqueys and stable-boys of their paternal households. The result of this system he declares to be, that "with the exception of a few of the order who are distinguished for the highest degree of mental acquirements, and employed in diplomacy at foreign courts, the great mass of them are plunged in brutal ignorance.' After this summing up we need not add that he has described the education, character, manners, and pursuits of the Portuguese nobility with caustic, and, it must be confessed, with merited severity. We pass over the next chapter, on the ceremonial of the Portuguese court, under the late monarch, to arrive at three others, which are filled with some capital sketches of the manners, customs, amusements, &c. of the country. Our author commences, as becomes his gallantry, with the important subject of female dress.

'The dress of the lower orders of females in Portugal, when in doors, is not materially different from that of the same class of women in England, with this exception, that the Portuguese wear no caps, but merely a piece of black ribband or velvet to assist the comb in confining their immense quantity of hair, which is almost always of a jet black colour.

'During the heat of summer, most of them wear no covering on the bosom, which is consequently exposed to view; but as this is the habit of the country, it attracts no observation. Perhaps the origin of this custom may, in some measure, be attributed, not merely to the heat of the climate, but to a certain consciousness of the superiority of form in this particular, which certainly distinguishes the Portuguese females. They are by nature (I speak of the Lisbon women) exceedingly indolent: a defect which is not a little encouraged by their custom of seldom or ever stirring out of their houses, except on occasions of great moment, or on Sundays and saints' days, for the purpose of going to mass. Affairs immediately connected with their households seldom compel them to go into the street, as almost every thing of which they stand in need is hawked about at the doors, such as fish, vegetables, fruit, &c.

'Women of other countries, unaccustomed to such habits of seclusion as those which Portuguese ideas of decency compel their females to observe, would but ill brook this confinement. But with them it is a matter of taste as well as habit; their chief pleasure consisting in

looking out of their windows almost all day long, to observe every thing which takes place in the streets or at their neighbours', and to converse with the latter, verbally, if sufficiently near, or by means of their hands and fingers, if beyond the reach of the voice. Conversations of many hours' length are sometimes kept up in this way, certain positions of the fingers standing for well understood syllables or words.

'Thus, with the aid of expressive gestures, two inaccessible persons are enabled to communicate with all the facility of a written correspondence, and with this superior advantage, that they enjoy the pleasure of seeing each other, and interchanging thoughts, without suspence or delay. Love being the pursuit which, almost to the exclusion of every other, engrosses the mind of the Portuguese people, it may readily be conceived that this digito-telegraphic intercourse is made the vehicle of amatory declarations, which the national custom of female seclusion renders it a difficult enterprise to convey in any other manner.

'When these females sally forth to church, their dress assumes quite a different appearance from their in-door costume. No people in the world are so particularly neat about the feet as they are: their stockings are always of the whiteness of snow, and their shoes, made of silk, and not unfrequently ornamented with embroidery and spangles, are of very good workmanship. They wear over their dress a cloth capote, and over their heads a muslin handkerchief, both adjusted in an artful and coquetish manner.

'Thus equipped, and improving the effect of their becoming costume by the graceful movement with which they deliberately pick out their way over a dirty pavement, they never fail, if nature has been in the least propitious to them, to create an interest which women of other countries would be much longer in winning. However little general beauty of features a Portuguese young woman may be able to boast, she is sure to make conquests at first sight, owing to a single attraction which she invariably possesses, — a pair of the most lovely eyes in the world, either black as the sloe, or of a clear chesnut, or of a deep hazel hue, and ever full of expression and intelligence. Such are the soul-speaking features which the Moorish bard delighted to celebrate, and was wont to compare to the eyes of the gazelle. The long dark eye-lash and the finely arched eyebrow are likewise the distinguishing marks of a Portuguese face.'—pp. 187—191.

In this mercurial and animated spirit the author passes through the whole table of popular manners, habits, and diversions for some fifty pages, until he rounds the tale of human life with its impotent conclusion, — and funerals are his theme. It is a curious taste which has devoted a chapter to Portuguese funerals: but our humourist appears to have quite "a rage" for the lugubrious and the horrible; and his drawings evince rather an extraordinary choice of subjects, such as it might appear more natural for his pencil to have rejected, in a selection where every variety was before him. Thus, besides the funeral-scene which we have here, with a grave-digger 'breaking up' a skeleton, we have next the plate of a military execution, to grace a chapter on the Portuguese army: soon after, we have a revolting scene of a slave-shop at Rio Janeiro, with

details of misery on the victims at which humanity may blush; and, lastly, in the same taste for horrors, we have two plates of the execution of the political conspirators of 1817, composed and drawn certainly with great ability and spirit, but therefore calculated only to leave the more powerful and painful impression upon the imagination. The abject despair in the countenance of one of the condemned has a reality about it which almost provokes a shudder.

We have no room to notice two chapters on the negroes of Lisbon, and on the same class in the Brazils, though both of these divisions are replete with curious details, and, especially the latter, with some matter for interesting political remark. After these notices, our author carries us into by far the most attractive, and, if we may so call it, most amiable part of his volume: we mean his chapters on the peasantry of Portugal. Here he has written and sketched with evident affection for his subject; and his picture of this primitive and simple-hearted race is the more deserving of attention, as no writer on Portugal before him seems to have cultivated an acquaintance with, or at least has taken the trouble to describe, this most interesting portion of the population. We must suffer our author to introduce the reader to this class of the Portuguese in his own manner.

'At an early hour of the morning, every avenue to the city of Lisbon is thronged with the peasantry, called *Saloios*, their *burros* (donkeys) or mules groaning under the weight of the delicious fruits with which they are laden. These consist of water-melons, melons, oranges, lemons, (sweet and sour,) figs of the most delicious kind, and, in short, all that the best of climates and richest of soils are capable of producing.

'Besides fruits, those who come from Cintra or its neighbourhood bring a kind of little white cheeses, known by the name of *queijadas*, and made from the milk of goats. Another species, much more agreeable to the taste, are those called *requeijoês*; they are larger than the former, and are neither salt nor sour, but of a flavour more resembling that of cream. Some few saloios bring to their favourite customers small saucers full of cream, which for its delicious flavour stands unrivalled even by that of Devonshire and Cornwall. Poultry and game of every kind, in great abundance, form likewise a part of their cargo; but the former is usually very tough, and extravagantly dear.

'The peasantry who reside many leagues off are obliged to set out from their homes on the eve, and travel until midnight; when they are compelled, for the sake of their loaded animals, to rest a little. In winter, they take shelter upon these occasions in some *estalagem*; but in the fine season they unload their beasts under the starry canopy, and tie them with good length of rope to a tree so that they may graze whilst they themselves enjoy a nap.

'These people, from the habit of midnight travelling under the clear and silent heaven, become, in some measure, like the wandering Arabs, observant of the constellations, and learn to count the waning hours by their position. Of the truth of this I once witnessed an example: having one night left Lisbon to go to Cintra, I missed my way by keeping too far to the eastward, and was fairly on the way to Mafra, when

I observed a group of saloios stretched on the ground near the road-side. These people informed me of my mistake; adding that, as for cutting across the country as I proposed doing in the dark towards Cintra, it was out of the question, owing to the extreme ruggedness of the mountains. I therefore took their advice, and tying my horse to a furze bush, laid myself down amongst them to await the dawn. After some time, on my asking one of them what hour he conceived it might be, he rubbed his eyes, and surveying the heavens for a moment said, "We are within an hour of the *Trindades* (matins), for I see that the flock is far advanced, so is the wolf; the crook is already perceptible, and the shepherd will soon appear;". upon which he aroused his companions, the loads were replaced on the animals' backs, and they all moved on again towards the "Grande Cidade." '—pp. 317—319.

Our author is never tired of eulogising the industry, temperance, patience under privation, and the intrepidity of this manly race when uncontaminated by the corruption of the capital; and we can agree in his declaration that they need only a better government to elicit energies and cultivate virtues equal to those of any people on earth. Their agriculture is as primæval as their simple manners; for in Portugal, until lately, improvement had been unknown for two hundred years.

'The old patriarchal custom of "treading out the corn" with oxen in order to shell it is still in use in Portugal; and each animal has a woman walking immediately in his rear, following with outstretched hands to receive that which, if it reached the ground, might defile and conglomerate whole heaps of grain.

'In the making of wine, neither presses by means of steam (a thing unknown in Portugal) nor machinery of any kind are used. Our delicate females, who sip with such winning grace the juice of the Douro grape, are [yet] to know that in the very liquid which they receive through their lips human feet, the trotters of the rude peasantry, have soaked; for no other machinery is here used in the process of wine-making.

'The carts made use of in Portugal for every kind of purpose are heavy and clumsy beyond conception. The wheels are immovable on the axletree: the diameter of the former, which are solid, is usually but three feet; and their greatest thickness is towards the centre, the circumference of the wheel being comparatively narrow, and bound round with iron, which is fixed on with huge nails. The axletree is of wood, and from ten to twelve inches thick; and this and its wheels move together with an abominable squeaking and groaning under the clumsy body of the cart, which is shipped (not fixed) on it.

'As an apology for the hideous noise just mentioned, the peasants allege that without it the oxen would not draw so well, or perhaps not at all. This may indeed be true, for it is possible to accustom animals even to greater absurdities. The carman places himself in front of the bullocks' heads, touches or pricks them with his agulhaõ (goad), and, speaking to them at the same time, thus puts them in motion. The equipment would not be complete if the beasts' heads were unadorned with figas and veronicas; and the cart itself, to keep off spells, invariably displays on some part of it that well known specific, a horse-shoe. This same emblem of a good kick seems to have operated as a bugbear on the supernatural personages of every people in Europe.

'When going along the road, the Portuguese male peasants are invariably heard singing. Love is generally the burthen of their doleful ditties; for such they indeed are, and of a most intolerably drawling kind. The women also tune up their trebles to no better effect than their spouses; nothing being so monotonous as their airs, or so discordant as the execution of them. The women are, however, by no means wanting in wit or repartee: for on a friend of mine seeing a saloia going along on a burro, followed by a string of those animals, and addressing her with "Adeos, mai dos burros," Adieu, mother of asses, she answered immediately, "Adeos, meo filho," (Adieu, my son,) with the utmost coolness and composure.' — pp. 328—331.

As an appropriate continuation of these accounts of the peasantry and their manners, we have, lastly, some very graphic notices of the aspect and architecture of Portuguese hamlets, village-churches, &c., with accurate descriptions of the country, and of its various and luxuriant productions, both in the northern provinces and south of the Tagus. But we have no space to follow the writer through these details, nor yet to dwell on his full account of the execution of the political conspirators of 1817, to which we before referred, and which closes his original, amusing, and in many respects very valuable little work.

ART. VIII. *The Martyr;* a Drama: in Three Acts. By Joanna Baillie. pp. 78. London. Longman and Co. 1826.

UPWARDS of twenty years have past since Miss Baillie first came before the public, as the author of "Plays on the Passions." This was a bold venture on the ocean of popularity, and she encountered the usual inclemencies of that most perilous and capricious navigation. But if her course was daring, her argosy was strongly built, and in scorn of all impediments she reached the place of fame.

All things are in a perpetual advance to improvement in this artificial world of ours; and the dexterity of authorship has improved like the rest. No author of the present time, commencing a new track of composition, would make the formidable blunder of which Miss Baillie was guilty in her very outset. The art of our day doubly merits the ancient title of a "Mystery." The soul of success is found to be secresy: mankind are but children of a larger growth; and the same passion for discovering things withheld, which makes the delight of a nursery-riddle, wraps up in solemn interest the silliness of a novel of "The Fashionable World," or a tiresome and exhausted *mélange* of heavy invention and mangled history.

Mystery is an old source of the sublime; man is an investigating animal; and upon those two broad and venerable foundations is raised the fabric of modern celebrity, — that various extravagance of architecture, from the gilded and grotesque modern

erections of the opulent and feeble adorers of the muse, prose or poetic, to the solemn and frowning ponderousness of plundered romance, and chronicles forgotten.

Miss Baillie was blamably ignorant of all this, and she suffered accordingly. Her first volumes, it is true, did not bear her name, but this was from mere female timidity, and, to her misfortune, when the timidity wore off, she allowed her name to appear. The step was perhaps that one of all her life which she still considers as most under the guidance of her evil star. So long as the name was unknown, the authorship was admired. The "novelty of the conception, the masculine vigour, the natural eloquence, the truth of description, the poetic fervour," in short, all the common-places of criticism on the alert to make its handsomest display, were lavished on this "new competitor of Shakspeare." It has been asserted even that a panegyric of the most potential species was already prepared, on suspicion of its being the work of a noble earl, high in the distribution of northern office; and that Shakspeare was taught to keep his distance from the "more than rival glories" of this illustrious and poetic donor of briefs, coifs, and sinecures. But Miss Baillie, having among her feminine virtues that one of not being able to keep her own story, broke the spell at once. The noble lord and his patronage vanished: the panegyric was devoted to the lustral fires; and, like the old work of witchcraft, a single word had the power to smite the fairy gems and silks, the bowers and palaces, into stones and straws, smoke and shealings.

There is nothing so utterly unacquainted with the art of forgiving as unprovoked injury. And from the first bite of vindictive criticism to the present antipathy; from the original burnished and lofty venom of the pursuer, to this hour of his reluctant dust-eating and angry humiliation, the victim has been molested. It must always gratify the persecutor to know that his persecution has not been without effect; and he may be indulged with the fact that Miss Baillie's career has undoubtedly been thwarted. The natural improvement that practice gives to a vigorous spirit has been withheld: the fear of malignant criticism has checked the heart of a woman accustomed to the conventional respect paid to the sex; and we have now, after years of silence, but an offering rather of her piety than of her muse, and giving less the character of her genius than of those feelings which require no aid of genius to make them amiable and suitable to her sex and her religion.

Yet, in all our sincere deprecation of the unlicensed and unjustifiable harshness with which this author's works were visited, we must not disguise our own impression, that Miss Baillie's tragedies were not fit to renovate our dying stage. They were "dramatic poems," and no more: they possessed poetic power, noble conception of character, and fine imagery. But they wanted the vividness, the minute and various identity, and the rich and bold

originality essential to the first rank of the tragic drama. The genius that shall come commissioned to stand above the great theatric city of the dead, and bid it awake, must have a visible grandeur and a living authority about it, such as we have not yet seen. Whether agencies of this rank appear among us at appointed times, like the period of comets, descending into our system to shed fresh influence, and re-light the decaying fires of the sphere, or come with the casual visitation of the flash from the cloud, they always vindicate their origin. It is impossible to mistake them for the dubious generation of the lower air: their impression is on a great scale, and their power is plain, sudden, and irresistible.

Miss Baillie's ambition to write a tragedy upon each passion was bold, but it was destitute of all poetic calculation. Not satisfied with even the rashness of building tragedies upon those incongruous foundations, she must hazard the still more hopeless labour of writing a comedy upon each topic. That she failed in this task is not wonderful, for no human powers could be expected to succeed. To adopt a single passion for the grand impulse of a tragedy would be as contrary to nature as to adopt a single organ for the whole bodily functions of man. It was contrary to the entire nature of the drama, whose purpose is to exhibit man as he is, the creature of *all* passions, urged by a conflict of powerful impulses, and placing his virtue in the success of the good over the evil, as we place the interest of his character in the struggle; — no serene philosopher, moving under one master-influence to his secure object, but an intellectual champion descending into a field with danger on the right and left, whose every step must be won by hazard, and where all is dubious till the moment when some grand display of energy, or some brilliant illustration of fortune, places him in the path to final victory.

It is allowable that the hero should have a master-passion; that love, or power, or jealousy, or the thirst of military renown, should exercise a vigorous and predominant influence over him. But all interest perishes when all doubt is at an end: the unrivalled supremacy of any single passion extinguishes all doubt. We must thenceforth calculate the conclusion without the possibility of error, and without a moment's anxiety. The navigation is no longer across an unknown sea, and under capricious and stormy gales. The adventurer goes forward under the sure guidance of an irresistible agency, sweeps straight for the harbour, and tranquilly defies the quicksand and the storm.

The truth was, that Miss Baillie's performance was in opposition to her theory: her heroes were not those solitary and unnatural abstractions, those concrete passions and monstrous homogeneities which she announced them to be. The breast of the lover was open to other impulses than those of perpetual adoration. Ambition was not always burning the heart, nor jealousy dropping into every crevice of its sensibilities her overflowing gall. The man was not alto-

gether a mummy, with all that was human in him, the whole fine and counterbalancing construction within, extracted, and its place filled up with the new and solitary ingredient that was to keep the form together, when it was no longer fit for any place but the grave. Her taste compelled her theory to give way, and she became a powerful tragedian by the force of nature.

With her fine qualities it is deeply to be regretted that the state of the British stage was such as almost instinctively to lead the yielding mind of a woman into the less sure and splendid path to excellence. For the last two hundred years tragedy had been rapidly on the decline. With all our habitual scorn of French taste, we had yet submitted to the supremacy of the French tragic drama. Its stateliness, formality, and coldness, which had probably suited the frigidity of those court etiquettes, and other grave affectations brought in by a foreign dynasty, had become fashionable; while the true spirit of the British drama was left to sleep in the monuments of Shakspeare and his illustrious contemporaries. All the popular tragedies half a century ago were translations from the French. Racine and Voltaire were the idols to which our freeborn necks were summoned to bow, and men like Aaron Hill and Murphy were the sole and unhappy resource of our Melpomene.

The illusion was, however, magnificently sustained by a succession of performers of the first rank. The Mossops, Barrys, Pritchards, and, pre-eminent above all of his own or any other day, Garrick, gave living power to those feeble imitations, and established the foreigners by an unwilling treachery to their English allegiance. Those times were the Augustan age of the British theatre. Why they have left us so hopeless of their return, why the high emoluments of the stage have not been able to attract some spirits of rival talent to the spot where they might exercise so brilliant a supremacy, or why with our increased population, with our more extended and general acquirement, and with the more courteous reception of the actor in society, the stage seems to take the reverse path of every other public exertion, and be determined to perish while every art and science of man and nature is assuming a loftier stature, and drinking in new youth at the fount of public patronage and prosperity, are questions which require more extended discussion than we can here bestow upon them.

But it is remarkable, that even the popularity of Garrick suffered, when in the boldness of an innovator he dared to bring forward the old drama, and play Shakspeare. His unrivalled personification of that splendid group whom the first of poets had less pictured than created, less invested with the noble shows and semblance of our nature in its grandeur and beauty, than filled with the boiling blood and the living soul, though received with admiration, yet more than shared its triumph with works whose

infinite vapidity, lifelessness, and incapability of life, render them a dishonour equally to the authorship and the taste of our forefathers.

Miss Baillie's homage to Shakspeare is professed and zealous. Yet her model was French. Conscious power is a hazardous thing: she seemed to have conceived the impracticable ambition of uniting the richness, variety, and strength of the old English versification with the rigidity and singleness of the French plot: she might as wisely have attempted to combine the marble terraces, regular parterres, and statued fountains of the French garden, with the sweeping majesty of the forest, covering the mountain with its sheets of verdure, and with the cataract thundering through its shade.

To aim at perpetual effect, to hate every thing but the grand, to make the casual and adventitious portion of the character the substitute for the whole nature of the man, has been the declared and the fatal error of the French stage. Its hero must be always a hero; its king must always wear the crown upon his brow; its lover must be a perpetual victim of the passion. We remember a remark illustrative of this national misconception made by the first of living French actors on Kean's Richard, where in his ominous depression before the battle he stands drawing lines in the dust with his sword. "That is not what a great General would do," was the remark: "would the Duke of Wellington be walking before his tent with his sword making plans of the manœuvres? He would have recollected his own dignity, and been the General throughout." This is the secret principle of the system. The Frenchman's Richard would have been the General and King, and nothing more. The man would have been forgotten. The casual character of office which must so often pass away from the mind, and which the more customary use would probably render the more feeble in its impression, was in this criticism to supersede the innate and perpetual character of the man. For one hour during which a king or a General might feel himself filled with the spirit of the sceptre or the truncheon, there must be many a one when he felt only that he was a human being liable to the common impulses, anxieties, and wants of our general nature. Richard, musing on the eventfulness of the coming morning, and filled with unwonted melancholy at the caprices of fortune, differed in nothing from the nameless myriads who have like him stood in sight of ruin. In that mood he was neither king nor leader; but a man, and a weak and weary minded one. The Frenchman would have seated him in his council of war, dazzling in perpetual panoply, issuing ceaseless despatches and commands, strained, stately, and regal to the moment when he was struck from throne and life together. But Shakspeare knew what was in the heart of man, and the actor deserved the high praise of comprehending Shakspeare.

In the British drama there is no deficiency more fatal than that of what is technically called "business." Of this there is an actual plenitude in all the real transactions of courts, and that influential and lofty region of society in which great catastrophes are generated. If we are not habitually let into the secrets of the whole operation, we are at least taught that a variety of agencies and impulses must have been combined before the roar and combustion of the elements burst or blaze upon us. But the continued and increasing curiosity essential to the triumph of the drama can be kept up only by a continued and rapid succession of events, growing in magnitude as they advance, and flashing new lights upon each other, up to the moment of general and consummate illustration. It is remarkable how unconscious Miss Baillie seems to have been of this pre-eminent necessity. With a powerful imagination, and with an obvious knowledge of human nature, she yet carries on her plot by some disjointed, improbable, and tardy series of events: the drama languishes in the midst of its rich and many-coloured declamation, and the characters seem condemned to die, like fine gentlemen, of having nothing to do.

Another hazardous disqualification is to be found in the nature of her style. Her verse has great force and beauty; yet it may have these, and not be fit for the peculiar enunciation of the stage. Brevity, not amplitude; intensity, not pomp; clearness, not laborious turbidness, are the true requisites for that poetry which is to be felt in even the stormy action of the stage, and the hurried utterance of the actor. Of this versification, tragedy, from the days of Dryden, exhibits scarcely an example. Dryness and debility, stately monotony, and rigid measure, all the characteristics of the foreign school, divested of its polished elegance and critical accuracy, formed the evil distinctions of our stage poetry. A better taste has followed, and the elder dramatists are at length the acknowledged authorities on versification; but the modern specimens are too few, and too little known, to allow of our assuming the praise of a genuine reform in the noble language of tragedy.

The result of these remarks is, that Miss Baillie misnamed her plays when she gave them the title of tragedies. They are tragic poems, incapable of being transferred to the stage, (as the fate of one of the most theatric among them may have already convinced her,) but, in their proper class, exhibiting a combination of natural vigour and cultivated taste, of lofty conception and rythmical beauty, altogether unequalled among the female writers of England.

A prominent feature in her early works, and one most honourable to her heart and understanding, was a strong sense of piety. It sometimes marred the poetic prowess of her genius, and enfeebled the colouring that was to make the warrior or the statesman start from the canvass; but it consecrated the work, and to its dignity added virtue. Miss Baillie has at length produced a dramatic poem in which religion is the paramount principle; religion, scarcely

as a form of belief, and still less as the common pretext for the prejudices, violences, and ambitions of sects or sovereigns, but, in its highest state, as 'grown from a principle into an affection, an exalted, adoring devotion, and thus entitled to be regarded as the greatest and noblest emotion of the heart.' We may well leave to her own eloquence the description of the 'Martyr.'

'The Martyr, whom I have endeavoured to pourtray, is of a class which I believe to have been very rare, except in the first ages of Christianity. There have been many martyrs in the world. Some have sacrificed their lives for the cause of reformation in the church, with the zeal and benevolence of patriotism: some for the maintenance of its ancient doctrines and rites, with the courage of soldiers in the breach of their beleaguered city: some for intricate points of doctrine, with the fire of controvertists, and the honour of men who disdained to compromise what they believed to be the truth, or under impressions of conscience which they durst not disobey; but, from the pure devoted love of God, as the great Creator and benevolent Parent of men, few have suffered but when Christianity was in its simplest and most perfect state, and more immediately contrasted with the mean, cheerless conceptions and popular fables of Paganism.

'We may well imagine that, compared to the heathen deities, those partial patrons of nations and individuals, at discord amongst themselves, and invested with the passions and frailties of men, the great and only God, Father of all mankind, as revealed in the Christian faith, must have been an idea most elevating, delightful, and consonant to every thing noble and generous in the human understanding or heart. Even to those who, from the opinions of their greatest philosophers, had soared above vulgar belief to one universal God, removed in his greatness from all care or concern for his creatures, the character of the Almighty God and beneficent parent joined, who cares for the meanest of his works, must have been most animating and sublime, supposing them to be at the same time unwarped by the toils and pride of learning.'—pp. v. vi.

After some striking remarks on the sources of the Pagan persecution, and the invincible fortitude of the early Christians, among whom were many of the Roman soldiery, she assigns her reasons for making a soldier the hero of her work. They are rather fantastic, but their language ought to preserve them.

'It was indeed natural that the invincible fortitude of those holy sufferers, fronting death with such noble intrepidity, should attract the admiration and sympathy of the generous and brave, whose pride it was to meet death undauntedly in a less terrific form; and we may easily imagine also, that a generous and elevated mind, under the immediate pressure of such odious tyranny as some of the Roman emperors exercised on their senators and courtiers, would turn from this humiliating bondage to that promise of a Father's house in which there are many mansions, and turn to it with most longing and earnest aspirations. The brave man, bred in the camp and the field, encompassed with hardships and dangers, would be little encumbered with learning or philosophy, therefore more open to conviction; and when

returned from the scenes of his distant warfare, would more indignantly submit to the capricious will of a voluptuous master. These considerations have led me to the choice of my hero, and have warranted me in representing him as a noble Roman soldier: — one whose mind is filled with adoring awe and admiration of the sublime, but parental character of the Deity, which is for the first time unfolded to him by the early teachers of Christianity; — one whose heart is attracted by the beautiful purity, refinement, and benignant tenderness, and by the ineffable generosity of him who visited earth as his commissioned Son, — attracted powerfully, with that ardour of affectionate admiration which binds a devoted follower to his glorious chief.' — pp. xi. xii.

The scene opens with a dialogue between Sulpicius, a senator, and Orceres, a Parthian prince residing at Rome. The latter (a singular love-messenger) is commissioned to communicate to Cordenius Maro, an officer of the Imperial Guard, the Senator's choice of him as a son-in-law.

> 'Art thou so well convinced —
> He loves my little damsel? — She is fair,
> But seems to me too simple, gay, and thoughtless,
> For noble Maro. Heiress as she is
> To all my wealth, had I suspected sooner,
> That he had smother'd wishes in his breast
> As too presumptuous, or that she in secret
> Prefer'd his silent homage to the praise
> Of any other man, I had most frankly
> Removed all hindrance to so fair a suit.
> For, in these changeling and degenerate days,
> I scarcely know a man of nobler worth.' p. 4.

The Parthian assigns public duty at some of the martyrdoms as the cause of the lover's absence; and to the Senator's observation on their 'contumacy' answers:

> 'There's sorcery in it, or some stronger power.
> But be it what it may, or good or ill,
> They look on death in its most dreadful form,
> As martial heroes on a wreath of triumph.
> The fires are kindled in the place of death,
> And bells toll dismally. The life of Rome
> In one vast clust'ring mass hangs round the spot,
> And no one to his neighbour utters word,
> But in an alter'd voice; with breath restrain'd,
> Like those who speak at midnight near the dead.
> Cordenius heads the band that guards the pile;
> So stationed, who could speak to him of pleasure?
> For it would seem as an ill-omen'd thing.' p. 5.

Portia, the daughter of Sulpicius, now enters, bringing or *dragging* after her, as the author hardily phrases it, her Numidian page, whom she orders to sing the following song, a secret tribute to her lover. We give this as Miss Baillie's latest lyric.

'The storm is gathering far and wide,
Yon mortal hero must abide.
Power on earth, and power in air,
Falchion's gleam and lightning's glare;
Arrows hurtling thro' the blast;
Stones from flaming meteor cast:
Floods from burthen'd skies are pouring,
O'er mingled strife of battle roaring;
Nature's rage and demon's ire,
Belt him round with turmoil dire:
Noble hero! earthly wight!
Brace thee bravely for the fight.

'And so, indeed, thou tak'st thy stand,
Shield on arm and glaive in hand;
Breast encased in burnish'd steel,
Helm on head, and pike on heel;
And, more than meets the outward eye,
The soul's high-temper'd panoply,
Which every limb for action lightens,
The form dilates, the visage brightens:
Thus art thou, lofty, mortal wight!
Full nobly harness'd for the fight.' p. 7.

Cordenius at length comes on the scene. He has been deeply moved by the constancy of the martyrs, at whose deaths he has been present.

'There is some power in this, or good or ill,
Surpassing nature. When the soul is roused
To desp'rate sacrifice, 'tis ardent passion,
Or high exalted virtue that excites it.
Can loathsome demonry in dauntless bearing
Outdo the motives of the lofty brave?
It cannot be! There is some power in this
Mocking all thought — incomprehensible.
[*Remains for a moment silent and thoughtful, while* Sylvius *enters behind him unperceived.*
Delusion! ay, 'tis said the cheated sight
Will see unreal things; the cheated ear
List to sweet sounds that are not; even the reason
Maintain conclusions wild and inconsistent.
We hear of this: — the weak may be deluded;
But is the learn'd, th' enlighten'd, noble Varus
The victim of delusion?' pp. 16, 17.

In this dubiousness he is found by Sylvius, a centurion and a Christian convert, who, after a brief exposition of his principles, invites Cordenius to one of the secret meetings of the brethren.

'At fall of eve, I'll meet thee in the suburb,
Close to the pleasure-garden of Sulpicius;
Where in a bushy crevice of the rock
There is an entry to the catacombs,
Known but to few.

'*Cordenius.* Ha! to the catacombs!
'*Sylvius.* A dismal place, I own, but heed not that;
For there thou'lt learn what, to thy ardent mind,
Will make this world but as a thorny pass
To regions of delight; man's natural life
With all its varied turmoil of ambition,
But as the training of a wayward child
To manly excellence; yea, death itself
But as a painful birth to life unending.
The word eternal has not to thine ears,
As yet, its awful, ample sense conveyed.' p. 20.

A day and two nights elapse, devoted to the conversion, and in the commencement of the second act Cordenius comes deeply imbued with the knowledge of the Faith. He expresses the sudden unfolding of truth on his mind, and the total and illustrious change of his feelings by a series of glowing similitudes. His attention is deeply excited by the procession of Christians bringing the ashes of the martyrs. They sing a solemn hymn.

These topics are varied for a moment by the appearance of Portia coming to pay her vows to the goddess of flowers. The young Pagan alludes to the influence of this mythological divinity in the fanciful spirit which of old peopled every breeze, and stream, and tree with its protecting genius.

'Full many a time I've listen'd when alone
In such fair spots as this, and thought I heard
Sweet mingled voices uttering varied tones
Of question and reply, pass on the wind,
And heard soft steps upon the ground; and then
The notion of bright Venus or Diana,
Or goddess-nymphs, would come so vividly
Into my mind, that I am almost certain
Their radiant forms were near me, tho' conceal'd
By subtle drapery of the ambient air.
And oh, how I have long'd to look upon them!
An ardent strange desire, tho' mix'd with fear.
Nay, do not smile, my father: such fair sights
Were seen — were often seen in ancient days;
The poets tell us so.
But look, the Indian roses I have foster'd
Are in full bloom; and I must gather them.' pp. 38, 39.

Cordenius returns in strong agitation at the new influx of feeling and truth that has rushed upon his soul. Portia's father offers him her hand: he is delighted at the prospect, yet betrays a solemn anxiety, which rapidly leads to the conclusion, that he has been influenced by the new doctrines. Abjuration is demanded by the Senator, as the test of the lover's worthiness. It is firmly refused.

Ethocles, a Greek, has now been seized as a Christian. His services to the great cause make the brethren eminently anxious for his preservation. Cordenius has commanded the guard over his

dungeon, and has secretly determined to perish for him. An imperial council is held for the destruction of the converts, and Ethocles is to be the first victim. Cordenius comes, disguised, in his place, flings aside his cloak, and declares himself the voluntary substitute of the Greek preacher. On Nero's pronouncing that he must be a maniac, the soldier then avows his pure and lofty convictions. His death is now inevitable. Nero is in the amphitheatre, Portia and her father are present, vainly supplicating the tyrant for the life of the martyr. Cordenius approaches undismayed.

> ' *Sulpicius.* Is he advancing?
> ' *Noble Roman.* Yes, and close at hand,
> Surrounded by a group of martial friends.
> Oft have I seen him on a day of battle
> March to the charge with noble portly gait,
> But now he treads the ground with buoyant steps
> Which from its surface spring, as tho' he press'd
> Substance of renovating power. His form
> Seems stately and enlarged beyond its wont;
> And in his countenance, oft turn'd to heaven,
> There is a look as if some god dwelt in him.
> ' *Sulpicius.* How do the people greet him?
> ' *Noble Roman.* Every face
> Gazing upon him, turns, with transit quick,
> Pity to admiration. Warlike veterans
> Are shedding tears like infants. As he passed
> The legion he commanded in Armenia,
> They raised a shout as if a victor came,
> Saluting him with long and loud applause,
> None daring to reprove them.' pp. 69, 70.

Cordenius is about to be exposed to a lion, when his friend Orceres, indignant at this base death of so eminent a soldier, sends an arrow through him.

> ' *Orceres.* Have I done well, my friend? — this is a death
> More worthy of a Roman.
> I made a vow in secret to my heart,
> That thou shouldst ne'er be made a mangled sight
> For gazing crowds and Nero's ruthless eye.
> ' *Sylvius.* That dying look, which almost smiles upon thee,
> Says that thou hast done well; tho' words no more
> May pass from these closed lips, whose last, bless'd utterance
> Was the soul's purest and sublimest impulse.' p. 76.

We shall not now advert to the obvious irregularities of this poem. The introduction of the Parthian, selected apparently for no other reason than the national skill in archery; the improbability of the scene with Nero; the hurried conversion, and the brief efforts of Portia's love: — but looking upon the 'Martyr' as merely a dramatic sketch of a very extensive and absorbing subject, we must give its already highly distinguished author the praise of having done, at least, no dishonour to her early and legitimate fame.

ART. IX. *Travels and Adventures in the Persian Provinces on the Southern Banks of the Caspian Sea.* With an Appendix, containing short Notices on the Geology and Commerce of Persia. By James B. Fraser. 4to. pp. 384. London. Longman and Co. 1826.

MR. FRASER has already made us acquainted with a considerable portion of the least civilised provinces of Persia in the very interesting narrative of his journey into Khorasān.* The present work takes up the history of his travels at the point where the former ended, and conducts the author from Astrabad, at the south-east corner of the Caspian sea, through the provinces of Mazunderān and Gheelān, which border its southern shores, to Tabreez, the seat of the government of Abbas Meerza, Prince-Royal of Persia. The nature of the country, and the state of its population, afforded a much more limited field of enquiry than Mr. Fraser found in the earlier part of his journey; but it was a field, nevertheless, that deserved his attention, though not, perhaps, at the expense of such severe difficulties, sufferings, and dangers as those which he experienced in his examination of it.

Indeed, the author's personal adventures form too large a portion of the volume before us. They tended, it is true, to elicit a good deal of the character of the people amongst whom they occurred; but, in other respects, they are not particularly attractive. They are made up, for the most part, of little details, which, however important to the individual whom they chiefly affected, are of little value to the reader. They have none of that romantic colouring which one expects to find in a story of adventures upon the banks of the Caspian sea: they leave a disagreeable impression on the mind, on account of the indignities which the author suffered; and they are narrated in a loose, fretful, and garrulous style, that is by no means calculated to redeem their original dulness.

The information, however, which Mr. Fraser has collected with his usual industry, under disadvantages and privations of the most disheartening and painful description, concerning two provinces so little known to us as Mazunderān and Gheelān, is, in some respects, novel and important. Had the volume possessed somewhat more of the raciness and animation that are to be found in honest Jonas Hanway's account of his travels on the shores of the Caspian, we should have liked it much better: but it has an air of accuracy, and a sort of business-like look, which compensate, in some measure, for the absence of other qualifications. The descriptions of the country, and its villages and cities, are clear and unlaboured, although it is evident enough that the author's love of the picturesque was frequently not a little depressed by the sufferings to which he was so undeservedly exposed.

* See the Monthly Review, vol. cvii. p. 312.

In the narrative of his journey into Khorasān, Mr. Fraser described the course of his travels until he reached Astrabad, which he entered on the 6th of April, 1822. He was accompanied by Meerza Abd-ool-Rezāk, a Persian 'of good family, considerable liberality of sentiment, and respectable mental endowments,' and attended by a negro and four native servants. Astrabad, if it resemble most of the cities in Persia, by being, as to the greater part of it, in a ruinous condition, is unlike them in every other respect. The houses are built more in the Indian than the Persian taste, the roofs consisting of red tiles, or thatch, and projecting considerably beyond the walls. Several of the houses are distinguished by the addition of lofty square towers, having openings on each side, for the purpose of admitting the air into the rooms beneath; and most of the better order are surrounded by trees and extensive gardens, which produce an agreeable effect. The streets are paved with stone, and exhibit an appearance of cleanliness and neatness rarely to be met with in the southern provinces. Astrabad, however, though a port of the Caspian sea, has little trade, and yields but an inconsiderable revenue to the royal treasury; and the impenetrable thickets and forests which are suffered to remain untouched in its immediate neighbourhood render it, by their exhalations, one of the most unwholesome towns in the Persian dominions.

After sojourning about a fortnight at Astrabad, Mr. Fraser set out for Saree, the capital of Mazunderān, taking advantage, where it was possible to do so, of the famous causewayed road constructed under the active, enterprising, and enlightened reign of Shah Abbas. The soil of the provinces bordering on the Caspian is rendered so deep and miry by the heavy rains which fall there during many months of the year, that, without such a road, the overland communication between those provinces would be impeded in the winter. It was formed originally with great care, but Mr. Fraser found it almost in ruins. His course was northward of west, and led him sometimes through thick jungles, formed of lofty forest-trees, or of thorns, brambles, and wild pomegranates, sometimes through hamlets prettily situated, whose chief care seemed to be the cultivation of the mulberry. Of the more considerable villages little was to be seen, as the houses were scattered in groups of two or three among a great extent of jungle; and one would think that he was still riding through the forest, but for the little columns of smoke which he sees here and there issuing from among the trees. The women do not conceal themselves in these villages so strictly as in other parts of Persia. Many of them were observed to be handsome, though their beauty fades at an early age. The inhabitants are generally distrustful and inhospitable, probably on account of their vicinity to the Toorkomāns, whose irregular notions of property are proverbial.

Mr. Fraser found the condition of the famous palace of Ashruff, its gardens, fountains, and cascades, which are so enthusiastically described by Hanway, wretchedly changed. These abodes of the splendour and luxury of Shah Abbas are now so decayed, that it is difficult even to trace their former existence.

'It is impossible, I think, to traverse these ruins without experiencing very powerfully the emotions which scenes of vanished pomp and pleasure ever awaken; indeed, I do not remember to have experienced them often in a stronger degree. The old man who accompanied us was minute and eloquent in his narrations, the ruins themselves were extensive and majestic, and at every turn there were points of reminiscence, hints as it were of past realities, which, like the sharp and masterly touches of a fine picture, seemed to bring the past more freshly before us. I could fancy that I saw the actual traces of the gallant and magnificent monarch, who, whatever might be his faults to his own subjects, was always the friend and protector of Europeans, always liberal in his sentiments, and enlightened in his policy; the patron of science, the encourager of all improvement, the Lewis XIV. of Persia. I was carried back in imagination to those times when the great Shah Abbas had given and partaken of many joyous feasts in this very palace; many scenes of deep interest, many too doubtless of dark atrocity, had passed within these walls. Many a lovely form had here sighed for liberty, or for the lover from whose arms she had been torn to suffer the cold embraces of a despot, perhaps but to be immured in his harem. But all were gone — monarch and captive, the palace and the prison, alike crumbled to the dust, and the most sacred spot contaminated by the feet of infidel strangers.' — pp. 22, 23.

There are the remains of many objects of interest in the neighbourhood of Ashruff, but in such a state of ruin, that they scarcely repay the attention of the traveller. The situation, commanding a fine view of the Caspian and of the neighbouring country, was worthy of the expenditure lavished upon it by Shah Abbas. From this place Mr. Fraser pursued his journey through Nica and the plains of Gorgaun to Saree, where he arrived on the 21st of April, and was comfortably lodged, by the governor's order, in the house of Ramzaun Beg, a gentleman distinguished for his taste in domestic architecture. It happened that the room allotted to our traveller, though quite a *bijou* in its way, was conveniently accessible only by means of a crazy ladder placed outside the window. The house itself, however, and the author's treatment in it, afforded a good practical illustration of a Persian's notions of comfort and hospitality, and, indeed, of the superficial character of every thing which he saw in that country.

'The house, in so far as it met the eye, was good, comfortable, and clean, and the rooms of reception were neat, and even elegant. The walls were nicely plastered, and adorned with devices in stucco; the windows were carved, and coloured in forms like those exhibited in the kaleidoscope. Numerous niches in the walls were fitted up with velvet and gold-worked coverings. A handsome fire-place occu-

pied one side, beautiful numuds * and rich carpets were spread above Indian mats on the floor. But the moment these rooms were passed, the bare bricks and unplastered walls stared you in the face; the passages and staircases were so narrow that two persons could hardly pass each other, and every thing looked slovenly and unfinished. The approach from without was by a dirty lane, so narrow, that a man on horseback could not reach the door; on either side of which were heaps of broken bricks and earth, dirt, and pools of green or slimy water. Yet, before the windows, were little gardens neatly laid out in walks, shrubs, and beds of flowers; and beyond the town-wall might be seen a fine prospect of the plains and mountains. The lodging assigned to the principal guest was comfortable enough; but the servants of that guest had hardly a place to lay their heads on, or to protect his baggage from the weather. We dined on good pillaw, but our servants had often not even dry bread to put in their mouths, unless their master gave them money to pay for it; and as to his horses, they had neither shelter nor food, not even a place where they might stand upon dry ground.' — pp. 34, 35.

By a fiction of law, the stranger in Persia is said to be the guest of the King, and, wherever he goes, lodging and entertainment are supposed to be provided for him by the public authorities at the expense of the government. But the traveller generally finds this sort of hospitality much more disagreeable and costly than if he were at liberty to make out his own quarters. The host is displeased at having a foreigner, as it were, billetted upon him; and the official people expect in presents ten times the amount of the most extravagant bill which the guest would have had to pay at a public inn, if such an institution were in existence. Sometimes Englishmen have endeavoured to carry into effect their independent practice of paying at private houses for every thing which they required; but the Persians are not yet arrived at this degree of civilisation: they suspect it is but a trick, used for the purpose of inducing them to bring forth their best fare, and they refuse to profit of it. In many respects, however, Ramzaun Beg was an exception to the generality of Persian hosts. Though warm in his temper, and somewhat peevish, he treated his guest with great attention and benevolence.

The province of Mazunderān is governed by Mahomed Koolee Meerza, the third son of the King. Saree, the seat of his residence, is a city of great antiquity, but inferior, both in extent and appearance, to Astrabad. The bazars are miserable, the walls and fortifications contemptible, and the palace far from magnificent. It has five colleges, a number which one is surprised to find in a situation so remote from the capital. Here, also, is a curious tower, resembling, in its style and architecture, those which the author described in his travels through Khorasān. It is hollow through its whole

'* Numuds are thick carpets of felt, which are sometimes highly ornamented with flowers, and other devices, in various colours.'

height, which is about one hundred feet; its internal diameter is somewhat less than thirty. Its shape is cylindrical, with a conical roof open in the centre, which seems to have been surmounted by some farther work. From inscriptions found upon it, it is supposed, with every appearance of probability, to have been a tomb. Hanway set it down as one of the temples of the ancient fire-worshippers. It is now used as a glass-house. Mr. Fraser mentions a popular tradition concerning it, which is perfectly Oriental.

'Among the popular traditions held with regard to this tower, it is supposed to be the repository of a mighty treasure secured by a powerful talisman, the secret for obtaining which was discovered by an Indian magician of great skill; but the conditions of the talisman not permitting him to act in person, he employed an agent, like Aladdin, ignorant of the business on which he was sent. To this person the magician entrusted the counterparts of the talisman, which he was carefully to compare with that which he should see in the tower, but he was cautioned particularly against casting his eyes upwards, whatever he might hear going on. The messenger acted according to his instructions, and the moment he had compared the talismans the spell operated; a mighty rushing noise took place, and a prodigious number of pigeons flew out of the open archway. This flight, however, continued so long, that the messenger, wearied with conjecture, forgot the caution, and looked upwards; upon which the flight of birds suddenly ceased, and a quantity of golden coin came tumbling about his ears. The spell had turned the gold into pigeons, which winged their way to the magician's coffers; but it was broken by the curiosity of his agent, and the gold was so suddenly restored to its original shape, that even the portion passing in the air fell to the ground; and no one, since that hour, has been able to discover the remainder of the treasure.'—p. 44.

The climate of Mazunderān is said upon the whole to be humid. The heaviest and most continued rains fall from December to April, but the accessions of heat or cold are extremely capricious. Sometimes in what is called the winter, the heat is so excessive, that the inhabitants are obliged to throw off their furs, which, on the other hand, they are often compelled to resume in the midst of summer, on account of the severe cold which prevails. This extreme uncertainty of the climate produces many diseases, the most common of which are rheumatisms, dropsies, and complaints in the eyes. The disposition of the inhabitants is represented as by no means amiable. They hold a "Kaffer Feringhee," an unbelieving Frank, as unworthy of their slightest attention. They look upon themselves as persons of infinite importance, which is not to be wondered at, as they are ignorant of every thing that exists beyond their own province. Their colleges, therefore, must be founded on a narrow system of education, or rather, perhaps, they are too much devoted to those metaphysical speculations about the mysteries of our nature, which have long been such favourite subjects of meditation in the East. Their intolerance of any form or even

idea of religion, save that which they themselves practise, is carried to a degree always dangerous, and sometimes even fatal to strangers. The Moollahs, or learned men, are particularly ingenious in engaging a foreigner in theological controversy, and spare no means to have the best of the argument. The inhabitants of Mazunderān are of a more swarthy complexion than those of the more southern provinces of Persia. The features of the peasantry are high, hard, and brown, and remind one of the Highlanders of Scotland.

Mr. Fraser gives some curious and interesting particulars of the private life of his host Ramzaun Beg, who, it appears, in religion, was prone to sooffeeism, or free-thinking, and in politics somewhat of an oppositionist. He had been formerly a wealthy person, but the frequent spoliations of the Prince-Governor diminished his wealth very considerably.

'"I was rich and happy," he pathetically complains to his guest, "and he (the Prince) has reduced me to poverty and wretchedness. I had houses and possessions; I had thirty capital horses in my stable; with gold and silver furniture to match them. I had a thousand pieces of china in my warehouse; with rich silk, shawls of Cashmere, carpets of Herāt, dishes and equipages of gold and of silver; in short, every thing complete in my establishment. I was happy to be always surrounded by my friends, and to entertain strangers as my guests. I delighted in making rich presents, and in returning threefold what was presented to me. But now, all is gone, and the mortification of having suffered so much ingratitude alone remains. I am disgusted at seeing my substance constantly devoured by those who neither cared for me nor were even invited by me, and have pulled down my stables, and disposed of my horses. I have also given up all my houses except this small one, and permanently reduced my establishment, which I could no longer afford to maintain. And now my heart is cold; I have done with the world; I neither seek nor will accept of service. They call me nazir of the zenanah *; but I do not act, nor does the Prince care that I should. He has plenty of new and more favourite servants, and dislikes the sight of one whom he has so deeply injured, and from whom he can now hope for no advantage. I have no more money, nor do I wish to obtain it. I live as I can, on the wreck of my possessions, and do not desire to hoard that which would at last go only to enrich an ungrateful master."'—p. 60.

During his stay at Saree Mr. Fraser was called upon to display his skill as a physician (a character which he occasionally found it useful to assume) in behalf of the Prince's sister, who was supposed to be in a dangerous state of illness. He of course could do nothing for her without seeing her, but the Prince and her husband would not permit this. Indeed it was evident that they would rather allow her to be taken to the other world than to be seen by a

'* Seraglio, female establishment.'

foreigner. After examining the little that was worthy of attention in Saree or its vicinity, our traveller quitted it on the 4th of May, and proceeded on his course westward, still by the causeway, which he here found in a deplorable condition. The horses were frequently immersed to the girth in water, as the road had sunk below the level of the surrounding country, which was a universal marsh, owing to the great supply of water necessary for the irrigation of the rice-fields that extend as far as Balfroosh. This town, which is about thirty miles from Saree, is remarkable for the bustle and show of business which it exhibits. It is peopled chiefly by merchants and mechanics, and is marked by appearances of commercial prosperity which are rarely to be seen in Persia. Yet, as the author remarks, it is not particularly favoured in point of situation. On the contrary, every thing would seem to conspire against it; the country around it is low and swampy; the roads are even in fine weather almost impassable, and its port on the Caspian, which is about twelve miles distant, is little better than an open roadstead. The plain, however, in which it is situated, is extremely fertile, and 'it is centrically placed with regard to Casween, Tehran, Shahrood, and the interior of Persia, (being near two principal passes through the Elburz,) as well as to Resht, the capital of Gheelan, also a place of very extensive trade.' Another great advantage which it possesses consists in its freedom from the interference of the oppressive rulers of the country. It is governed by a merchant, and moderately taxed. How long it may remain so is a question which the author is unable to solve. He thinks such a state of things is too happy to last long in Persia. The town is compared to Ispahan for size by the inhabitants. Mr. Fraser calculates the population at two hundred thousand. Its bazars are more extensive than those of Ispahan, and much better filled. It has between twenty and thirty colleges, and is celebrated for the number and eminence of its learned men. During his stay at Balfroosh our author's medicinal skill was put to the test by crowds of sick people soliciting his advice and assistance. He observed that affections of the eyes were particularly prevalent, owing, it is supposed, to the continual and exclusive use of rice as food,—a cause which is said to produce similar effects in Egypt. The Moollahs he found tinctured deeply with the principles of soofeeism. Their conversation chiefly turned on 'the extraordinary and involuntary passions which so peculiarly mark and belong to this state of mind,' and upon 'the existence of such aspirations in the land of Franks, particularly among the mysterious brotherhood of free-masons!'

From Balfroosh Mr. Fraser proceeded on the 10th of May, on his way to Resht, the capital of Gheelan, passing by Amol, the classic scene of Ferdoussee's heroic poem, and along the sea-beach through Alleeabad. Our traveller remarks, that during this journey on its banks he frequently tasted the water of the Caspian, and

found it in most instances barely brackish, and sometimes so fresh that his horses would drink it readily. This is doubtless owing to the numerous large streams which flow into it from the mountains of Mazunderan and Gheelan, though it has been said by persons who have made passages to Astrakan 'that even in the parts furthest from shore the water is by no means very salt.' In the course of his progress towards Resht Mr. Fraser learned some particulars of the method used for producing rice in this country, which may not prove altogether uninteresting to the reader.

'After the ground is sufficiently pulverized by repeated ploughings, the number of which is regulated by the nature of the soil, water is turned into the field, and, when thoroughly soaked, it undergoes another ploughing, during which stage of the operation the ground is so soft that the cattle go up to their bellies in the soil. After this, a wooden instrument, forming the segment of a circle, is drawn over the surface, with its straight edge resting on the ground; this serves not only to smooth it, but to break any clods, or pick up whatever grass and weeds may have accidentally been left. The women then take the rice plants, which have been raised from the seed in separate beds, and beginning at one end, plant them in rows five or six inches apart each way; and this they do with wonderful quickness and dexterity, retreating backwards, and smoothing at the same time, with their hands, all irregularities on the surface that may either have been left by former operations or caused by their own feet; so that when they have done, the field appears perfectly smooth, covered with a sheet of muddy water, above which the rows of green plants can just be seen, tinging it slightly of their own colour. A few days afterwards, when the water becomes clear, it looks like a green mirror, and has a very beautiful appearance. When weeds spring up, which occurs soon after planting, the women are again sent over the field to gather them; which, having performed, they again smooth the surface with equal rapidity as before, and the rice is then left to its natural rapid growth.

'The large fields, for the greater facility of irrigation, are divided into small compartments, either square, or in a succession of terraces following each other, something in the form of fish-scales; a method generally adopted when the field lies upon a slightly inclined plane, in which case, each division being itself level, sinks lower in succession than the one above, from the one end to the other, and is irrigated in a similar manner; the water, after having flooded the upper one, passing to the next by a small opening at the lower end. Looking from a height over the country, these green and regular mirrors, glancing on all sides amongst the forest, have a pleasing effect. This forest is not an uncultivated waste; the greater part of it consists of mulberry gardens and fruit trees. At this time the silk worms were feeding, and every one was busy attending to these insects, the source of riches to Gheelan and its inhabitants.'—pp. 119, 120.

Mr. Fraser arrived at Resht on the 20th of May; and in the cold reception which he experienced there he had an earnest of the sufferings which he was destined to undergo in Gheelan. He was fortunate in meeting Meerza Mahomed Reza, one of those youths who had been sent a few years before to England by Abbas Meerza,

for their education. He spoke our language very well, and seemed disposed to render every attention in his power to our countryman. Among other useful points of information, he told Mr. Fraser that Gheelan was ruled by two princes, the most rapacious governors in the kingdom, and that the elder of them was then absent at Tehran, whither he was summoned to answer the complaints of the Ghelanees against him, and to account for a large defalcation in the revenues of the province.

It is surprising that a people so amply protected by the nature of their country as the Ghelanees should submit so tamely as they do to the oppression and rapacity of which they are the daily victims. That part of their territory which is subject to the crown of Persia extends along the south and south-western banks of the Caspian, from the western boundary of Mazunderan to the banks of a small stream called Ashtara, forming a tract not quite two hundred miles in length. Since the early part of 1813, the north-western part of the province, including the place of Lankeroon, has been in possession of the Russians. A considerable part of the province is mountainous, and occupied by hordes of wild clans, who are active, patient of fatigue, brave, and devoted to their chiefs, but treacherous, cruel, and rapacious towards all other persons. The district which they possess is called Talish, and they are described by the author as 'for the most part spare, raw-boned men, of robust though not tall frames, with countenances not unlike the Highlanders of Scotland.'

The town of Resht like Astrabad is enveloped by trees: it has neither the comfort nor neatness of Balfroosh. The bazars, however, are extensive, clean, and well kept. The beggars are numerous and importunate, many of them are affected with leprosy, and most of them opium-eaters. We cannot pass over the author's amusing description of the 'religious mendicants.'

'Of another description, and very different in character, were the fakeers and dervishes, or religious mendicants. These impudent but often amusing vagabonds practised largely their expedients for levying contributions on the purses of the multitude. Some, fantastically dressed in tattered robes, and caps ornamented with flowers and feathers, or still more wildly wreathed with their own matted and twisted locks, ran in groups about the bazars, vociferating, in the cant of their caste, "Yah Alee! Huk! Huk!" and clamorously demanding charity. Others, seated in booths or corners, sold charms against all diseases, and magic tusbees or rosaries, and pieces of clay brought from Mecca or Kerbela to be used in prayer. Others, again, confiding in their known celebrity, sat quietly coiled up in their dens by the way-side, attended by some of their disciples, beholding with a satirical grin, or with imperturbable and abstracted gravity, the bustling scene before them; while the numerous dupes of their fancied wisdom poured in their tribute of presents in return for the council or instruction received from the pious hypocrites. All these scenes afforded much

amusement, and rendered the bazars of Resht always an interesting lounge.' — pp. 150, 151.

The staple produce of Gheelan is silk, for which Resht is the chief mart, and one of the most considerable entrepots on the Caspian for exchanging the commodities of Persia with those of Astrakan. Its population is estimated at about eighty thousand. Towards the latter end of May, Mr. Fraser had made his arrangements for quitting it, and was actually on his way out of the town, when, in consequence of an express just arrived from Tehran, he received an order from the young Prince to suspend his journey until the return of the elder Prince, which was expected in twelve or fourteen days. This order appears to have originated in a false report which had reached the elder Prince at Tehran, representing Mr. Fraser as a Russian spy. This blunder caused him a world of uneasiness. He feared that his life was in danger; and as the return of the elder Prince was protracted from time to time, it was perfectly natural that a stranger, situated as Mr. Fraser was, should make use of every means in his power in order to effect his escape. Several chapters are occupied in detailing the projects formed by the author for accomplishing his purpose, the adventures in which they engaged him, his recapture by one of the Talish clans, the cruel treatment which he experienced from that barbarous race, and his forced return to Resht, where he was compelled to wait the arrival of the elder Prince. A miserable apology was made to him for the misrepresentation to which he was indebted for his sufferings, and at length he was allowed to take his departure for Tabreez, which he reached about the middle of July. Here he found that Mr. Willock the envoy had already quitted Persia, and was then on his way to England, in consequence of an insulting message that was sent to him by the King concerning certain arrears of subsidy which His Majesty peremptorily demanded. Tabreez, the capital of Azerbijan, the most important province of Persia, has been so often described that it is unnecessary to detain the reader with any account of it. It has really little remarkable about it, except that it was the favourite residence of Zobeide, the wife of that Haroun-al-Raschid, who cuts so conspicuous a figure in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." After remaining here for some weeks, Mr. Fraser returned by way of Tefflis and Odessa to Vienna and England.

The work concludes with an appendix, which contains two very able and useful papers. The first is occupied with geological observations on certain parts of Persia, and the second with an account of its commerce, which the want of space alone prevents us from noticing more in detail.

ART. X. *Memoirs of the Court of Henry the Eighth.* By Mrs. A. T. Thomson. 2 Vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* London. Longman and Co. 1826.

THESE volumes belong to a department of historical literature which we now appear to have gallantly resigned, by common consent, into the hands of our accomplished fair. The memoirs of courts, with their appurtenances of contemporary manners, amusements, ceremonies, costumes, and fashions, present many pleasing and elegant points of enquiry; and we know no branch of authorship which may more appropriately occupy the leisure, or better display the polished taste, of a lady of intellectual pursuits. The success with which such subjects have lately been treated by more than one of our literary countrywomen may justify this opinion. Miss Aikin's Memoirs of the courts of Elizabeth and James I. are really spirited and valuable episodes in the history of manners, literature, and character; and Miss Benger's Lives of Mary Queen of Scots, of Anne Boleyn, and of Elizabeth Stuart, if less full and finished productions, are still all entitled to a respectable rank among the records of royal biography and courtly scenes. To these names we have now to add with pleasure that of the lady whose volumes are before us.

The history of the court and of the reign of Henry VIII. may be divided under several heads, each either of grave importance or amusing curiosity, and all of them therefore fully meriting regard and attention. In the varying aspect and progress of English manners, the first half of the sixteenth century was a peculiar and remarkable epoch. In that age the martial uses of chivalry were adorned with the highest splendour of pomp and pageantry; and among the youthful nobility of England, the stern spirit of the ancient knighthood was already blended with the softened influence of intellectual taste. The flowers of literature were wreathed around the sword and the lance; the preux chevalier learned to indite a sonnet, while he still broke a spear, in his lady's cause; and, as our historian of chivalry has justly remarked, its character in this age began to partake more of a passion for poetical and romantic sentiment than it retained of its strictly original qualities. The devotion of the knight to his mistress was often no more than a poet's dream. The state of English society was undergoing a rapid change from the absence of all mental cultivation to eager aspirations after refinement and improved civilisation.

Nor was this state of transition confined only to manners; it pervaded and characterised every thing in the same age,—literature, religion, arts, and arms. From Italy our well-travelled ancestors had already imbibed both a keen relish for the classical learning of antiquity, and a taste for the allegorical and romantic numbers of Ariosto. The thirst of knowledge had already been excited; the inspiration of poesy was awakened; and the reign of Henry VIII. was the dawn of that era, which burst forth into its full flood of

meridian glory before the close of the century. The King himself, perhaps, was more skilled in polemical divinity and scholastic subtilties than in the mystery of the gayer sciences. But he was not without poetic taste; and if one wretched ballad, of undoubted authenticity, which is still extant, may entitle him to the name, he was also a poet. His court may certainly be characterised in some measure as a school of letters. It was graced by the presence and the amorous lays of Lord Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt. It was there, too, by Henry's special command, that the admirable work of Froissart was translated by a soldier and a courtier, who was himself a worthy exemplar of the knightly character; and that English version of the great chronicle of chivalry, by John Bourchier, Lord Berners, remains to attest the fact that, for vigour and raciness of expression, and for picturesque richness of style, our language had even then attained a strength and beauty which its more polished maturity has scarcely surpassed.

But, for the advancement and encouragement of severer studies, the age and the court of Henry VIII. have much higher associations. Learning never found a more munificent protector than Wolsey. Here, whatever were his political faults and vices, the great Cardinal most worthily employed the "full blown dignity" of his power.

——"Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford, one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it."

Of the names which figure in this early age of our literature, the scholar need scarcely be reminded; Erasmus and Sir Thomas More, who might of themselves confer dignity and interest on any age; Dean Colet, the learned and virtuous founder of St. Paul's school; Linacre, also, the common associate of all these illustrious spirits, the first man who raised medicine into a science in England, and by whose counsel the King gave a legal incorporation and protection to the faculty, and founded the College of Physicians; Lillye, the celebrated grammarian; Cranmer, Tonstall, Pace, and Latimer, all eminent in theology.

This pleasing interest which attaches to the age of Henry VIII., in its connection with the history of manners and literature, does not extend to the political and ecclesiastical transactions of his reign. It was indeed the epoch which marked the first secure establishment of the great kingdoms of Europe in their durable form, and in which the principles of international politics began first to be understood and practised. But there is nothing in this period to which the English student can recur with satisfaction and pride. The selfish vanity of Henry was gratified by the flattering and delusive title of arbiter of the balance of power; but the fancied ascendancy which he enjoyed in the affairs of Europe was

never exercised either for the national dignity or advantage. His reign was a period of no glory, and it would be impossible to trace, in his capricious and vacillating administration, a single stroke of enlightened policy or statesmanlike wisdom. Place his foreign measures in comparison with those of his illustrious daughter, and he sinks to his true level of a selfish and brutal tyrant, insensible to the honour of his country and his people, and differing in no respect from the ignorant and barbarian despots of the darkest ages. The government of Elizabeth was sufficiently absolute, but its arbitrary temper was at least redeemed in the eyes of her subjects by a thousand concomitants of national grandeur and public happiness: under the jealous and merciless yoke of Henry, the internal aspect of the kingdom presented only the unrelieved picture of degrading and abject servitude. Every spark of the freedom which the parliament had asserted and won in the fourteenth century, and which, favoured by the doubtful title of our first Lancastrian princes, might have appeared to be securely established, had been extinguished in the sanguinary wars of the rival Roses. Throughout the whole reign of Henry, he knew no other law than his own furious and unresisted passions; and, if our whole history had corresponded to the spirit of this reign, we should have little cause for pride in tracing our national ancestry to the nobles and the people who crouched under so despicable a slavery, and consented to hold their properties and lives at the mere beck of a master, at once so impatient, unrelenting, and atrociously cruel.

On the ecclesiastical history of the time the mind must dwell with much more feeling of repugnance than satisfaction. It is written in characters of blood. Here we have the disgraceful spectacle of a whole nation subjecting their consciences and their reception of eternal truths to the will of an intolerant despot, whose judgment was at the same time ferociously bigoted and absurdly inconsistent. We find the Catholic and Protestant parties alternately the victims and sport of his cruel violence; nor was the degradation of even the most vigorous spirits wanting to complete this shameful picture of national subserviency. Contradictory articles of belief, imposed at the capricious pleasure of the royal polemic, were abjectly subscribed to by the very men who, but a few years after, encountered a yet more bloody persecution, and sealed the sincerity of their opinions with their blood.

A single glance at all these topics of various and opposite interest which belong to the reign of Henry VIII. will sufficiently show the nature and extent of the labour which Mrs. Thomson has imposed upon herself. In one point of view, the difficulty of treating her subject was much increased for a female pen. The memoirs of the court of Henry VIII. must, of course, exhibit his domestic life; and this, bared in all its grosser circumstances, would be little more than a tale of sensuality and indecency. The

story of his marriages and divorces, and the proceedings by which he endeavoured to colour the indulgence of his wanton appetites with the sanction of religion and law, are full of details and questions of no very proper tendency; and we confess that, on opening Mrs. Thomson's volumes, we felt some doubt whether the subject altogether could be treated by a lady with adequate truth and yet without violation of decorum. But we have been agreeably surprised by the mingled ingenuity and modesty with which this embarrassing part of the narrative has been executed. In other respects, Mrs. Thomson appears to have entered on her undertaking fearlessly and industriously, and she may certainly be declared to have performed it with ability. All the lighter sketches of her subject she has invested with a grace and an animation which are truly feminine: the coarser details are managed with delicate tact and propriety, honourable alike to her good sense and purity of mind; and even the weightier and more arduous task of delineating the ecclesiastical and political affairs of so remarkable a period she has accomplished with no inconsiderable talent and vigour.

In compiling her work, our fair author has consulted the usual authorities. The Chronicles of Hall and Holinshed, and the life of Wolsey by his servant Cavendish, are the principal contemporary materials which she has used for her general narrative; but she has also had recourse to the valuable collection of original letters, illustrative of our history, which the judicious industry of Mr. Ellis has dug out from the stores of the British Museum. There is, however, one work which we have been surprised to find so frequently numbered among Mrs. Thomson's references; we mean the History of the Reign of Henry VIII. by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, "a great name, but a little authority." The merits of both that book and its author have been grossly overrated. Lord Herbert cannot even claim the advantage of having been contemporary with the events which he records: his work has little to entitle it to the credit which some writers, and Mrs. Thomson after them, would seem strangely inclined to render to it: it is distinguished only by glaring partiality, pedantic affectation of manner, and inaccurate relation of facts.

It is due, however, to Mrs. Thomson to say, that, upon the whole, she has produced an amusing work. Necessarily possessing only the same sources of information which are open to all, and which are, for the most part, perfectly familiar to the historical enquirer, she has doubtless not aspired to the discovery of additional facts, nor found reason to place those which were previously known in any new or very striking light. But her volumes still bear, in a great degree, the charm of novelty; for the nature of her design has enabled her to blend and harmonise the public transactions, which usually engross the whole care of professed historians, with all those minute and curious

notices of the state of literature and the domestic condition of society, which are elsewhere to be found only in scattered and disjointed fragments. To attempt any analysis or digest of her volumes would only be to reduce her subject again to the meagre elements of an abridgment, and to divest it of the graceful drapery in which she has clothed it. It is not the historical summary of the period, but the enlarged treatment of all its collateral and minute incidents, which is a desideratum for the reading world; and, avoiding altogether to notice the mere outlines of a reign which are "familiar as household words," we shall just afford our readers one or two specimens of her manner.

The gorgeous pageants and processions, the elaborate entertainments and shows, the splendid jousts and tournaments, which have particularly celebrated this age of our manners, naturally engage a great portion of our fair author's attention: but among these we shall notice only the peculiarities of the banquet.

'There were few of the fashionable amusements of the day more likely to diminish the resources of the royal purse than the banquet of olden times. In the sixteenth century, it was usually an early supper, at six or seven o'clock in the evening, and was composed of the most substantial and costly viands that the royal parks or forests could supply: every festivity, every solemn occasion of business or of state, was closed by a feast, either at the hour of twelve, as a dinner, or early in the evening. Nor was it, in those chivalrous days, considered either well-bred or decorous to exclude the fair sex from participating in these convivialities, or to admit them merely to the tantalising privilege of being spectators; the ladies of Henry's court obtained a share in this, as in every species of diversion, and were not only allowed to sit as guests at the feasts, but were thought to be essential members of the company. At the palace of Wolsey, Cavendish describes them as sitting alternately with the gallants of the court; and at the feast of the Serjeants, held at Ely House in the twenty-third year of Henry's reign, Queen Katharine presided at the head of one table, and the King at another, in separate apartments.

'The party being assembled, and the King and Queen seated in their chairs of state, it was the custom to begin the cermonial of royal banquets by presenting hippocras and wafers to the sovereign and his consort. The dishes were then placed, and were frequently replenished, according to the quality and number of those assembled at the board; but the courses were always numerous, and included a considerable number and variety of viands.

'It was about this period, that the substantial character of these repasts began to give place to a greater degree of elegance in the choice of provisions. Except venison (sometimes eaten with furmenty), or pork stewed into broth, no butchers' meat was allowed to appear on table at the high-day festivals of the court, or at the palaces of the nobles: but at city feasts, or at those purely ceremonial, the baron of beef, or even the spectacle of an entire carcase, was still permitted to gladden the eyes of the hungry. At the dinner before specified, which was declared to be little inferior to the feast of a coronation, it was deemed necessary to provide twenty-four great "beefes," one hundred fat "muttons,"

ninety-one pigs, one carcase of an ox; besides fourteen dozen of swans, and other varieties of the feathered and finny tribe, too numerous to be detailed. As the female members of a company are usually critics in the more delicate minutiæ of the culinary art, our ancestors did not fail to intersperse their banquets with intricate confectionary, in which their skill appears to have been by no means despicable. The "subtleties," so frequently specified by the chroniclers of the period, were devices made with jellies or sweetmeats, and placed in the centre of the table for ornament; and, in order to be consistent with that taste for symbolical display which then prevailed, they were frequently intended to convey particular meanings, couched in corresponding mottoes; a chain of gold, or a crown, according to the dignity of the president of the feast, usually surmounting these skilful contrivances. Between the courses, and after the feast, the attendants presented to the company services of fruit, butter, spiced cakes, hard cheese, and sweetmeats; and in these intervals the introduction of music and songs filled up the pauses in conversation; and pageants, mummings, and dancing, were sometimes contrived to vary the monotonous pleasures of the table.'—

'The wines most in use at this period appear to have been Malmsey, Rhenish, and the wines of Gascony and of Guienne; which last were introduced into England at the time when part of the French dominions surrendered to the British arms; besides these, it has been decided that the Champagne vintage was already in great repute, and among others who estimated its productions, Henry the Eighth is numbered, and is even stated to have held one of the vineyards of Ay in his own hands; sack, that still unexplained object of antiquarian inquiry, was also one of the luxuries of this age. At coronations or banquets, it was, however, invariably the custom to dilute the genuine wines, and to cover the harshness and acidity which they possessed by mixing them with honey or with spices.'—pp. 218—222.

To turn to graver matter; the only remaining extract for which we can afford room we shall select from Mrs. Thomson's account of the state of education, which, curious as it is, is nevertheless very little known.

'Hitherto, with few exceptions besides the two great schools of Eton and Winchester, and the recent institution by Dr. Colet, the arduous office of instruction had devolved either upon monks and nuns, or on the society of parish clerks, before specified as the heroes of the stage, and who united to the profession of the histrionic art the accomplishments of singing and of reading. To the monasteries chiefly was society indebted, also, for the greater portion of the learning which it possessed during the early and middle ages. In most of the convents, whether male or female, the common rudiments of knowledge were taught gratuitously; and by the constitutions of the friars, each prior of a monastery was obliged to select a diligent master, in order to instruct the novices, who came thither either for education or for initiation into the monastic profession. The master was to teach the children to be "humble in heart and body," and especially to inculcate upon them this text, "Learn of me, who am meek and lowly of heart;" he was to instruct them how to receive discipline, and not to speak of absent blessings; he was also to ground his young pupils in grammar, logic, and philosophy; to direct them how to be constantly reading, or learning by heart; and

how to conduct themselves in the minor observances of their rule; and besides these instructions, music, both in the science and the practice, accounts, writing, turning, gilding, painting, sculpture, and almost every useful pursuit, were inculcated on those who had a turn for these occupations, or who were not destined to any particular and secular pursuits. The female novices were attended with equal assiduity by a mistress, who, besides superintending the general conduct of her young charges, was expected to instruct them in the service and the rule, and to those who were destined to take the veil, supernumerary accomplishments were imparted. A well-tutored novice was able to copy works upon parchment, to read both French and Latin, to excel in needle-work, even to transmit the narratives of history to canvass, to dress wounds, to administer medicines with efficacy, to dance, to make confectionary, to draw, to play upon musical instruments, to cast accounts, to which an earlier attention was given by them than by the boys, to be skilled in hawking and horsemanship, and even in tumbling and playing, of which itinerant professors were sometimes introduced into the convents. "Music, which," as Fuller remarks, "sang its own dirge at time of the dissolution," was cultivated with great care in these seminaries; in many convents there was a song-school erected within the church, and a master appropriated to teach the boys the use of the organ and of the voice; a practice the more essential, as not only were vocal and instrumental performers required for the daily and nightly services, but in the family of every bishop, and of many of the nobility, there were choirs of singing boys, thus previously tutored in monastic establishments.—

'The abbots, many of them learned, and patrons of literature, had frequent opportunities of observing the necessity and advantages of erudition, of which their own share occasionally procured them the charge of embassies, and other important employments. As they had often no other mode of disposing of the superfluities of their revenues, it became a practice among the heads of the larger convents, especially among those who were honoured with the mitre, to receive into their private lodges the sons of the principal families in the neighbourhood, for the purposes of education. About the year 1450, Thomas Bromele, abbot of the mitred monastery of Hyde, near Winchester, boarded within his own abbatical house, in that monastery, eight young gentlemen, who were placed there for the sake of literary instruction, and who dined at the abbot's table. The apartments of the abbot of Glastonbury resembled, we are told, a kind of well disciplined court, where the sons of noblemen and of the gentry were sent for virtuous education; and Richard Whiting, the last abbot of Glastonbury, who was cruelly executed by Henry the Eighth, brought up nearly three hundred ingenious youths, besides many others whom he liberally supported at the universities.'—pp. 454—458.

These specimens may enable the reader to judge for himself of the general ability and character of Mrs. Thomson's volumes. Her style is in general simple, easy, and sufficiently accurate; yet it has occasionally a few blemishes, to which we would point, less from the desire of censure than as a caution to our fair candidate for literary honours. She will scarcely need to be told that such confused and involved sentences as the following are not in the best style:

'In these vehicles sat ladies of quality, the fair ornaments of a scene *which* the joyousness of the occasion, and the youth and attractions *which* gave, even to royalty, additional interest, combined with the hope of future peace to a land *which* had long been agitated by the cruel discords of civil war, united to render one of the most memorable, exhilarating, and splendid *that* England had witnessed during several centuries.'

Some dozen similar periods of obscure and careless construction might be selected from her first volume in particular; for, in justice to her be it said, they occur less frequently towards the close of her work; and we may safely leave the discovery and correction of them to her own good taste in the revision of a future edition. She will forgive us also for a hint against that besetting sin of female composition, the grave elaboration of truisms. Such are these: that probity 'cannot be too much estimated in a public station' (p. 12.); that covetousness is 'a vice which increases in proportion to its gratification' (p. 16.); that 'it is degrading to religion that her holy name should be lent to sanction the vanities and jarring interests of the world' (p. 87.); and so forth.

In the same friendly spirit we shall take leave just to direct Mrs. Thomson's attention to two or three little inaccuracies and errors in statement which have attracted our notice in a careful perusal of her volumes. On a subject (p. 89.) in which, certes, the fair cannot be expected to be very deeply read, — the notable science of slaying, — Mrs. Thomson may be assured that she is marvellously ill advised when she asserts that 'the tremendous cannon was neither generally known nor in frequent use' in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and that 'muskets were not generally used until 1521.' Both battering and field ordnance had been in use in every European army for nearly a century and a half; and muskets, intermingled with the pikes, were a common arm of the infantry in all the French and Italian wars after the middle of the fifteenth century.

Another mistake which we have found in her sketch of the restrictions imposed by our early monarchs and parliaments upon the papal authority in England, Mrs. Thomson may freely acknowledge without shame, since she has been led into it by the example of some great authorities. In p. 326. she refers positively to the reign of Edward I. for the first statute of "Provisors." This is an error originally promulgated by Coke, and adopted by Blackstone and various of our law-writers, who have mistaken the act 35 Ed. I. *De Asportatis Religiosorum*, because they did not read it, for one against papal provisions. The celebrated statute of Provisors of the 25 Ed. III., indeed, recites an act of Edward I., but the earlier statute no where appears; and, as Mr. Hallam has justly observed, it is exceedingly doubtful whether any such was ever really made. Mrs. Thomson would do well, therefore, to qualify at least the arbitrary assertion of her text, by a caveat in a note, after the prudent fashion of Gibbon.

While we are upon questions of such minute accuracy, we may turn to points of a yet more trifling nature, and hazard a doubt whether, in speaking (p. 217.) of the "voyde" of spices introduced after the banquet, Mrs. Thomson is correct in calling it a *dessert* of spices. The use for which these were designed does not respond to the purpose of a modern dessert. The spices were not eaten as condiments or fruit, but mixed with the wine. They were often so mixed beforehand; and when this was not done, they were introduced on silver "spice-plats," to permit the guests to mingle their proportions in the wine-cup at their own pleasure. This use of spices Mrs. Thomson has herself stated in one of the passages already quoted, which renders the inaccuracy more unaccountable. And why has our fair author stated distinctively of the masque, that it (p. 226.) was 'in dumb shew?' as if dialogue had always been excluded from this species of entertainment. Even in Henry's time the pantomimic disguising and "mumming," in which, in the earlier years of his reign, he took such delight, was intermingled, as she acknowledges, on the authority of the chronicler Hall, with "parley." We may add, that songs and other poetry were certainly introduced in the masque from its earliest exhibition; and even in its ruder construction it was the same species of dramatic entertainment which gradually matured into elegance, until it was worthy of the numbers of a Jonson and a Milton. We have to add, in conclusion, that upon the ecclesiastical part of her history we offer no opinion.

ART. XI. *Narrative of a Tour through Hawaii, or Owhyhee;* with Remarks on the History, Traditions, Manners, Customs, and Language of the Inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands. By William Ellis, Missionary from the Society and Sandwich Islands. 8vo. pp. 442. London. Fisher and Son. 1826.

WE have been agreeably disappointed in this work. We expected to find it wholly occupied with details of the proceedings adopted by Mr. Ellis and his fellow-missionaries, for the purpose of winning over the Sandwich islanders to Christianity; of the sermons which they preached, and the conferences which they held, the vicissitudes of their failure or success, together with an ample eulogium on their zeal, and a flattering account of the progress which they had made. These topics are not indeed neglected, but they form a very small proportion of the volume, which contains the clearest, the most minute, and by far the most interesting account of the principal of the Sandwich islands that we have yet seen. The style is unaffected, but at the same time careful and well adapted to the subject. Facts are related with a scrupulous attention to accuracy: inferences are usually left to the reader; and if the author have any religious prejudices, we must do him the justice to say, that he has not exhibited them in his 'Narrative.'

It is no part of our duty to animadvert upon the plan which Mr. Ellis and his companions followed in diffusing the doctrines of the new law among the people of those islands. No rational person, however, can read the work before us without feeling, that if the Missionaries imagine they have established Christianity wherever they appeared and proclaimed it, they must be the most sanguine of mankind. Their mode was, on their arrival in the islands, to enter a populous village, to collect the inhabitants as far as they were able, preach to them once or twice, and then pursue their journey to the next hamlet. The ignorant people might, perhaps, have been struck with wonder or admiration by the doctrines that were thus newly expounded to them, but even if they felt an anxiety to become further acquainted with the sublime precepts of which they heard, and to model the conduct of their lives upon them, they had no opportunity of doing so, for when the sermon was over the Missionary took his departure, and both he and his discourse were most probably soon after forgotten.

According to Mr. Ellis, he and his colleagues were received every where in the Sandwich islands, particularly in Hawaii, of which, indeed, he chiefly treats, with respect, hospitality, and favour. Their instructions were listened to with attention, and generally excited the curiosity of the natives; but it does not appear that any permanent impression has been as yet produced upon their minds in favour of Christianity. Their ancient system of idolatry was in a great measure abolished by the late King Rihoriho, not, however, from motives of a religious nature, but from a desire to remove a multitude of inconveniences with which it was encumbered, and which were particularly felt on the most common occasions of domestic intercourse. For instance, the *tabu*, which was an essential part of that system and its principal support, prevented the females from eating with the men, and thus drew a daily and an impassable line of distinction between the members of the same family. The word 'tabu' seems literally to have been applied to every thing that was set apart as sacred to the gods, but in its general signification it was used to express whatever the priests of the idols prohibited to be done, and they, in order to augment their influence over the people, established a code of regulations, which interfered with almost every action of life, and were strictly enforced by the civil authorities. The extent to which this practice was carried was quite ludicrous. 'During the season of strict tabu,' says Mr. Ellis, 'every fire and light on the island or district must be extinguished; no canoe must be launched on the water; no person must bathe; and, except those whose attendance was required at the temple, no individual must be seen out of doors; no dog must bark, no pig must grunt, no cock must crow!' The latter part of the prohibition was effected by tying up the mouths of the animals, and fastening a piece of cloth over the eyes of chanticleer!

The whole of this oppressive system was extinguished, upon his accession to the government of all the islands in 1819, by Rihoriho, who destroyed also every idol which his reforming hand could reach throughout his dominions. He was a perfect iconoclast; and though he met with considerable opposition from certain chiefs and families, forming a part of that class which is to be found in every country, barbarous or civilised, and which wages an angry war against every sort of innovation, yet he ultimately carried his point with ability and vigour. This important change in the "constitution and church" of the Sandwich islands was peculiarly propitious to the objects of the Missionaries, who arrived there soon after it had been completed, and found the whole nation without any religion, unless a number of mere superstitious feelings and observances be entitled to that name. And these, like almost every traditionary superstition which has prevailed in the old world or the new, evidently owe their origin to local circumstances. The island of Hawaii seems to be a complete mass of lava, or other volcanic matter, in different stages of decomposition. This mass is perforated with innumerable apertures in the shape of craters, which afford so many vents to a vast furnace burning constantly and fiercely beneath it. The principal volcano, which is called Kirauea, is supposed by the natives to be the residence of a deity, whom they have named Pélé, and to whom they naturally enough ascribe tremendous power, believing that it is she who commands the earthquake that startles them from their midnight slumbers, and who kindles the blue flame that hovers over their mountains. Her they fear and endeavour to propitiate by various acts of secret or public worship; and as they are continually exposed to her operations, they look for her favour, or dread her hostility, in almost every thing they do. The existence of this superstition, inconsistent as it is with the truths of natural philosophy, is, nevertheless, not to be wondered at among a people who, until they were visited by Captain Cook, nearly half a century ago, had no conception that there were other continents or islands beyond their own. It is, however, remarkable, that, entertaining such a belief, which approaches so nearly to the knowledge of one omnipotent Being, they coincided with other Pagan nations, of whom they never heard, by fabricating numerous minor gods for themselves, and ascribing to their idols a supernatural agency.

The Sandwich islands are ten in number, and lie in the Pacific Ocean, within the tropic of Cancer, between 18° 50′ and 22° 20′ north latitude, and between 154° 53′ and 160° 15′ west longitude from Greenwich, about one-third of the distance from the western coast of Mexico, towards the eastern shores of China. The principal island Hawaii, as Mr. Ellis writes it, or Owhyee, as Captain Cook spelt the name from the similarity of the sound, resembles an equilateral triangle, and is about 300 miles in circumference. Seven of the other islands are inhabited, and two are little more

than barren rocks. They all appear to have a volcanic origin; and though the climate is warm and debilitating to an European constitution, it is not insalubrious. The natives generally possess the European countenance, and are well formed, particularly the chiefs, whose gait is graceful, and sometimes stately. Their 'hair is black or brown, strong, and frequently curly;' their complexion is a kind of olive. The whole population of the islands is estimated at 150,000, of which 85,000 inhabit Hawaii. It appears that formerly the population was much greater, and that the diminution which it has undergone is to be attributed to the desolating wars which marked the early part of the reign of Tamehameha, the predecessor of Rihoriho, who, it may be remembered, together with his queen, died recently in this country, and who has been succeeded by his younger brother Kauikeoule, about ten years of age, under the protection of Great Britain.

The animal productions of these islands, as may be inferred from the nature of their volcanic composition, are very few. Like the other islands of the Pacific, they are free from noxious and poisonous reptiles, excepting centipedes, which are neither large nor numerous. They have a good supply of fish and vegetables, particularly of yams, or sweet potato, which form the principal subsistence of the natives. Their local situation affords many facilities for commerce, which have become of very considerable importance since the establishment of the new states of Mexico and South America. The people generally seem to be docile, lively in their manners, industrious, hospitable, and fond of their national amusements. At Kairua, the principal village of Hawaii, where the missionaries first assembled, they saw an immense multitude of people collected round a party of musicians and dancers.

'The musicians, seven in number, seated themselves on the sand; a curiously carved drum, made by hollowing out a solid piece of wood, and covering the top with shark's skin, was placed before each, which they beat with the palm or fingers of their right hand. A neat little drum, made of the shell of a large cocoa-nut, was also fixed on the knee, by the side of the large drum, and beat all the while with a small stick held in the left hand. When the musicians had arranged themselves in a line across the beach, and a bustling man, who appeared to be master of the ceremonies, had, with a large branch of a cocoa-nut tree, cleared a circle of considerable extent, two interesting little children, (a boy and a girl,) apparently about nine years of age, came forward, habited in the dancing costume of the country, with garlands of flowers on their heads, wreaths around their necks, bracelets on their wrists, and buskins on their ancles. When they had reached the centre of the ring, they commenced their dance to the music of the drums; cantilating all the while, alternately with the musicians, a song in honour of some ancient chief of Hawaii.

'The governor of the island was present, accompanied, as it is customary for every chieftain of distinction to be on public occasions, by a retinue of favourite chiefs and attendants. Having almost entirely laid aside the native costume, and adopted that of the foreigners who visit

the islands, he appeared on this occasion in a light European dress, and sat on a Canton-made arm-chair, opposite the dancers, during the whole exhibition. A servant with a light *kihei* of painted native cloth thrown over his shoulder, stood behind his chair, holding a highly polished portable spittoon, made of the beautifully brown wood of the cordia in one hand, and in the other a handsome *kahiri*, an elastic rod, three or four feet long, having the shining feathers of the tropic-bird tastefully fastened round the upper end, with which he fanned away the flies from the person of his master.' — pp. 74, 75.

The Missionaries were desirous of addressing the crowd on the subject of religion before they should disperse, and, as was to be expected at such a moment, they failed to attract the least attention. They were, however, in some measure consoled for their disappointment, by an invitation to sup with the governor; and, as in ancient Greece, the entertainment was cheered by the strains of a bard.

'Our repast was not accompanied by the gladsome sound of "harp in hall" or "aged minstrel's flowing lay," yet it was enlivened by an interesting youthful bard, twelve or fourteen years of age, who was seated on the ground in the large room in which we were assembled, and who, during the supper, sung in a monotonous but pleasing strain the deeds of former chiefs, ancestors of our host. His fingers swept no "classic lyre," but beat, in a manner responsive to his song, a rustic little drum, formed of a calabash *, beautifully stained, and covered at the head with a piece of shark-skin. The governor and his friends were evidently pleased with his lay, and the youth seemed repaid by their approbation.' — pp. 75, 76.

Not in this point alone, but in several others, there is a striking similarity between the manners of the early Grecians and those of the natives of Hawaii. Homer more than once describes his principal female personages as surrounded by their female attendants, all equally employed in weaving linen and cloth for the garments of the family. Thus also we are told of Keoua, the governor's wife, and her female attendants seated under the pleasant shade of the kou-tree, and employed in preparing the materials for the cloth usually worn in that country. These materials indeed differ essentially from those which Helen or Penelope used for the same purpose, being composed simply of the bark which is stripped from sticks of the wauti plant, about ten feet long, and an inch in diameter at the thickest end. The bark is cut the whole length of the stick with a sharp serrated shell, carefully peeled off, rolled into small coils, the inner bark being outside, and in this state it is left until it loses its original circular form, and becomes flat and smooth. The outer bark is next scraped off with a shell, and the inner bark, of which alone the cloth is made, is steeped in water

* A vessel formed of the shell of a large kind of gourd emptied and dried. — *Rev.*

until it loses all its resinous substances. Each piece is then taken separately and beaten with a square mallet of hard, heavy wood, till the required extent and texture are produced. If one piece be not sufficient to make the requisite quantity of cloth, two or more pieces are spread out one upon the other, fastened at one end, and beaten with the mallet until they are all consolidated in one texture. The gum naturally contained in the bark is sufficient to cause the fibres to adhere; but in this case care is taken not to allow the bark to be previously too long steeped in water, as the gum would thereby be entirely dissolved. The natives display great ingenuity also in their manner of painting the cloth which they thus manufacture; and we fully agree with Mr. Ellis, that such a people 'are not deficient in taste, nor incapable of receiving the improvements of civilized society.' We are informed in a note, that 'specimens of the principal kinds of native cloth manufactured in the Sandwich islands may be seen in the Missionary Museum, Austin Friars.'

From Kairua, Mr. Ellis and his colleagues, attended by a native guide, proceeded on a tour through the southern and south-eastern parts of Hawaii; and we have already borne testimony to the success with which he availed himself of the opportunities it afforded of 'making observations on the structure of the island, its geographical character, natural scenery, productions, and objects of curiosity.' It also enabled him to become fully acquainted with the peculiar system of idolatry, the traditions, manners, and customs of the inhabitants, his account of which is well detailed. At Kaavaroa, the scene of Captain Cook's unhappy death, Mr. Ellis learned some particulars of the circumstances that preceded and followed that melancholy event, which will be read with interest.

'"The foreigner," they say, "was not to blame; for, in the first instance, our people stole his boat, and he, in order to recover it, designed to take our king on board his ship, and detain him there till it should be restored. *Kapena Kuke* * and *Taraiopu* our king were walking together towards the shore, when our people, conscious of what had been done, thronged round the king, and objected to his going any further. His wife also joined her entreaties that he would not go on board the ships. While he was hesitating, a man came running from the other side of the bay, entered the crowd almost breathless, and exclaimed, '*It is war!* — the foreigners have commenced hostilities, have fired on a canoe from one of their boats, and killed a chief.' This enraged some of our people, and alarmed the chiefs, as they feared Captain Cook would kill the king. The people armed themselves with stones, clubs, and spears. Kanona entreated her husband not to go. All the chiefs did the same. The king sat down. The captain seemed agitated, and was walking towards his boat, when one of our men attacked him with a spear: he turned, and with his double-barrelled gun shot the man who struck him. Some of our people then threw stones at him, which being seen by his men, they fired on us. Captain Cook then endeavoured to

'* Captain Cook's name is thus pronounced by the natives.'

stop his men from firing, but could not, on account of the noise. He was turning again to speak to us, when he was stabbed in the back with a *pahoa;* a spear was at the same time driven through his body; he fell into the water, and spoke no more.

'"After he was dead, we all wailed. His bones were separated — the flesh was scraped off and burnt, as was the practice in regard to our own chiefs when they died. We thought he was the god Rono, worshipped him as such, and after his death reverenced his bones."' —

'We have sometimes asked them what inducement they had to steal the boat, when they possessed so many canoes of their own. They have generally answered, that they did not take it to transport themselves from one island to another, for their own canoes were more convenient, and they knew better how to manage them; but because they saw it was not sewed together, but fastened with *nails*. These they wanted, — therefore stole the boat, and broke it to pieces the next day, in order to obtain the nails to make fish-hooks with. We have every reason to believe that this was the principal, if not the only motive, by which they were actuated in committing the depredation which ultimately led to such unhappy consequences. They prize nails very highly; and though we do not know that they ever went so far in their endeavours to obtain a more abundant supply as the Society islanders did, who actually planted them in the ground, hoping they would grow like potatoes, or any other vegetable, yet such is the value they still set on them, that the fishermen would rather receive a wrought nail, to make of it a fish-hook according to their own taste, than the best English-made fish-hook we could give them.

'It has been supposed that the circumstance of Captain Cook's bones being separated, and the flesh taken from them, was evidence of a savage and unrelenting barbarity; but so far from this, it was the result of the highest respect they could shew him.' — pp. 100—103.

The reason assigned for the deification of Captain Cook is curious. It appears, that in the fabulous age of Hawaii, a king was said to have reigned under the name of *Rono* or *Orono*, who, after murdering his wife, became deranged, and, like another Hercules, travelled through all the islands boxing and wrestling with every one he met. He at length took his departure for a foreign country, in a strangely shaped canoe; in the mean time he was deified, and his return having been up to Captain Cook's arrival constantly expected by the islanders, they looked upon that distinguished seaman as Rono, and worshipped him as a god until they saw his blood flow. This was too manifest a proof of his mortality; nevertheless many still regarded him as a god. The spot where he was killed is shown by the natives. Some cocoa-nut trees exist near it, in two of which there are perforations, caused, it is supposed, by the balls which were fired by the ship's crew when they saw their captain fall.

We have already noticed some points of resemblance between the manners of early Greece and those of the people of Hawaii. The following system of divination from the inspection of entrails is precisely the same as that which was practised among the Romans:

'Whenever war was in contemplation, the *poé kiro* (diviners and priests) were directed to slay the accustomed victims, and consult the gods. Animals only were used on these occasions, generally hogs and fowls. The priests offered their prayers and the diviners sacrificed the victims, observed the manner in which they expired, the appearance of their entrails, and other signs. Sometimes, when the animal was slain, they embowelled it, took out the spleen, and, holding it in their hands, offered their prayers. If they did not receive an answer, war was deferred. They also slept in the temple where the gods were kept, and, after the war-god had revealed his will by a vision or dream, or some other supernatural means, they communicated it to the king and warriors, and war was either determined or relinquished accordingly.'—p. 118.

The people of Hawaii, however, upon occasions of great importance, proceeded to the extent of sacrificing human victims, in order 'to ensure the co-operation of the war-gods in the destruction of their enemies.' The victims were selected from among their captives, or if there were none, from among those who had violated the rigid law of the *tabu*, or rendered themselves obnoxious to the chiefs. They were deprived of life by a blow on the head with a club or stone; sometimes they were stabbed. These abominable practices, however, have, we believe, wholly ceased since the abrogation of the *tabu* system, and the dissolution of the order of priests by which it was sustained. We must refer to the work, for the many curious details which it supplies relative to the proceedings that are usually adopted in the Sandwich islands upon the commencement of a war, the mode in which they carry it on by land and sea, their weapons and costume, and their mourning ceremonies at the deaths of their chiefs, all of which the intelligent reader will find well worth his attention. One of their most extraordinary customs on the latter occasion was, that those who were anxious to show their respect for a departed chief or his family, knocked out with a stone a front tooth, a token of grief the repetition of which had deprived every person who had reached a mature age before the subversion of the ancient system, of nearly the whole stock of his best and most ornamental teeth. This they did to make them remember the dead!

In the course of their tour, the principal object of the Missionaries' curiosity was the volcano, if such it may be called, of Kirauea, in the south-eastern part of the island. Their guide objected strongly to their going thither, as he was afraid that they might offend the goddess of the place, Pélé, by some act of disrespect. He seems to have been a very superstitious dog, and to have profited little from their instructions or example. They, however, obtained the assistance of some of the natives, and ascended the high land on which the volcano is situated, the due elevation of which above the level of the sea the Missionaries had no means of estimating. It is in the district of Kapapala, about twenty miles from the sea-shore, and if correctly described, as we

have no doubt it is, by Mr. Ellis, a view of it would alone be almost worth a voyage to the Pacific. The following sketch of the distant appearance of the volcanic flame by night is picturesque:

'While the natives were sitting round the fire, Mr. Thurston and I ascended to the upper region, and walked to a rising ground, to see if we could discern the light of the volcano. The wind blew fresh from the mountains; the noise of the rolling surf, to which we had been accustomed on the shore, was not heard; and the stillness of the night was only disturbed by the chirping of the insects in the grass. The sky was clear, except in the eastern horizon, where a few light clouds arose, and slowly floated across the expanse of heaven. On looking towards the north-east, we saw a broad column of light rising to a considerable elevation in the air, and immediately above it some bright clouds, or thin vapours, beautifully tinged with red on the under side. We had no doubt that the column of light arose from the large crater, and that its fires illuminated the surrounding atmosphere. The fleecy clouds generally passed over the luminous column in a south-east direction. As they approached it, the side towards the place where we stood became generally bright; afterwards the under edge only reflected the volcanic fire; and in a little time each cloud passed entirely away, and was succeeded by another. We remained some time to observe the beautiful phenomenon occasioned by the reflection of the volcanic fire, and the more magnificent spectacle presented by the multitude and brilliancy of the heavenly bodies.'—pp. 197, 198.

Guided by the flame and smoke, they next morning resumed their way, and after travelling some hours they reached a wide waste of ancient lava, 'resembling in appearance an inland sea, bounded by distant mountains.' It seemed as if it had been once an entire fluid mass, and had become suddenly petrified. Its surface was undulated, and even on the tops of the billows a smaller ripple was distinctly marked, 'like that observed on the surface of the sea at the first springing up of a breeze, or the passing currents of air which produce what the sailors call a cat's paw.' About two o'clock in the afternoon the crater of Kirauea suddenly burst upon their view; but we must allow Mr. Ellis to describe this magnificent scene in his own words.

'We expected to have seen a mountain with a broad base and rough indented sides, composed of loose slags or hardened streams of lava, and whose summit would have presented a rugged wall of scoria, forming the rim of a mighty caldron. But instead of this, we found ourselves on the edge of a steep precipice, with a vast plain before us, fifteen or sixteen miles in circumference, and sunk from 200 to 400 feet below its original level. The surface of this plain was uneven, and strewed over with huge stones and volcanic rocks, and in the centre of it was the great crater, at the distance of a mile and a half from the precipice on which we were standing. Our guides led us round towards the north end of the ridge, in order to find a place by which we might descend to the plain below.—It required, however, the greatest caution, as the stones and fragments of rock frequently gave way under our feet, and

rolled down from above; but, with all our care, we did not reach the bottom without several falls and slight bruises.

'The steep which we had descended was formed of volcanic matter, apparently a light red and grey kind of lava, vesicular, and lying in horizontal strata, varying in thickness from one to forty feet. In a small number of places the different strata of lava were also rent in perpendicular or oblique directions, from the top to the bottom, either by earthquakes or other violent convulsions of the ground connected with the action of the adjacent volcano. After walking some distance over the sunken plain, which in several places sounded hollow under our feet, we at length came to the edge of the great crater, where a spectacle, sublime and even appalling, presented itself before us —

'"We stopped, and trembled."

Astonishment and awe for some moments rendered us mute, and, like statues, we stood fixed to the spot, with our eyes riveted on the abyss below. Immediately before us yawned an immense gulf, in the form of a crescent, about two miles in length, from north-east to south-west, nearly a mile in width, and apparently 800 feet deep. The bottom was covered with lava, and the south-west and northern parts of it were one vast flood of burning matter, in a state of terrific ebullition, rolling to and fro its "fiery surge" and flaming billows. Fifty-one conical islands, of varied form and size, containing so many craters, rose either round the edge or from the surface of the burning lake. Twenty-two constantly emitted columns of grey smoke, or pyramids of brilliant flame; and several of these at the same time vomited from their ignited mouths streams of lava, which rolled in blazing torrents down their black indented sides into the boiling mass below.

'The existence of these conical craters led us to conclude, that the boiling caldron of lava before us did not form the focus of the volcano; that this mass of melted lava was comparatively shallow; and that the basin in which it was contained was separated, by a stratum of solid matter, from the great volcanic abyss, which constantly poured out its melted contents through these numerous craters into this upper reservoir. —

'The sides of the gulf before us, although composed of different strata of ancient lava, were perpendicular for about 400 feet, and rose from a wide horizontal ledge of solid black lava of irregular breadth, but extending completely round. Beneath this ledge the sides sloped gradually towards the burning lake, which was, as nearly as we could judge, 300 or 400 feet lower. It was evident that the large crater had been recently filled with liquid lava up to this black ledge, and had, by some subterranean canal, emptied itself into the sea, or upon the low land on the shore. The grey, and in some places apparently calcined, sides of the great crater before us; the fissures which intersected the surface of the plain on which we were standing; the long banks of sulphur on the opposite side of the abyss; the vigorous action of the numerous small craters on its borders; the dense columns of vapour and smoke, that rose at the north and south end of the plain; together with the ridge of steep rocks by which it was surrounded, rising probably in some places 300 or 400 feet in perpendicular height, presented an immense volcanic panorama, the effect of which was greatly augmented by the constant roaring of the vast furnaces below.' — pp. 205—208.

We must add Mr. Ellis's description of the appearance of the volcano during the night.

'Between nine and ten o'clock, the dark clouds and heavy fog, that since the setting of the sun had hung over the volcano, gradually cleared away, and the fires of Kirauea, darting their fierce light athwart the midnight gloom, unfolded a sight terrible and sublime beyond all we had yet seen.

'The agitated mass of liquid lava, like a flood of melted metal, raged with tumultuous whirl. The lively flame that danced over its undulating surface, tinged with sulphureous blue, or glowing with mineral red, cast a broad glare of dazzling light on the indented sides of the insulated craters, whose roaring mouths, amidst rising flames, and eddying streams of fire, shot up, at frequent intervals, with loudest detonations, spherical masses of fusing lava, or bright ignited stones.

'The dark bold outline of the perpendicular and jutting rocks around formed a striking contrast with the luminous lake below, whose vivid rays, thrown on the rugged promontories, and reflected by the overhanging clouds, combined to complete the awful grandeur of the imposing scene. We sat gazing at the magnificent phenomena for several hours, when we laid ourselves down on our mats, in order to observe more leisurely their varying aspect; for, although we had travelled upwards of twenty miles since the morning, and were both weary and cold, we felt but little disposition to sleep. This disinclination was probably increased by our proximity to the yawning gulf, and our conviction, that the detachment of a fragment from beneath the overhanging pile on which we were reclining, or the slightest concussion of the earth, which every thing around indicated to be no unfrequent occurrence, would perhaps precipitate us, amidst the horrid crash of falling rocks, into the burning lake immediately before us.

'The natives, who probably viewed the scene with thoughts and feelings somewhat different from ours, seemed, however, equally interested. They sat most of the night talking of the achievements of Pélé, and regarding with a superstitious fear, at which we were not surprised, the brilliant exhibition. They considered it the primeval abode of their volcanic deities.' — pp. 215, 216.

From the account of the natives of the district, Mr. Ellis collected that this volcano had been burning from time immemorial; that in the earlier ages it used to boil up and inundate the adjacent country, but that 'for many kings' reigns past it had kept below the level of the surrounding plain, continually extending its surface and increasing its depth, and occasionally throwing up, with violent explosion, huge rocks or red hot stones. These eruptions, they said, were always accompanied by dreadful earthquakes, loud claps of thunder, with vivid and quick succeeding lightning.' About half a mile distant from the volcano the travellers found two or three small pools of fresh and sweet water, which, independently of the luxury they afforded, were great natural curiosities. They appeared to have been formed by a natural process of distillation.

'The surface of the ground in the vicinity was perceptibly warm, and rent by several deep irregular chasms, from which steam and thick

vapours continually arose. In some places these chasms were two feet wide, and from them a volume of steam ascended, which was immediately condensed by the cool mountain-air, and driven, like drizzling rain, into hollows in the compact lava on the leeward side of the chasms. The pools, which were six or eight feet from the chasms, were surrounded and covered by flags, rushes, and tall grass. Nourished by the moisture of the vapours, these plants flourished luxuriantly, and, in their turn, sheltered the pools from the heat of the sun, and prevented evaporation. We expected to find the water warm, but in this respect we were also agreeably disappointed.'—p. 210.

We regret that our limits prevent us from following our travellers in the remainder of their tour through the island, or indeed from noticing any thing further in this valuable and excellent work, except a few of the customs which serve most strongly to mark the character of the people. The following specimen of liberality on a question of religion might be held up to the imitation of countries which deem themselves civilised. Mr. Ellis, conversing with an old woman after one of his sermons, to which she had been an attentive listener, asked her 'if she thought Jehovah was good, and those happy who made him their God?' She answered, 'He is your good God (or best God), and it is right that you should worship him; but Pélé is my deity, and the great goddess of Hawaii.' This poor barbarian was, it seems, not insensible to the rights of conscience.

Infanticide, we lament to say, still prevails throughout all the Sandwich islands, and, with the exception of the higher class of chiefs, is practised by all ranks of people. The laws and usages of the islands acknowledge in the father a right over the life of his offspring; and, among the lower orders, however numerous their children, parents seldom rear more than two or three. 'All the others are destroyed, sometimes shortly after birth, generally during the first year of their age.' More than half of the children of the country are thus cut off in infancy. The principal motive which gives rise to this horrid practice is idleness, and the trouble of bringing children up! The people are fond of a wandering manner of life, and consider children a burden and a restraint! It is some consolation, however, to know that this depraved custom prevails less extensively now than before the introduction of Christianity. The children who are permitted to live are familiarised with the sea at a very tender age, and from boyhood upwards they are induced by the heat of the climate to spend a great portion of their time in the water, where they gambol about and go through a great variety of games.

Like the natives of some of the back settlements in North America, the people of the Sandwich islands use dogs as an article of food, and generally prefer them to pigs, goats, and kids. The government of the islands is an absolute and hereditary monarchy. The rank of the chiefs is also hereditary; and the king can raise

those who have no claim by birth, to any office or distinction which he thinks proper. The present prime minister, who is called by foreigners "William Pitt," was elevated to his station from being a chief of the third or fourth rank, and has been in office a long time.

Perhaps the most extraordinary tradition among the people of these islands, or of any other country in the world, is that which relates to a celebrated personage whom they call Kana. He is said to have been so tall that 'he could walk through the sea from one island to another; stand with one foot on the island of Oahu, and the other on Tauai, which is seventy miles distant.' This is not all. On one occasion the people of Hawaii offended a king of a distant island, who in revenge walked off one fine morning with the sun in his pocket, and left them in a state of utter darkness. It was no trouble to Kana to walk after him, take the sun from him, and then to fix it in the heavens, where it has remained ever since! This is somewhat extraordinary, it must be owned; yet the philosophic reader will find a great deal of matter for reflection in the traditions of the Sandwich and other islands of the Pacific. The mystery is, how it happens that they coincide so frequently with those of the ancient Pagan nations of Europe, and sometimes even with those of the Jews,—for they have also, it seems, amongst them, vague stories of an universal deluge!

ART. XII. *Narrative of the Surrender of Buonaparte, and of his Residence on board H. M. S. Bellerophon;* with a Detail of the principal Events that occurred in that Ship between the 24th of May and the 8th of August, 1815. By Captain F. L. Maitland, C.B. 8vo. pp. 248. London. Colburn. 1826.

ALTHOUGH little novelty as to the leading events connected with the surrender of Buonaparte to Captain Maitland was to be expected in a narrative of them published eleven years after they occurred, yet we own that we opened this volume with a highly excited curiosity, and found it in every page full of interest. Facts, about which there was some uncertainty, are related in their true colours; circumstances, which were before exaggerated, are here reduced to their simple and natural shapes; several mere fictions are exposed, and some anecdotes and traits of Buonaparte's character and conduct while on board the Bellerophon are related, with which we were not before acquainted. The details given respecting Buonaparte's suite, though of course less interesting, serve to exhibit some of those individuals in a light in which they had not hitherto appeared. From the official documents interspersed through the work Captain Maitland completely justifies the whole tenour of his conduct, during a most extraordinary and anxious service, as an officer and a man of honour, and triumphantly vindicates himself

from the vindictive charge made by Napoleon and his followers, that he was promised an asylum in England before he surrendered himself, and that there was a violation of good faith in the treatment which he received after he placed himself at the disposal of our government.

We are informed, in the preface, that immediately after the events recorded in this narrative took place, it was written for the private perusal of the author's friends, but that, for many causes, which he has not thought fit to explain, he deemed the publication of it at that time inexpedient. Though the greater number of those causes had been long since removed, he still had no intention of bringing it forward until, by accident, it fell into the hands of 'a most celebrated literary character,' (we believe Sir Walter Scott,) who expressed a favourable opinion of its merits, and strongly recommended its publication. We have been some time aware of its existence, and feel indebted, as no doubt so will the public at large, to the eminent individual to whose advice and influence we owe the appearance of a work in every respect so important.

It appears that on the 30th of May, 1815, Captain Maitland being in command of the Bellerophon received orders from Sir Henry Hotham to proceed off Rochefort, for the purpose of preventing a corvette from putting to sea, which, according to information in possession of the British government, 'was to carry proposals from Buonaparte to the West India colonies to declare in his favour.' He was also to reconnoitre the roadstead of Rochefort, and report to the Admiral the number and state of the ships of war lying there. Having performed this duty, which afterwards turned out to have been a most providential measure, he was employed until the 28th of June in capturing such French vessels as came within his reach. On that day he first received intelligence of the defeat of Buonaparte at Waterloo, and on the 30th, by a boat that came off from Bourdeaux, he received a letter, 'without date or subscription, written on very thin paper, in English, and concealed within a quill,' intimating the probability that Buonaparte would attempt to effect his escape from France on some part of the coast from La Teste to Bourdeaux, and desiring a sharp eye to be kept on all American vessels sailing from thence. The intelligence announced in this letter was the more extraordinary, as it must have been written on the 29th of June, when we know that Buonaparte was still at Paris. Was the object of it to divert the attention of the British squadron from the port of Rochefort? Or was it the announcement of a plan that had been really concerted, and afterwards abandoned? However this may be, Captain Maitland was of opinion that Buonaparte was much more likely to make the attempt at Rochefort, where there were two large frigates, a ship corvette, and a large brig ready for sea. On the 7th of July he received a dispatch from Sir Henry Hotham, fully confirming this opinion, and directing him to use the utmost vigilance in order to prevent Buonaparte from escaping.

At this time several ships were actively engaged in looking out for Napoleon in the Channel, and about the latitude of Ushant, off Cape Finisterre, and indeed along the whole coast, so that even if he had eluded the Bellerophon, he would still have scarcely had any chance of getting to America in safety. On the 10th of July, General Savary and Count Las Cases came out from the Isle d'Aix in a small schooner under a flag of truce, and presented to Captain Maitland a letter from Count Bertrand, stating that Napoleon having abdicated the throne of France, and chosen America as a retreat, and being in expectation of receiving a passport from the British government for which he had applied, he wished to know whether it was intended to throw any impediment in the way of their voyage. Captain Maitland answered, that as the two countries were at war he could not permit any ship of war to put to sea from Rochefort, without specific orders from his commanding officer, Sir Henry Hotham, then in Quiberon bay. This he added in order to induce Buonaparte to wait for the Admiral's answer, as he apprehended that if the frigates attempted to force a passage at that time, he had not sufficient assistance to prevent them. On the 14th, Count Las Cases, attended by General Lallemand, came out again to know if an answer had been received from the Admiral, and to say that the Emperor was willing to proceed to America, 'even in a British ship of war,' if the British government would sanction it. Captain Maitland answered, that he had no authority to agree to any arrangement of that sort, but that he was ready to receive Buonaparte into his ship and convey him to England, without entering into any promise as to the reception he might meet with there. During the conversation that followed General Lallemand said, that the Emperor was living at the hotel in the Grand Place at Rochefort, and was highly popular there, whereas it is now known that during the whole of these negociations Napoleon was on board one of the frigates at the Isle d'Aix.

Some days before this a plan was thought of for enabling Napoleon to escape in a Danish sloop, 'concealed in a cask stowed in the ballast, with tubes so constructed as to convey air for his breathing.' Information of this plan was conveyed to Captain Maitland, and it appears that nothing prevented its execution but the fear that it was too hazardous; for if the vessel had been detained a day or two, the fugitive 'would have been obliged to make his situation known, and thereby forfeited all claims to the good treatment he hoped to ensure by a voluntary surrender.'

Upon the return of Las Cases and Lallemand on the 14th of July, to the Isle d'Aix, they reported Captain Maitland's answer to Napoleon. It has been since made known, that in a council held on the night of the 13th, it was determined that Napoleon should throw himself on the generosity of the English people; and he wrote the celebrated letter to the Prince-Regent, in which he compared his situation to that of Themistocles. He, therefore, had

already decided to surrender himself to Captain Maitland, and accordingly on the 15th of July, he and his suite were received on board the Bellerophon. He was received with no peculiar honours; and his appearance is thus described:

'Buonaparte's dress was an olive-coloured great coat over a green uniform, with scarlet cape and cuffs, green lapels turned back and edged with scarlet, skirts hooked back with bugle-horns embroidered in gold; plain sugar-loaf buttons and gold epaulettes; being the uniform of the Chasseur à Cheval of the Imperial Guard. He wore the star, or grand cross of the Legion of Honour, and the small cross of that order; the Iron Crown; and the Union, appended to the button-hole of his left lapel. He had on a small cocked hat, with a tri-coloured cockade; plain gold-hilted sword, military boots, and white waistcoat and breeches. The following day he appeared in shoes, with gold buckles, and silk stockings — the dress he always wore afterwards, while with me.'— p. 70.

The circumstances of his reception and conduct on board the Bellerophon are so generally known and remembered, that we need not follow Captain Maitland in this part of his narrative, though it is really minute, and animated in a high degree. From the first moment of seeing him, it is evident that the impression made by Napoleon on the Captain was of the most favourable description. He speaks of his manners as extremely fascinating, unassuming, and gentleman-like during the whole period of his stay in the Bellerophon. It is very pleasing to observe, that Captain Maitland on his side treated the fallen conqueror with all the respect to which his misfortunes and his situation entitled him, without at the same time transgressing the line of his duty. We pass over the arrival of the Bellerophon in Torbay, and afterwards off Plymouth, the extreme anger of Buonaparte and his suite on hearing that he was to be sent to St. Helena, his well known "Protest" against this measure, the attempt of Madame Bertrand to throw herself into the sea, and a crowd of other interesting circumstances more or less known, as our limits do not allow us to enter into them. The books that Buonaparte chiefly read were a life of Washington and Ossian's poems. One of the most curious circumstances that occurred while the Bellerophon was off Plymouth was an attempt made by a person under prosecution for a libel on a naval officer, censuring his conduct on the West India station, when a French squadron was in those seas, to serve a subpœna on Napoleon, in order to get him to prove that at the time the French ships were in an unserviceable condition! This was the process that Lord Keith and Captain Maitland, and indeed the public generally, believed to be a habeas corpus; and it is quite amusing to observe the ingenuity and vigilance with which the Admiral and the Captain combined their efforts in order to prevent the libeller from serving either *themselves* or Napoleon with the habeas corpus! — a writ that, even if it had been issued, could have had no possible effect under the circum-

stances. On the 7th of August, Buonaparte and those of his suite who agreed to go with him to St. Helena, were transferred to the Northumberland; and upon completing his narrative up to this period, Captain Maitland adds a few anecdotes, from which we shall select two or three as specimens.

'Napoleon Buonaparte, when he came on board the Bellerophon, on the 15th of July, 1815, wanted exactly one month of completing his forty-sixth year, being born the 15th of August, 1769. He was then a remarkably strong, well-built man, about five feet seven inches high, his limbs particularly well-formed, with a fine ancle and very small foot, of which he seemed rather vain, as he always wore, while on board the ship, silk stockings and shoes. His hands were also very small, and had the plumpness of a woman's rather than the robustness of a man's. His eyes light grey, teeth good; and when he smiled, the expression of his countenance was highly pleasing; when under the influence of disappointment, however, it assumed a dark gloomy cast. His hair was of a very dark brown, nearly approaching to black, and, though a little thin on the top and front, had not a grey hair amongst it. His complexion was a very uncommon one, being of a light sallow colour, differing from almost any other I ever met with. From his having become corpulent, he had lost much of his personal activity, and, if we are to give credit to those who attended him, a very considerable portion of his mental energy was also gone. It is certain his habits were very lethargic while he was on board the Bellerophon; for though he went to bed between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, and did not rise till about the same hour in the morning, he frequently fell asleep on the sofa in the cabin in the course of the day. His general appearance was that of a man rather older than he then was. His manners were extremely pleasing and affable: he joined in every conversation, related numerous anecdotes, and endeavoured, in every way, to promote good humour: he even admitted his attendants to great familiarity; and I saw one or two instances of their contradicting him in the most direct terms, though they generally treated him with much respect. He possessed, to a wonderful degree, a facility in making a favourable impression upon those with whom he entered into conversation: this appeared to me to be accomplished by turning the subject to matters he supposed the person he was addressing was well acquainted with, and on which he could show himself to advantage. This had the effect of putting him in good humour with himself; after which it was not a very difficult matter to transfer a part of that feeling to the person who had occasioned it. Lord Keith appears to have formed a very high opinion of the fascination of his conversation, and expressed it very emphatically to me, after he had seen him: speaking of his wish for an interview with the Prince Regent, "D—n the fellow," he said, "if he had obtained an interview with His Royal Highness, in half an hour they would have been the best friends in England." He appeared to have great command of temper; for, though no man could have had greater trials than fell to his lot during the time he remained on board the Bellerophon, he never, in my presence, or as far as I know, allowed a fretful or captious expression to escape him: even the day he received the notification from Sir Henry Bunbury, that it was determined to send him to St. Helena, he chatted and conversed with the same cheerfulness as usual. It has

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government, he never allowed more than fifteen minutes for that purpose.—pp. 222, 223.

The reader will have been enabled to judge, from the extracts which we have given, of the attractive character of this work. It is throughout written with the utmost simplicity and impartiality, and forms a most essential document for one of the most extraordinary and romantic passages in the history of the late war.

NOTICES.

ART. XIII. *An Historical Outline of the Greek Revolution*; with a few Remarks on the present State of Affairs in that Country. By W. M. Leake, late Lieutenant-Colonel in the Royal Artillery. 8vo. pp. 204. 7*s*. 6*d*. London. Murray. 1826.

THERE is no recent work with which we are acquainted that is better calculated than this small volume to lead to a fair view of the merits of the Greek cause, and the probable results of the Greek contest. The principal events of the various campaigns by sea and land, from the commencement of the insurrection to January last, are rapidly sketched. Then the author examines the means which the contending powers have brought into operation, and the resources which are at their command respectively; and this detail is followed by an analysis of the causes of the success of one party and the failure of the other. He is evidently a rational friend to the independence of the Greeks; but his generous sympathy in their favour is properly kept in check by his attachment for truth, and his anxiety to arrive at just conclusions. The work is of the more value on this account, because the greater part of those publications to which an Englishman would turn for correct information on the affairs of Greece are very unsafe to consult, by reason of the imperfect knowledge and exaggerated, though perhaps amiable, views of their authors. In looking back to the results of the struggle, as far as it has been carried, one is apt to wonder that so little progress has been made on either side towards a termination. This is ascribed to the ignorance of both parties of the art of war. Still it is a circumstance which furnishes, according to our author, the strongest grounds of hope as to the issue in their favour, that the Greeks should be enabled, after such an interval of hostilities, to muster in so strong a force. But the advantages on which the revolutionists are chiefly to rely for ultimate success, this writer thinks, consist in the superiority of their seamen, and the natural strength of that part of Greece where they have already their most permanent possessions. In developing the grounds of the latter opinion, Mr. Leake shows the most intimate acquaintance with the geographical position of the country,

been asserted that he was acting a part all the time he was on board the ship; but still, even allowing that to be the case, nothing but great command of temper could have enabled him to have sustained such a part for so many days, in his situation.' — pp. 208—212.

We believe it is not doubted that Napoleon had a very strong affection for Maria Louisa and his son. The following trait confirms the general impression as to his feelings with respect to them:

'One morning he began to talk of his wife and child, and desired Marchand to bring two or three miniature pictures to show me: he spoke of them with much feeling and affection. "I feel," said he, "the conduct of the allied sovereigns to be more cruel and unjustifiable towards me in that respect than in any other. Why should they deprive me of the comforts of domestic society, and take from me what must be the dearest objects of affection to every man — my child, and the mother of that child?" On his expressing himself as above, I looked him steadily in the face, to observe whether he showed any emotion: the tears were standing in his eyes, and the whole of his countenance appeared evidently under the influence of a strong feeling of grief.' — pp. 214, 215.

It is remarkable that during the greater part of the time which Napoleon spent on board the Bellerophon, though it was so soon after the most signal disasters that perhaps any man had ever encountered, and though it brought him the tidings that he was to be exiled for life to the remote and desolate island of St. Helena, yet his spirits were usually cheerful, and his conversation fluent and amusing. His opinion concerning the Duke of Wellington has often been a subject of curiosity.

'I never heard Buonaparte speak of the battle of Waterloo, or give an opinion of the Duke of Wellington; but I asked General Bertrand what Napoleon thought of him. "Why," replied he, "I will give you his opinion nearly in the words he delivered it to me. 'The Duke of Wellington, in the management of an army, is fully equal to myself, with the advantage of possessing more prudence.'"' — p. 222.

We shall subjoin but one more extract, which relates to Napoleon's habits of living while on board the Bellerophon.

'During the time that Buonaparte was on board the Bellerophon, we always lived expressly for his accommodation — entirely in the French manner; that is to say, a hot meal was served at ten o'clock in the morning, and another at six in the evening; and so nearly did they resemble each other in all respects, that a stranger might have found difficulty, in coming into the cabin, to distinguish breakfast from dinner. His maître d'hôtel took the joints off the table, cut them up in portions, and then handed them round. Buonaparte ate a great deal, and generally of strong solid food: in drinking he was extremely abstemious, confining himself almost entirely to claret, and seldom taking more than half-a-pint at a meal. Immediately after dinner, strong coffee was handed round, and then some cordial; after which he rose from table, the whole meal seldom lasting more than twenty or twenty-five minutes; and I was told, that during the time he was at the head of the French

government, he never allowed more than fifteen minutes for that purpose. — pp. 222, 223.

The reader will have been enabled to judge, from the extracts which we have given, of the attractive character of this work. It is throughout written with the utmost simplicity and impartiality, and forms a most essential document for one of the most extraordinary and romantic passages in the history of the late war.

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any difficulty in understanding which is removed by an excellent map which accompanies the volume. Besides this, the Greeks have an irreconcilable hatred to the Ottoman yoke; and they know that they never would be restored to the condition of subjects to the Turkish power. At the bottom of all, however, is to be traced a growing moral superiority in the Greeks, which, sooner or later, must vindicate itself. In speculating on the best means of adjusting the affairs of Greece, Mr. Leake does not indulge in any impossible scheme of chivalrous interference on the part of any foreign power. His plan of settlement is founded on the basis of the independence of the Morea. The practicability of establishing this he clearly shows by reasons drawn from the physical as well as moral condition of the Greeks. The policy of such a step he insists upon in a very cogent manner. If the revolution is suppressed, and the Ottoman power resumes its original sway, she will be the immediate prey of Russia; wars upon wars will desolate Europe; Greek enterprise, driven from land, will betake itself to the ocean; the seas about eastern Europe will be the haunt of pirates, and commerce can have no safe channel in that quarter. Whatever be the true reasoning on these matters, we can have no hesitation in paying our tribute to the clear and forcible manner in which this work is written. The author's political views appear to be formed upon just and well-considered grounds, and they are enforced with that moderation and distrust which would rather solicit enquiry than exact belief.

ART. XIV. *Epistles to a Friend in Town*, Golconda's Fête, and other Poems. By Chandos Leigh, Esq. 12mo. London. 1826.

MR. LEIGH'S poems are evidently the productions of a scholar and a gentleman, and there are occasionally lines and images worthy of a true poet: but there are few passages of *sustained* beauty, and not a few in which a beautiful conception is spoiled by the careless manner in which the thought is worked out. Sometimes, however, when Mr. Leigh thinks proper, he can pour out very rich and harmonious stanzas:

> 'And here and there from golden urns arise,
> Impregn'd with perfumes, purple clouds, that throw,
> Like hues just caught from fair Ausonia's skies,
> Throughout the palace an Elysian glow, —
> Odorous as roses when they newly blow.
> And couches, splendid as the gorgeous light
> Of the declining sun, or high or low,
> As suits capricious luxury, invite
> To sweet repose, indeed, each pleasure-laden wight.' p. 72.

At other times, Mr. Leigh shows that he can write with great spirit and energy.

'Here all is strenuous idleness! the hum
Of men, like children bustling about nought:
The bawling mountebank, and frequent drum,
Are glorious substitutes for troublous thought;
While business is unheeded and unsought,
Here to the last they whirl around; the bier
Bears to the grave some noisy trifler caught
By death; the world's epitome is here;
The sight provokes a smile, yet mingled with a tear.' p. 101.

Throughout all the poems there are scattered many graceful and fanciful ideas. We give a cluster of them, detached at random:

——'A flower
That Innocence within her hair might weave,
Wandering on Avon's banks, this lovely eve!'

'The paths of life are thorny: o'er our heads
Those grim magicians, Cares, uplift their wands!'

'The sun is sinking fast, and now is gone
The vaporous enchantment.'

'And shall this ocean, which compared might be
(If aught the perishable world can have
Liken'd unto it) with eternity,
Be lost at once, as is a single wave
That breaks upon the beach? *This greedy grave
Of shattered navies,* shall it ever cease
To gorge its victims,' &c.

We could easily multiply similar quotations; but as such gems are better enchased in Mr. Leigh's poetry than in our plain prose, we shall here close, entreating those who may be inclined to gather more of them, to hasten to 'Golconda's Fête.'

We may add that there are lines in the 'Epistles to a Friend' which show that the author has a very considerable talent for satire, if his mood were not too gentle to permit him to indulge it.

ART. XV. *Parliamentary History and Review;* containing Reports of the Proceedings of the Two Houses of Parliament during the Session of 1825, 6 Geo. IV.; with Critical Remarks on the principal Measures of the Session. 8vo. pp. 808. 1*l.* 10*s.* London. Longman and Co. 1826.

THE plan of this volume is so useful that we wonder it should have been reserved for the present time to carry it into execution. The proceedings throughout the session, on each subject respectively, are connected together in unbroken series; so that we have, under the same head, the whole of those debates on a given question which took place at intervals, long or short, during the several months of the sitting. Nothing can be more convenient for the purposes of reference or general instruction than the arrangement which has been here pursued. Thus under the generic title 'Ireland' will be found the proceedings of both Houses regularly

classified on every measure of external and internal economy connected with that country. The head of 'Foreign Dependencies' takes in the interesting debates on negro-slavery, and a variety of questions involved in our existing colonial relations. There are, in all, about thirteen divisions, under which the miscellaneous proceedings of the session are reduced; and the order and completeness of the arrangement give to this volume a decided superiority over every other form of compilation of the parliamentary debates which we have met with.

Appended to the Reports, we find, under the title of 'Review,' a series of critical and explanatory dissertations on the principal questions to which the attention of the senate has been directed during the session. The writer appears to take a liberal side in politics; but there is a tone of independence in his judgments which is far above the spirit of a partisan, and bespeaks any thing rather than a tendency to pay indiscriminate homage to persons and names. Of the reasoning and conclusions of the author, different persons will naturally form different opinions. But the quantity of information alone which is brought to bear on each of the various questions discussed would be sufficient to make this a valuable book. We had always thought a leading defect of the parliamentary histories, as they are called, to be this, that they embodied so little of that contemporary intelligence which was to be found in the thousand shapes of pamphlets, newspapers, and other periodical journals, and which serve so materially to illustrate, to explain, to guide even to a right judgment upon the proceedings of the senate. All wisdom and knowledge are not exclusively confined to the walls of parliament. There is a great deal of both floating abroad, which appear to us to be entitled to the opportunity, such as we have an instance of in this volume, of permanently acting on the mind of the legislature. There is scarcely a question belonging to our foreign or domestic policy that is not thoroughly investigated in all its bearings in this review. We would notice, for particular commendation, the articles on Negro-slavery and the Budget, subjects rather different in their nature, but both extremely important.

The necessary care, however, does not appear to have been given to the business of consulting and comparing the ordinary sources whence the speeches are derived, with a view to making out a genuine text. In the number of material omissions are the lists of minorities and majorities, and an index of names and subjects. If this compilation be intended to compete with the successors of the former parliamentary histories, as we think in many respects it is entitled to supersede them, it should be made to approach as nearly as possible the form of a complete record in itself. A prefatory treatise commences the volume; but it appears to us to require no other notice than simply to say that it is the "Book of Fallacies" of Mr. Bentham condensed into twenty-eight pages.

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ART. I. *An Inquiry into the Origin of the Laws and Political Institutions of Modern Europe*, particularly of those of England. By George Spence, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn. 8vo. pp. 600. 15*s*. London. Murray. 1826.

AMONG the numerous researches into the original structure and early condition of the European states, which have so usefully engaged the learning, and honourably distinguished the historical literature, of our times, we have seldom been gratified with any treatise more important and valuable than that which Mr. Spence has here offered to our notice. To this Inquiry into the Origin of the Laws and Political Institutions of Modern Europe, he has brought not only a rich store of professional learning, but an enlarged and philosophical spirit of deduction, which the mere study of legal antiquities is rarely found to elicit. His opinions, indeed, do not wholly coincide with those in general received on his subject; nor, according to our own view of it at least, are his conclusions in some respects substantially founded. But his materials are always perspicuously and skilfully arranged, his arguments are plainly and candidly stated, and the inferences which he would deduce from them are advanced with equal ingenuity, modesty, and caution. The style, too, is admirably suited to the purpose of the work; simple, clear, and most carefully accurate; it is impossible to misapprehend any part of his meaning; and in the whole perusal of the volume, it is unnecessary to recur twice to the same passage, or to seek for any farther explanation than the context at once affords.

The nature and extent of his inquiry, the plan and the object of the work, are ably stated in an opening which he has entitled, with whimsical tautology, a 'Prefatory Introduction;' and we cannot perhaps do better than give the first passages of it entire, as the readiest means of exhibiting the character of the book.

'The author of the following work having been engaged some years since in a translation of the Code Napoleon, was induced in consequence

to look attentively into the civil law of the Romans, where he found that a great proportion of the doctrines of the common law of England, even many of those which are purely artificial, were to be found in the Institutes, the Pandects, the Code, and the Novels. This induced him to study the civil and criminal code of the Romans with some minuteness, and to compare the political and judicial institutions of modern Europe, and of our own country in particular, with those of ancient Rome, in order to discover to what extent the former might be traced from the latter, their venerable and classical originals.

'For this purpose the author endeavoured to ascertain what was the nature of the government, both civil and military, which was established by the Romans in the provinces of their widely extended empire, of which Britain formed a part; also to ascertain what political and civil rights were given by the laws to the inhabitants of the provinces, and what institutions existed, having for their object the preservation of such rights. He was then led to look into the history of the times, to see how the laws were administered,—a most important inquiry with reference to what may be supposed to have been the disposition of the inhabitants towards the government under which they were living at the time of the irruption of the Germans, and the conduct of the provincials in regard to the invaders.

'The next subject of inquiry in which the author engaged, was the condition of the German hordes who successfully invaded the Roman provinces, whilst inhabiting their native wilds, and the usages and laws which prevailed amongst them.

'History informs us, that for several centuries previously to the general irruption of the Germans, they were continually brought in contact or communication with the Romans, either in battle, or during temporary alliances. How far this circumstance might have influenced the native laws and institutions of the German hordes, naturally offered itself for investigation.

'The author was next led to inquire what was the spirit with which the German hordes, or, as they are called in the histories of the times, the Barbarians, were actuated whilst prosecuting their conquests; whether they came with Saracenic zeal to sweep away existing institutions, or merely to form settlements in happier and more fertile regions: and then to endeavour to ascertain whether the same favourable disposition, which shortly afterwards evinced itself by the implicit adoption of the religious creed and ceremonial of the conquered people, was extended, and in what degree, towards their political and civil institutions.

'The author then proceeded to an examination of the nature of the civil and political institutions which were established by the Barbarians in the several distinct kingdoms which were founded on the ruins of the Western Empire; more particularly attempting to discover which of these institutions might have been adopted from, or influenced by, the pre-existing institutions. He also endeavoured to ascertain what was the condition of the conquered people after the conquest, and what rights they were permitted to retain or to enjoy. His inquiries were afterwards directed to the various changes which took place in the laws and institutions which were so established; in regard to continental Europe, down to the year 843, when the empire of Charlemagne was dismembered, and the modern empires of Germany and of France were founded; and, in

regard to England, down to the establishment of the Norman dynasty, when the present constitution of England may be considered to have been founded. The reader of the following pages will be conducted along the ground which the writer has passed over in the prosecution of these several inquiries: he must be referred to the body of the work for the result.'—Prefatory Introduction, pp. v—viii.

The nature of this result the reader, after the hints contained in the preceding passages, will probably have little difficulty in anticipating. Mr. Spence's researches have evidently left upon his mind a strong impression that the settlement of the Barbarians in their conquests, and the establishment of the European kingdoms according to their modern divisions, were not followed by an entirely new order of things in political institutions and jurisprudence; and that the various rude nations, who dismembered and overturned the Western Empire, did not plant, in the Roman provinces, their own systems, *de novo* as it were, of government and law; but that they were content to receive all the elements of civilization from the vanquished, and readily adopted the political and civil institutions, as well as the religious faith, of the empire which they had subjugated. In short, he believes that the feudal system generally, the customary law of France, the common law of this country, and other characteristics of the European states of the middle ages, had not their early and decided origin in the manners and feelings which had belonged to the primitive German tribes in their native forests; but that they may be deduced and traced, in direct consequence and gradual transition, from the provincial regulations and the judicial codes of the Roman empire, which the Barbarians had embraced with little modification or change.

To the justice of these conclusions we are far from being prepared to accede; nor has a very attentive perusal of Mr. Spence's volume given us any reason to change our previous opinion. We may observe, however, that our dissent from his reasoning is not accompanied with any objection to his learned analysis of the Roman and Barbarian codes and institutions; nor have we detected any errors of moment in the authoritative part of his labours. At the same time we freely confess that we have not deemed it necessary to examine, point by point, and item by item, a work embracing such multifarious details, necessarily referring to such various authorities and records, and containing the fruits of long and laborious study on subjects of singular exactitude and nicety. To take such a compilation to pieces, to compare every statement with its authority, and to investigate every link in so lengthened and intricate a piece of chainwork, would necessarily be to repeat the whole of Mr. Spence's own task. And when this should be accomplished, the result of the examination could only be adequately reported in an elaborate essay, totally incompatible with the limits and design of this journal. Our business is only to direct the student to the work by a statement of its contents, to offer our

general conviction, without farther pledges of its accuracy in details, and to record our doubts of the conclusions which the author would found upon them.

Whatever may become of these conclusions, they can little affect the value of the work: the learned industry, and the candid spirit, with which Mr. Spence has compiled it, are its best and secure titles to praise. He commences his inquiry with essays 'on the state of the Roman provinces under the Roman emperors,' and 'on the administration of justice in the provinces.' In these he treats successively of the colonial policy of the Romans; of the condition of the inhabitants of the cities, towns, and country in the provinces; of the patrimonial domains of the emperors; of the public domain and its possessors; of the manumission of slaves, and what he calls (at least rather prematurely) the relation of *lord and vassal;* of the assemblies of the provincials; and of the civil and military government and revenues of the provinces. He then proceeds to give an account of the sources from which the laws contained in the civil and criminal codes of the Romans were derived; and concludes with a short abstract of these, and a sketch of the forms under which they were judicially administered.

These essays constitute the first book of his volume; and we do not hesitate to say, that it contains by far the most luminous, clear, and abstract exposition of the Roman law and system of colonization for the conquered provinces, which is to be found in our language. In the elucidation of the Roman law, our historians have hitherto been much behind some foreign and especially the German writers; and Mr. Spence modestly regrets that he has had no opportunity of examining the works of Niebuhr and others. But he has evidently little to learn from them; for he has consulted all the best original authorities with a zeal and patience which might do no discredit to German industry itself. His concluding remarks on the jurisprudence of imperial Rome, are deserving of attention, and may, we fear, claim some application to legal proceedings nearer our own times.

'This closes the account which I have thought it requisite to give of the Roman laws and institutions; in which I have endeavoured to present to the reader a general view of those leading principles which would take the deepest root in society. The laws, in their detail, were clouded by the dark and frequently inconsistent constitutions of the emperors, and by subtleties and distinctions which, though founded on the nature of things, had been multiplied and refined upon by the ingenuity of a long succession of lawyers, until their original could scarcely be traced to any rational plinciple. Such, indeed, was the extent of this evil, that the rules which were applicable to the questions arising in the common transactions of life were involved in the most perplexing obscurity; and considering that on every question of intricacy it was necessary to search the written laws, and where they were silent to resort to the unwritten law, and to extract the result of the various and frequently discordant

opinions that were to be found on the subject, the decision of the judge in such a case could only be matter of conjecture. The administration of the laws, too, besides being impeded by a superabundance of forms, was encumbered to a serious extent with the clumsy machinery of *legal fictions*, which tended, as must be the case in whatever system of jurisprudence they may be admitted, to bring discredit on the law and its professors; for however well understood by lawyers themselves, such contrivances cannot fail to carry with them, in the eyes of the public, the appearance of absurdity, and it is to be feared sometimes of imposture.' —pp. 208, 209.

Mr. Spence's second book is devoted to a sketch of 'the laws and institutions of the Franks, Goths, and other German nations, which [afterwards] established themselves on the ruins of the Western Empire.' Here he treats of the native laws and institutions of the German tribes, and of the attempts made to introduce the Roman code and customs among them before their invasions of the empire. This book is very brief, and offers little that is remarkable, or that was not before to be found in our familiar works.

The third and concluding book, which is the most highly elaborated part of the volume, takes a general and minute view of 'the settlement of the German nations in the Roman provinces, and of the laws and institutions established by them after their settlement.' It examines the nature and spirit of the barbarian conquests, the codes of laws which were compiled and promulgated by the Barbarians; the prerogatives, courts, and revenues of their kings; the state and privileges of the clergy, nobility, and freemen in general; the condition of slaves and freedmen; the relation of 'patron and client' or lord and vassal, of husband and wife, parent and child, guardian and ward; and, in short, the whole structure of the jurisprudence and political institutions which was erected in the new states. The third book and the volume close with a general summary or review of the barbarian institutions in comparison with those of Rome, in which Mr. Spence adopts the following conclusion.

'In taking a retrospective glance at the laws and institutions which have been the subject of the preceding chapters of this book, it is impossible not to observe the marked similarity which existed between those of each of the states of Europe. Knowing as we do that the institutions which prevailed amongst the Barbarians in their native countries, were ill calculated for the artificial relations which are introduced into society, even in the first stages of civilization, and that there existed in the countries in which the Barbarians finally settled, institutions and laws well calculated for a state of society advancing in civilization, as were the Barbarians when their codes were compiled, we are naturally led to suppose that the Barbarians would be induced to adopt, in a great degree, the laws and institutions of the conquered countries. A comparison of the laws and institutions of the Barbarians with those which had prevailed before the conquest, confirms this supposition.'—p. 533.

We shall copy only one more passage as an example of Mr. Spence's general style and mode of tracing the lines of his subject. We select the following notice 'of the origin of equitable jurisdiction in England.'

'The code of equity which is now administered in the Courts of Chancery and Exchequer, had its origin from circumstances very similar to those which gave rise to the prætorian code of the Romans. After a succession of decisions in the courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas, and the acts of the legislature had formed a system of positive law, it was found expedient that there should be some tribunal, in which its severities might be mitigated, and its defects supplied. The latter Emperors, claimed the sole right of administering relief against the rigours of the established laws, and supplying their defects. Under Edgar, this prerogative was conferred, by general assent, upon the Anglo-Saxon kings. It was not likely that it should be renounced by the Norman sovereigns. Under the early Norman monarchs, this prerogative appears to have been delegated to the king's select council, and to have been resorted to only on extraordinary occasions. In the reign of Richard II., it was committed to the Lord Chancellor to control the administration of the law, by the application of equitable principles, and to administer relief where the law was defective: and the process of subpœna, which was invented in the latter part of the reign of Edward III., was brought into use, to enable him to exercise such jurisdiction. From this time, as before observed, the Chancery became a distinct court.

'The enforcing the performance of trusts, which the ecclesiastical courts had been prohibited from interfering with, soon became the most important branch of the business of this court after its regular establishment. During the civil commotions which commenced in the reign of Richard II., many persons, who from inclination or necessity took part with one party or the other, with a view to avoid forfeitures of their estates, conveyed them to indifferent persons, for the use of themselves or their relations, a contrivance similar to that which we learn from the stat. 15 Rich. II. c. 5. was then frequently resorted to by the clergy, to avoid the statutes of mortmain. Many of the persons to whom such conveyances were made, aware that at law there was no remedy against them for any breach of the trust imposed, sold the estates, and treated them as their own. Constant applications appear to have been made to the king and the council to afford a remedy against such manifest frauds; and the mode adopted was to grant a writ of subpœna, to compel the person complained of to appear before the Chancellor in his newly erected Court, and abide the order of that court on the subject. In the reigns of Richard II. Henry IV. Henry V. and Henry VI., the Chancellors, by a series of decisions on the cases so brought before them, formed a regular code on the subject of uses and trusts.

'From the reign of Edward III. downwards, continual complaints were made by the Commons against the jurisdiction thus assumed by the council and by the Chancery, independent of the courts of common law. In the 17th year of Richard II., the remonstrances of the Commons were confined to preventing persons being brought into the Chancery on *false* suggestions; so that matters cognizable by the common law might not

be drawn into that court. In the 1st of Henry VI., the Commons required that no subpœna should issue to call any one into Chancery without a bill being first filed, stating the grounds of complaint, and a certificate signed by two justices of one bench or the other, purporting that the matters complained of were not remediable by the courts of common law. By the statute of the 15th Henry VI. c. 4, all persons suing out subpœnas in the Chancery were required to give security, to answer all damages and expenses, in case the matter contained in their bills were not made good; the Chancery being still looked upon with great jealousy. This statute, however, and that of 31 Hen. VI. c. 2. established the suppletory jurisdiction of the Chancellor, which indeed had received an indirect sanction by the stat. 17 Rich. II. c. 6. Succeeding Chancellors, particularly from the time of Sir Thomas More, in the list of whom appear the names of Lord Bacon, Lord Somers, and Lord Hardwicke, keeping in view the principle so often inforced by the Commons, by a series of legislatorial decisions, established a system of jurisprudence very similar to, but considerably more extensive than, that which was exercised by the Roman proconsul, sitting in his extraordinary jurisdiction. "It may be said," says Mr. Barrington, alluding to his own times, "that we owe the present beneficial and rational system of equity to the peculiar national felicity of the greatest lawyer and statesman of this or perhaps any other country having presided in this court near twenty years, without a single decree having been reversed, either in the whole or any part of it: an infallibility which in no other instance was ever the lot of humanity." To what extent this system has been improved and perfected under the auspices of the noble person who has now presided in this court upwards of twenty-four years, neither is it yet perhaps the time, nor is the author the person, to pass a judgment.'—pp. 561—565.

Having disclaimed the design to subject the innumerable details of Mr. Spence's volume upon the present occasion to a full and minute investigation, we shall not do so much injustice to the work as to rest a serious and final judgment, upon the inconsistences which have been exposed to us in our cursory examination of his opinions. But we may just refer to his treatment of one important division of the question, for the sake of showing the manner in which the bent of his judgment is generally developed. We shall select for this purpose the feudal system; because, viewed as an institution of the new and rude monarchies of Europe, it has generally been held to form the most striking distinction, between the policy of the Barbarians and that, not only of the Romans and Grecians, but of all the other societies of antiquity. And therefore it is to contravene this doctrine, and to prove that the feudal system may be traced from the Roman policy of colonization, that Mr. Spence has put forth his most strenuous powers of induction. He is, as we premised, in no degree deserving of the imputation of any intentional departure from the fair train of reasoning: he is incapable, we are sure, of arguing for the sake of victory, or knowingly wresting a single fact to an unfounded conclusion. But he had embraced a particular creed on his great question; and it

was not in human nature to resist the impulse to place the doctrine which he would advocate in the most plausible and attractive light. Accordingly, feeling that the peculiarity of the feudal system and its disagreement with the prominent form of the Roman institutions, composed the weakest side of his cause, he has here presupposed that which was to be proved, confounded coincidences with cause and effect, caught at the most distant points of resemblance, rejected no possible or plausible inference that occurred to him, and, in short, adopted every material and weapon wherewith *per fas et nefas* he might fight out the challenge of his championship.

This resolution is very easily seen in the totally unwarranted title of one of his chapters on the Roman law (p. 54): on 'the relation of *lord and vassal*.' Who would here imagine that he designed to speak of the old Roman connection of patron and client, and thence to trace up the feudal system to the consular era of the republic? But this distinction of lord and *vassal*, either in the feudal terms, or the true feudal signification, was totally unknown among the Romans, even in the latest days of the Western Empire. And, if in nothing else, the Roman and the feudal bonds of mutual obligation between the superior and inferior differed wholly in the absence of all that dignity in the former, which distinguished the latter compact. The feudal tenant held of his lord upon one main and principal condition:—martial service. He, being free, voluntarily contracted the obligation in exchange for his fief, and not for the rights of his person. The Roman patron emancipated his slave, made him a freedman by his will only, and in return exacted obligations, various, arbitrary in kind, and often sevile,—but never military. Nay, so uncertain were these conditions generally, that (Cod. Just. VI. 3, 12) unless it was expressly stipulated that they should be rendered to the patron's heir, they ceased with his death. So also these obligations might, or might not, have force upon the children of the client; but if they had (that is, if they were not servile), they were binding upon all the sons of the freedman, simply because they were his sons, and not because of any inheritance. The obligations of a feudal tenant, on the contrary, were due to his lord and his lord's successors for ever; and they descended only, but descended immutably, upon the heir who succeeded to the fief which produced them.

Upon one point, however, it is curious how much Mr. Spence has neglected to use the readiest and most plausible argument which he could have found for his object. We mean the practice of *commendation*, as it was called, which prevailed in conjunction with the feudal system. This was a custom, originally resorted to by the free cultivators under the emperors, of committing themselves for protection to some man of rank, (see Cod. Theod. XI. tit. 24) and so far Mr. Spence has recorded it. But he has failed to observe that precisely the same custom continued in the barbarian kingdoms, analogous to the feudal relation, yet distinguished

from it, as the connection was wholly *personal.* This was often entered into by the weaker party as an obligation to pay a certain sum for the protection of alodial property; and was (Du Cange—Salvamentum) a common resource of the monasteries. This practice then, if any, of commendation was the common link between the clientage of the Romans and the feudal system of the Barbarians. We wonder that Mr. Spence should in great part have overlooked its contemporary existence with the latter system; for though even this does not identify the two institutions, it wears a more plausible appearance of doing so than many circumstances on which he has insisted.

But the arguments on which he appears principally to rely for the maintenance of this part of his position, are the well known facts that the Roman soldiery in the frontier provinces received lands upon condition of holding themselves in constant readiness for the public defence, and that when they did not enjoy such possessions, they were entitled to quarters upon the provincials, with the use, for the time, of one third of the house with its furniture, whenever they were thus billetted. It will scarcely be believed that, upon this defined and restricted right of quarters, in which the soldier was expressly forbidden to include and demand either provisions or fuel, Mr. Spence rests the following deduction. 'The provincials were bound, whilst under the Roman dominion, to afford *hospitalily* to the Roman armies when sent amongst them, according to fixed and determinate rules. The Goths and Burgundians, who performed the same office of protection from foreign aggression which the provincials had formerly experienced from the Roman legions, claimed a similar recompense: but instead of mere temporary *quarters*, they claimed, by *right of hospitality*, a proportion of the lands and slaves of the provincials to be assigned to them *in ownership*.' (p. 242). A most gentle demand of *hospitality!* But one would imagine that the difference between a temporary and barren occupation, and a perpetual ownership, should constitute a sufficient distinction in any case.

Mr. Spence has principally misled himself, as others have done before him, by the recollection of the military service to which Roman soldiers receiving lands were pledged. This is his main proof of the resemblance of the Roman and feudal tenures; and it may be encountered by an old and most conclusive refutation:—that the Roman military colonists were bound to the state, and not to an individual lord. No two things can be more opposite than the simple and citizen-like condition by which these soldiers were to hold their lands, and the long gradation and mutual duties of the feudal system, descending from the sovereign to the great feudatories, from these to their own followers, and again often from the latter to the lowest vassal to whom a single acre might be carved out by the last process of sub-infeudation. In fact, it was this graduated tenure of land in exchange for military service,

which characterized the feudal system so peculiarly, that, as it appears to us, no other origin can possibly with reason be assigned to it, than the condition in which the barbarian conquerors found themselves in their new states. It is easy to find partial resemblances to it not only in the practices of Roman military colonization and clientage, but in the family ties of the Highland clans, and the military obligations of Asiatic land owners, to their chieftains: but however such apparent analogies from the practice of various countries may deceive for a time, we are convinced, with a great authority, that they will all vanish when they come to be closely examined.

This slight exposition of Mr. Spence's opinions on the feudal institutions will probably be sufficient to enable the reader to judge of his systematic determination to see a Roman origin in all the laws and customs of the barbarian nations. This disposition appears to us to have occasioned the only errors and defects in his book; and it certainly has led him into some wrong impressions and inconsistencies. Thus (p. 216) he broadly declares that the institutions of the Germans, as handed down to us by Tacitus, exhibit little that is peculiar, and differ in but a trifling degree from those of all rude nations. This opinion he may have deemed sufficient to guide us to the conclusion that there was no particular reason why they should not readily receive the impression of their future character from the more civilized people whom they subdued. But when Mr. Spence made this sweeping assertion, did he remember the high consideration enjoyed by woman among those nations?—a condition totally distinct from the characteristic of all other savage nations in this respect. Here the Germans differed totally and clearly in feeling and action from the people among whom they came; and the result is most remarkable in its connection with our author's subject, though he has totally neglected it. If the Barbarians (as in deference to the classical nomenclature we are content to call them) had adopted the Roman manners and customs, and among them naturally the Roman estimate of the place of woman in society, what contradictory process could ever have raised her into the idol of chivalry, or given birth to the chivalric spirit itself?

Sometimes our author's rigid regard for truth and accuracy, leads him into confessions very inconvenient for his theory: as when he remarks (p. 311) that 'all the nations, excepting the Goths, allowed the Romans, if such was their wish, to live under the Roman law.' We know that they did so; and moreover that this permission, in France especially, perpetuated for many centuries the distinction between the Gaul or Roman and the Frank. But how does an opposition of the Roman and barbarian codes so decided as to preserve this long separation of the two races, accord with Mr. Spence's doctrine, that the Barbarians adopted the Roman jurisprudence and political institutions?

To several such instances of contradiction as this we might point; and we might also direct attention to a few slight misapprehensions of other kinds which we have noticed. Such are the author's repetition (p. 280) of the error of Robertson and some previous writers, that feudal benefices were originally revocable at will; and his assertion (p. 541), after Blackstone and Gibbon, that the revival of the civil law as a study originated with the discovery of a complete copy of the Pandects at Amalfi: whereas it is certain that Irnerius, a German by birth, but bred at Constantinople, read lectures on the Pandects at Bologna several years earlier. These little inaccuracies, however, are but as a feather in the scale against the general preponderance and real value of Mr. Spence's learning and industry: nor, to say the truth, are we disposed to attach any very injurious effects even to the fanciful tendency of opinion on which we have commented. It does not in any degree interfere with the highest merit to which such a work as this of Mr. Spence's may aspire, and which his volume certainly possesses:—that of offering admirable digests, both of the Roman, and of the various barbarian, codes and institutions, civil and political.

ART. II. *The Life and Correspondence of Major Cartwright.* Edited by his Niece, F. D. Cartwright. 2 Vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* London. Colburn. 1826.

THIS is upon the whole an entertaining and rather a curious piece of biography. Not that the interest of the work is by any means of that kind which it was probably designed to convey: for in the opinion of all dispassionate men, the political career and the utopian views of Major Cartwright will be very far from possessing the dignity and importance ascribed to them, either by the extravagant zeal of his associates, or the natural partiality of his family. As the indefatigable champion of "radical reform," his name will be remembered only in conection with all the wild and impracticable schemes which have agitated the country during the last half century; and, regarding him as a public character, even the unquestionable integrity of his motives will scarcely be held to compensate for his total want of sound judgment. That he was unwearied in his pursuits during a long life, is an evidence of his consistency though not of his wisdom: no argument could shake him, no appalling lessons of experience undeceive him; and whether his obstinacy was strengthened by failure or his long devotion to a darling and exclusive project had disordered his imagination, his conduct equally bore all the marks of an inveterate mental delusion. That his intentions were honest, we have not the shadow of a doubt; but in the same proportion that he was himself sincere, his blind prejudices rendered him a ready dupe and the facile instrument of more able and designing men.

That Major Cartwright's political creed was comprised in the doctrine of annual parliaments and universal suffrage, not many of our readers can need to be reminded; and still fewer will require any proof of the utter and palpable unfitness of such a system for the present composition of our civil society. But the radical reformers have sometimes confidently appealed to the Saxon origin of the British constitution, and sometimes to the natural rights of man, to warrant their speculations. The first plea is now almost abandoned, and that it should ever have been advanced proved only the most ridiculous ignorance of our constitutional history. No one whose opinion is of the least weight now imagines that a representative system existed at all among our Saxon ancestors, and as a living writer, distinguished equally for his elegant learning and his sincere love of liberty, has pithily remarked, "scarce a demagogue is longer heard to chatter about the wittenagemot." Still less is it possible to maintain that the freedom nobly asserted by our forefathers at later periods, and triumphantly won by their exertions from the haughty Plantagenet princes, was compounded of such elements as the partisans of "radical reform" would require.

Their second plea combined a far more vigorous and plausible argument: the natural rights of man are inherent and indeterminable, neither to be limited by the evidence of antiquarian usage, nor rendered obsolete by the usurpations and despotism of centuries. But in what do these rights consist? In all that, and in no more than, is expedient for the good of society. That universal suffrage and annual parliaments are expedient for the British empire is a proposition so absurd and monstrous, that we are thoroughly and calmly convinced no man of education, of experience, and of reflection, who is in his right senses, can possibly entertain it with sincerity. That a temperate reform in parliament is heartily to be desired, we shall always hold; and we should hail with eager satisfaction the secure enactment of any really effectual measures for improving the purity of election, and the equality of representation, for destroying the overbearing influence of great families, and for shortening the excessive duration of parliaments.

But radical reform means none of these things: it is based neither upon the true principles of the constitution, nor the true happiness of the people; it has invariably been brought forward to heat and inflame the populace at every recurrence of public distress, and at every season of danger domestic or foreign; and its promoters have evidently upon all occasions sought to aggravate the irritation of the public mind as the readiest means of promoting their object. The sure quality of its fruits is to be foretold from the nature of the soil in which the seeds have thus been found to flourish. The principles of radical reform are those of the wildest democracy; and their results, if ever put into practice, would serve only to familiarize us with the blessings of mob government, and the sweets of a popular revolution.

Considering these volumes, then, merely as political biography, there would be little pleasing attraction in the life of a man whose impotent efforts were directed to shake the constitution, and even to subvert the foundations of the state; in the vain and presumptuous confidence of his own skill to renovate and to improve. The political curiosity of the book is not however in relation to Major Cartwright himself. The reader will care little for the mere progress of the enthusiast's political career; but he will find the volumes filled with a good deal of matter that is really interesting in its connection with other public characters of far more celebrity and consequence. Thus we have a regular view of the share taken at different periods by Lords Shelburne and Rockingham, the Dukes of Portland and Richmond, Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Fox—by all the successive leaders, in short, of the ministry and opposition between the close of the American and the climax of the French revolutions—in advocating the cause of Parliamentary reform. Thus, also, there is introduced and interwoven in the narrative a mass of correspondence, some part of which at least is amusing and remarkable. We have letters from Fox and Burke, the Duke of Portland and Lord Shelburne, the late eccentric Earl Stanhope, Mr. Whitbread, Sir Philip Francis, Horne Tooke, Granville Sharp, Dr. Parr, Mr. Jefferson, formerly president of the United States, and John Quincy Adams, who now holds that dignity.

But to our minds the interest of these volumes lies not nearly so much either in their political matter, nor even in their literary curiosities, as in a much more simple attraction—their character as a piece of private biography and striking delineation of individual peculiarities. In these respects the work forms what a painter would call an admirable study of human nature. It is the production of Major Cartwright's niece and adopted daughter, who lived under his roof from early infancy, who knew the man thoroughly, and appears to have borne to him all the affection of a child. She has had access to all his papers, she possesses a full family acquaintance with the whole current of his life, and he seems to have designed her himself for the office which she has undertaken.

It has certainly been performed under feelings of respect to his memory which do her honour, and with apparently a rigid attention to truth. Thus, she has naturally imbibed all the political prejudices of her hero, and she is at no trouble to withhold or temper them. She has written under the same delusion in which he lived, and she views his whole life as a glorious and well-directed sacrifice to patriotism. She implicitly believes in the uprightness of his intentions, and cannot endure a doubt of their wisdom. But beyond this her book is a plain, simple, and modest composition; without pretension and without violence; composed in love and sincerity; seeing nothing to be ashamed of—nothing that she may desire to conceal; and consequently giving us a full, fair, and

minute picture of the man, with no more than the colouring which his virtues wore in her eyes. There is accordingly an integrity of purpose in the book which is not to be mistaken, and not often found in biography; and it discloses, without reserve, every fact which is characteristic of its subject. We shall proceed to take off from its pages such an outline sketch of the life and eccentricities of the reformer as our limits will suffer.

John Cartwright was born at Marnham, in Nottinghamshire, in the year 1740, and was descended from one of the oldest families in that county. He was a younger son of a gentleman of some fortune, who had served as high sheriff, and who, it is curious to observe, was distinguished in the public affairs of his county for the same busy and speculative spirit which was afterwards developed in the subject of the memoir before us. The major 'jocularly declared of his father, that he had a genius for encountering difficulties;' and he himself had certainly inherited the same propensity, together with two of his brothers, in no common degree. One of them, after serving in Germany as aide-de-camp to the Marquis of Granby in the seven years' war, went out to Labrador on an agricultural scheme, and passed many years in unfortunate speculations in that sterile region. Another, Dr. Edmund Cartwright, the inventor of the power-loom, was an ingenious and indefatigable projector in mechanics; and John himself was fated to consume his whole life in equally restless and more unprofitable schemes of imaginary improvement. In short, the 'genius for encountering difficulties' would appear to have been quite a family characteristic in the whole race of the Cartwrights.

From whatever cause, the early education of the future champion of reform was extremely defective. He learned nothing from his tutors, and all that he afterwards acquired was the fruit of his own unassisted exertions. He was completely a self-taught man; but the amount of his literary knowledge seems to have been never worth mention. His niece has pleased herself, rather fancifully, in tracing the subsequent bias of his mind to some early impressions which he might have received from passing his school vacations under the roof of Lord Tyrconnel—Savage's Tyrconnel—his maternal uncle. 'That nobleman was a Whig of the old school, and his god-son used to relate many amusing anecdotes of his political zeal: among others, that when divine service was performing in the chapel at Belton, the old lord was observed to be greatly agitated during the reading of the prayer for the parliament, stirring the fire violently, and muttering impatiently to himself, "Nothing but a miracle can mend them."'. The first decided bias of young Cartwright, however, was shown in an opposite direction. It was intended to train him to agricultural pursuits, that he might assist in the management of the family estate: but he was bent on more adventurous occupation. At the age of sixteen or seventeen years he ran away from home in a fit

of boyish enthusiasm, with the intention of joining the Prussian army under the great Frederick as a volunteer; but was persuaded to return, on learning from the steward, who had overtaken him, the distress and alarm into which this rash step had plunged his family. His wish to embrace an active life was then complied with, and he soon after entered the naval service of his own country.

For this profession, which he eagerly embraced, he soon conceived a strong and lasting attachment, and he followed it for many years with zeal and steadiness. In several occurrences he is recorded to have displayed the qualities of resolution and courage, which indeed sufficiently marked his whole life. In 1759 he was present in a line-of-battle ship at Sir Edward Hawke's victory in Quiberon Bay, where thirteen of twenty-six men whom he commanded were killed by his side, and he escaped with a slight splinter wound. Upon another occasion he fearlessly leaped from the quarter-deck of a seventy-four-gun ship, to save the life of a brother officer. He afterwards, as lieutenant, commanded a small vessel of war, and was subsequently employed for a considerable time in Newfoundland; until in 1770 he was compelled to return to his family for the benefit of his health, which had been impaired during his services. From this period he never resumed the duties of his profession.

It was apparently during this first season of leisure that his attention was directed to political reform, and his mind soon became heated and engrossed in these and similar projects for the public weal, at the expense of his own. His first essays were "On the Rights and Interests of Fishing Companies," and a "Plan for the perpetual supply of British Oak for the Navy;" and he employed himself at intervals, for nearly ten years, with characteristic perseverance, and at much cost and trouble, in dancing attendance upon Ministers to effect the adoption of this favourite project. Meanwhile he accepted the majority of the Nottinghamshire militia, and displayed his usual zeal in the organization and training of the regiment, while his superior field-officers were content to leave to him the command and the trouble. It was from this military appointment that he became ever after known as Major Cartwright, even when his political opinions had lost him his commission. As trifles bespeak character, it is amusing to record the importance which he attached to the adoption of a design for the colours and buttons of his regiment, on which the cap of liberty figured among the prominent insignia.

The breaking out of the disputes with the American colonies now whetted his zeal for political controversy; and in 1774 he published his Letters on American Independence. The opening of the American war soon brought his principles into conflict with his professional inclinations and interests; and it is most honourable to his integrity, that he cheerfully sacrificed both the latter,

without a moment's hesitation, to what he considered as a reason of conscience. He was still enthusiastically attached to the naval service; the prosecution of which his state of health had alone interrupted. Yet when Lord Howe, his old captain, and now naval commander-in-chief in America, whose regard he had won, offered him an appointment in his own flag-ship, and the certainty of early promotion, he at once declined the proposal. A simple passage from one of his letters at this epoch is worth extracting.

'"That in itself is a very strong temptation, but when I consider it as the means of removing all obstacles to the final possession of my inestimable friend, how shall I express its value? I would purchase it at any price short of integrity. Passionately attached to the navy—my great ambition to serve with him, whom I consider the first officer in the world—my pride to receive promotion, unsolicited, at such hands—my supreme happiness to make her whom I love my own—it is indeed a sacrifice—great ought indeed to be the satisfaction which honour, that rigid dictator, may have in store.

'"I mean to see Lord Howe to-morrow morning; but as my mind is too full to suffer me to explain myself properly and without embarrassment, I believe I must do it in writing, and prepare a letter to leave with him. I would not wish that there should be a possibility of his attributing my conduct to wrong motives; and how to touch upon the true ones, the case considered, is the grand difficulty.

'"I must about it, however."'—Vol. i. p. 73.

His letter to Lord Howe, after expressing his continued attachment to his profession, and his ardent wish to serve under his lordship's command, contained a plain and manly exposition of his reasons for declining so flattering an offer,—'that thinking as he did on the most unhappy contest between this kingdom and her colonies, it would be a desertion from his principles, were he to put himself in a situation that might probably cause him to act a hostile part against them.' In answer to the entreaties of his American friends, on the other hand, to enter the service of the United States, he replied, 'that though he would never consent to bear arms against the liberties of America, he considered that nothing could absolve a man from the duty he owed his own country, and that he would stick by the old ship as long as there was a plank of her above water.'

From this time, his prospects in the navy being at an end, he rushed headlong into the vortex of politics, and first appeared as the advocate of parliamentary reform by a pamphlet in 1776,—'the earliest it is believed,' says his niece, 'ever expressly published on that subject, except some tracts by the late Earl Stanhope.' In this pamphlet, he broached those doctrines of 'equal representation as a right, and annual elections as a security for the preservation of that right,' to which he adhered to his latest hour. We have, however, no inclination to trace the course of extravagance by which he laboured for nearly fifty years to promote his visionary

schemes of reform, nor to follow his biographer through the mass of mingled correspondence and narrative on this fruitful theme, which tediously occupies by far the greater portion of her volumes. The only interesting points in the long residue of his life are such as mark the characteristic activity and restlessness of his mind in other respects, even while he was harassing himself in the pursuit of his master passion with an intensity of enthusiam of which there are perhaps few other examples, even among the most ardent politicians.

The list of his works contains eighty pieces, and the subjects of these were by no means confined to political reform. Besides his timber scheme, which continued to engage his eager attention, 'the energy of his character, and his ardour in serving his country,' as his niece observes, or, in other words, his indefatigable spirit of projecting, appeared in various instances. During the American war he drew up an elaborate plan for the defence of Portsmouth dock-yard; and in the same year (1779) he was employed in forming a plan for naval surveying, 'calculated to ascertain, with tolerable precision, the different movements of a fleet during action.' It is here published in the appendix, and we shall only observe of it, that it appears to be altogether chimerical and impracticable in the heat of engagement. His next project (in 1781) was a plan for raising the Royal George at Spithead, which, like all his other schemes, was not adopted. He was never, however, daunted by failure; but, for the next twenty years, private speculations in agriculture and manufactures diverted and engrossed all the time and thought which he could spare from politics. In 1800 he again appeared on the stage with a plan for 'a temple of naval celebration,' which really seems to have possessed some merit, since the late Mr. West, the President of the Royal Academy, highly admired the design; and Lord Nelson was so delighted with it, that he declared "it should be placed so in sight of the Thames that every seaman sailing from or returning to the metropolis might be reminded of his country's glory." In endeavouring to recommend this plan, he spared no personal trouble or fatigue: he published a work called the 'Trident,' to explain his design; and he spent above five hundred pounds in bringing it before the public. Yet, though this plan was not adopted, he persevered through many years of fruitless toil before he could be induced to abandon it.

In the fervour of this project, his restless spirit was still not sufficiently occupied. He renewed his scheme for a supply of British oak for the navy, and endeavoured to induce Mr. Addington's administration to adopt it; he published plans of defence against the French invasion; he projected models for flying draw-bridges, pikes, and such warlike appurtenances; and he doubtless felt all the conscientious happiness of a man who imagines that his labours are of the highest importance to the public good. During the last twenty years of his life, his inventive though not his political

ardour was perhaps gradually cooling, and we find him engaged in only one more project; and this, in concert with one of his brothers, was "for making any boat answer the purpose of a life-boat." And this, too, failed!

If all these schemes, together with those for political reform, had been the work of a man otherwise idle, they would have been in themselves proofs of surprising activity of mind; but they become the more remarkable as characteristics, when we learn that the major was the principal counsellor and, as it were, sole agent for the affairs of his whole family. Such was the general opinion among them of his disinterestedness and ability, that when his father died in the year 1781, leaving his estates much encumbered by the consequences of numerous speculations, he was requested to undertake the management of the family affairs. His elder brother, the heir to the principal estate at Marnham, had been unfortunate in his Labrador speculations, and was so much embarrassed in his own circumstances that he gladly resigned the direction of the family concerns. The major had shortly before formed an union with a lady, to whom he declared that he was indebted for the chief happiness of his subsequent life; and he now, by the general desire of his relatives, having borrowed a large sum of money, became the purchaser of the paternal estate at Marnham, and applied himself with unremitting zeal to the arrangement of the complicated affairs which his father had left.

Here he resided for several years, earnestly engaged in agricultural pursuits, though it may be suspected that his constant interference in political business, and his consequent absences in London, were not very favourable to his private interests. Moreover, he was still haunted by the family demon of speculation, and in 1788 he engaged himself, and also many of his friends, in a plan for the erection of a large woollen manufactory, which proved most unfortunate, and involved him and them in heavy losses. He appears to have been much affected by the embarrassments which he had entailed by this scheme upon his friends, much more keenly than by his own misfortunes; and thenceforth he earnestly foreswore all pecuniary adventures of the kind. He soon after removed to an estate which he had bought in Lincolnshire, and employed himself so successfully in the culture of woad for the dyers, that for sixteen years he derived great profit from the concern, and drew honourable mention of his skill, says his niece, from Arthur Young, in the agricultural works of that writer.

The profits of this estate, we are told, alone enabled him to stand against the overwhelming difficulties in which a variety of circumstances, connected with other persons, at different times involved him. But though not affluent, he seems never to have been in pecuniary distress; and though his circumstances were apparently much reduced in his latter years, he had still a respectable competence. It was, perhaps, fortunate that he had no

children to suffer by his patriotism; for in 1805, 'his increasing interest in public affairs having rendered agricultural concerns irksome to him,' he let his Lincolnshire estate, and removed first to Enfield, near London; and then, some years later, being attracted still nearer to the gulph of politics, solely by the evil fascination which he found in the subject, he came to reside in the metropolis itself.

Here his political occupations were incessant and most laborious; though they assume a strong colouring of the ridiculous, when we consider the thorough futility and the abortive results of all his efforts in what he deemed the great cause of radical reform. Even as he approached the rare goal of fourscore years, the fire of his zeal was in no degree burnt out: he had nearly attained that advanced age when he made his strange and imprudent tours through the country as the "itinerant apostle of reform;" and he had entered his eightieth year before he was brought to trial for the absurd scheme of returning Sir Charles Wolseley to parliament as "legislatorial attorney" for the unrepresented populace of Birmingham. Though neither failure, nor pecuniary loss, nor ridicule, could quench his political zeal, he seems to have finally discovered in his last years, that he was only used by more cunning and selfish politicians, as a cloak to cover their designs, and to stand the pitiless pelting of every political tempest; for he vented a bitter complaint at the Westminster election of 1818, that he was 'unceremoniously dropped and cast off as a worn out garment, to clear the way for younger and untried reformists.' His activity, bodily and mental, continued, however, unabated in his favourite career until within the last month of his existence; and he died tranquilly in September, 1824, wanting only five days to the completion of his eighty-fourth year. His amiable partner, who must have enjoyed a longevity as extraordinary as his own, and with whom he had passed forty-four years of domestic harmony, was doomed to survive him; but he left no family.

The affectionate manner in which his adopted daughter has executed her tribute to his memory, has amply discharged her debt of filial gratitude. It is impossible, after reading her statement, to doubt for a moment that Major Cartwright was in domestic life a thoroughly amiable and excellent man, warmly beloved by his little family-circle, and highly respected by his numerous friends. It is even something redounding to the honour of his disposition, to hear of servants living in his household thirty-five and twenty years; but the devoted and fervent attachment which is borne to him by the writer of these memoirs, and which breaks out in every page in language too simple and touching to be feigned, is a much higher eulogy of his character. He was undoubtedly a person of sincerity, piety, and Christian spirit. In his intercourse with the world, and especially in public affairs, mistaken and deluded in judgment we must ever hold him to be; but his integrity

was assuredly of the sternest class, and most perfectly incorruptible and uncompromising. Of this there are many instances scattered through his life, besides that which we have adduced of his rejection of Lord Howe's offer. Of the consistency with which he carried his rigid principles of public virtue into private life, we shall select two sufficient examples in the words of his niece.

'Two anecdotes which shall be related in this place, apply to very different periods in the life of Major Cartwright; one having occurred prior to the American war, and the other subsequently to the time now under consideration: but as they are illustrative of his strict and almost rigid scrupulousness in pecuniary affairs, they shall be here inserted. Many others might be adduced, but as these have already appeared in print, it is conceived that no confidence is violated by thus confirming their correctness.

'The first of them is related in the work called "Public Characters for 1799," and was supplied by an intimate friend, who was well acquainted with the circumstances of his private life.

'Major Cartwright happening one evening to call on an American gentleman connected with the principal leaders of the American cause, observed a person whose dress showed him to be just arrived on horseback, and who, after whispering a few words to his friend, retired.

'After a little conversation the American became absorbed in thought, and Major Cartwright, judging his visit unseasonable, was about to leave the room. His friend stopped him, and again attempted to converse with him, but he soon sank into silence and abstraction. After many attempts to be allowed to retire, his friend again stopped him with symptoms of earnestness; at length the visitor was forcing himself away, when his friend stepped between him and the door, and in a few seconds, turning round in agitation, he said "I am going to show the confidence I place in you. France has just signed a treaty with my country—the man you saw has brought me the intelligence express from Paris; and as he came some hours before the English ambassador was informed of the fact, ministers will probably remain in ignorance of the circumstance all to-morrow." He then gave an outline of the treaty, in which the certainty of a war with France was the most striking feature.

'In giving him this information, Major Cartwright had reason to suppose that his friend purposely afforded him an opportunity of making an advantageous speculation in 'Change Alley, and the writer well remembers the answer which he once gave to a gentleman who frankly told him he was hardly justifiable in permitting such an occasion to escape him. "In all transactions," said he, "between man and man, there should be equality of information. If I am in possession of a secret which another has no possible means of obtaining, we are not on equal terms, and every advantage I gain in consequence of such a secret is, in my opinion, a fraudulent transaction."

'The second anecdote appeared in 1820, to the surprise of his family, to whom he had never mentioned the subject. It was related by Mr. Godfrey Higgins in a letter addressed to the House of Commons, and was as follows:—

'"I cannot refrain from doing an act of justice to that much abused

and defamed gentleman, Major Cartwright. Some years ago he was bound in many thousand pounds for a friend who was unfortunate in trade. My father being interested, through the medium of a banker, who had also failed, and wanted a considerable part of it, I was sent to London at the time Sir James Sanderson, who was, I believe, also interested, was mayor, to enquire about it. I called on the major, and upon telling him the object of my visit, looking at me very stedfastly, he said, 'Sir, I am instructed by my law adviser that the transaction betwixt my friend and the banker, for whom you want this money, was usurious, and that I am not bound by law to pay a single farthing of it.' I dare say I looked rather uncomfortable, because my law adviser had instructed me precisely to the same effect; but after a moment's pause he added, 'I was honestly bound for my friend, and I shall honestly pay the money; I only ask time, to sell part of my estate to raise it, till when I will pay you five per cent.' The estate was sold, and the money paid before the year's end. I cannot believe that this gentleman wants a revolution, that he may profit by a scramble for the property of the rich." '

'The members of his own family, as has been already noticed, being ignorant of this transaction till an extract from Mr. Higgins's letter appeared in a newspaper, he was asked whether it was correctly stated, and replied, that "such a circumstance did certainly occur." '—Vol. I. pp. 173—177.

Having thought the peculiar fortunes and eccentric character of Major Cartwright worth so much of our attention, we have the less space to afford to that part of the correspondence in these volumes which has any curiosity. For, as to the letters upon radical reform, which are heaped upon the reader by the score, and often almost without intermission or variety, we have ourselves encountered their dullness, *usque ad nauseam*, with too much impatience to desire to repeat the infliction upon others. But a few of the letters are of a different cast, and remarkable for the celebrity of their writers as well as for their matter. Such is the following amusing epistle from Horne Tooke.

" 'TO JOHN CARTWRIGHT, ESQ.

'"My dear friend,—I went to town last Friday, on purpose that I might, after so long a delay, deliver the little parcel for you, with my own hands, to the Boston coachman. I was half an hour too late; my usual *miefortune*, which truth would call *fault*. However, I left it with a trusty tradesman in Fleet-street, who promised that it should be carefully sent by last Monday's coach. That I might tell you this by last Saturday's post, I got a frank ready: the old *miefortune* recurred; again too late.

'"With this frank I will not be too late.

'"The parcel contains two honeysuckle roots, laid down purposely for you, of the standard evergreen honeysuckle: some white and red strawberries, and many sorts of large gooseberries, which I had from Manchester, where they are very curious in that fruit.

'"I have two sorts of strawberry, which those who gave them to me represent as very extraordinary. If they prove so, you shall next year have some. I am promised by different persons (some of whom, like

myself, will probably be always too late) many very curious plants and flowers. When next I see you, you shall tell me whether any of them will suit you.

'"Whilst we are cultivating our gardens, the *Victualling-office*, of whose exports the Custom House takes no note, is sending grain and cattle out of the country, much beyond all actual, or, probably, possible importation. Thirty thousand oxen in the course of a few weeks past. But Mr. Pitt holds him a jacobin, who ought to be impaled, who suggests that the war may possibly be some cause of the scarcity. I think I may, perhaps, be able to send you some authenticated facts concerning that terrible office, which is starving the miserable inhabitants of this land. You will be better pleased with these roots of bitterness than with the paltry roots I have sent you. I believe the lawyers would say that this letter contains a libel; perhaps they would call it treason; but I should have no objection to be tried and convicted, provided they would permit me, on such trial, to bring to light, by evidence, the operations of this despotic war.

'"Till the proper time arrives, when truth may be useful, let us go on cultivating our gardens.

'"Wimbledon, December 12, 1800. '"J. HORNE TOOKE."'

Vol. i. 260—62.

The following letter from Sir William Jones, though in a graver strain, is not less interesting and characteristic.

'"Dear Sir, '"23d May, 1782.

'"Although our acquaintance, which the similarity of our political sentiments will, I trust, improve and ripen into friendship, be of recent date, yet I have such an opinion of your candour, that I am sure you will take in good part the freedom of my strictures on your excellent paper, which ought to be written on the heart of every Englishman: at the same time, I persuade myself that you believe me incapable of any technical narrowness and forensic sophistry; for though I have been somewhat conversant with the minute practice of the courts, yet I have sometimes risen to the high principles of rational jurisprudence. You must pardon me, therefore, if, in speaking of public rights, I distinguish between such as are just and natural, and such as are legal or constitutional; and in speaking of the constitution, between the form and the spirit of it; since many laws which bind the opinion of a jurist, are unnatural or unconstitutional; and while the principles of the constitution direct the legislature, either elected or electing, the established forms of it must guide the lawyer. I cannot, then, help distinguishing between those opinions which I may give as a juris-consult, and those which I may advance as a sharer in the legislation of my country, and a calm reasoner on the rights of my species. Had I, for example, been asked, whether customary freeholders or copyholders, by the custom of the manor, but not at the will of the lord, were qualified to vote, as freeholders, in county elections? I must, as a lawyer, have answered, that they certainly had no such legal right: but, had I been in Parliament in the 31st of George II., I should have thought, as a legislator, that copyholders had a natural right, supported by the spirit of our constitution; should

have despised the gabble of the feudal lawyers; and should, consequently, both have argued and voted against the act by which all tenants, by copy of court-roll, were declared incapable of polling for knights of the shire. With this preface, I submit to your better judgment the hasty notes which I have scribbled on the sheet inclosed; and I entreat you to believe that I am, with sincere respect,

'"Dear sir,

'"Your very faithful and obedient servant,

'"WILLIAM JONES."'

'"P.S. It is my deliberate (though private) opinion, that the people of England will never be a people, in the majestic sense of the word, unless two hundred thousand of the *civil* state be ready, before the first of next November, to take the field, without rashness or disorder, at twenty-four hours' notice."'—Vol i. pp. 150—152.

The last letter which we shall copy is from Sir Philip Francis, the impatient brevity and pithy spleen of which sufficiently accord with the temper of one of the reputed authors of Junius.

'"TO J. CARTWRIGHT, ESQ.

'"Dear Sir, '"2d of April, 1811.

'"My resolution on the subject of your kind letter received yesterday, was founded on experience, and taken with deliberation. I cannot alter it. You are the only person to whom it would be unbecoming in me to say, that I am not young enough to embark again in what I believe to be a hopeless enterprise. I doubt the actual existence of an English public for any great national purpose; and, if it exists, I am not its debtor. As far as I can judge, the mass of the English population is inert. The country has lost its passions, and is not fit for action. This general opinion is open to exceptions, and you are one of them.

'"I have the honour to be, with sincere esteem,

'"Dear sir,

'"Your most obedient humble servant,

'"P. FRANCIS."'

Vol. ii. p. 4.

Besides the letters which we have here transcribed there is one from Mr. Jefferson, from which we regret that its length prevents us from extracting any part. It is curious on many accounts, and very characteristic of the writer; and it concludes quite in the style of the eccentric philosopher of Monticello, with the quaint remark, "that Major Cartwright's age of eighty-four years, and his own of eighty-one, must ensure them a speedy meeting.

ART. III. 1. *Free Trade; or an Inquiry into the expediency of the present Corn Laws; the Relations of our Foreign and Colonial Trade; the Advantages of our Navigation System; the propriety of preventing Combinations among Workmen; and the Circumstances which occasion a Derangement of the Currency:* comprising a general Investigation of the Alterations lately adopted, and still further meditated, in the Commercial Policy of the Country. By Alexander M'Donnell, Esq. 8vo. pp. 468. 12*s.* London. Murray. 1826.

2. *Speech of the Right Hon. W. Huskisson in the House of Commons, Thursday, the 23d of February,* 1826, on Mr. Ellice's Motion for a Select Committee, to inquire into and examine the Statements contained in the various Petitions from Persons engaged in the Silk Manufacture. 8vo. pp. 59. 1*s.* 6*d.* London. Hatchard and Son. 1826.

THE time is now fast approaching when a final decision must be made upon the question,—upon what terms the people of this country are to be supplied with food? There cannot be a doubt that the corn laws, in all their bearings, will be reviewed by the Legislature in the next session of Parliament; and although we are far from thinking that any permanent code of measures can then be framed, the principles upon which legislation shall in future proceed upon this momentous subject must be determined. The domestic circumstances of England, as well as her relations with the rest of the world, are such as to make it absolutely indispensable that whatever course she selects shall be clearly known, and steadily pursued.

We may, perhaps, take some other opportunity of stating our reasons for the opinion, that the precise conditions under which corn may be imported, cannot be at once permanently settled. Supposing that the present laws shall be changed, these conditions must be, in the first instance, adjusted to existing interests, and a considerable time must necessarily elapse before those interests can in turn accommodate themselves to the new state of things. But these details in no way affect the general question. That must be decided upon reasons which, if good next year, will be good for ever. If cheap food and free trade be objects of the first importance to England, the doom of the corn laws is sealed. If, on the other hand, the writers and politicians who, for upwards of a century, have maintained this opinion, have been all along in error, their reasonings upon those points are as capable of refutation now, as they can be at any future period of the history of the world.

This, then, is the great issue between the advocates of restrictions upon foreign corn, and those who contend for its free or less restricted admission. The question has not always been fairly stated, nor has it been often fairly argued. Mr. M'Donnell, in

the publication which we are about to notice, has met it boldly; and, in a long disquisition, conducted with considerable ability, though somewhat deficient in clearness and method, has endeavoured to show that dear food is not an evil which requires a remedy; and that free trade generally, with foreign nations, far from being beneficial, would be a positive mischief.

There are only two methods of showing that restrictions on the importation of corn in any country, and the dearness of food attendant on such restriction, do not tend to check the progress of wealth. Either it must be proved that the high cost of corn does not enhance wages, or it must be shown that a rise of wages does not lead to a fall of profits. If either of these positions be established, the opponents of the corn laws are beaten from their strong holds. All their other arguments are confined chiefly to the inconveniences suffered at times by various classes of the people, but can have no reference to the aggregate wealth of the nation, if upon those main points they are defeated. Mr. M'Donnell attacks his adversaries in both positions, and labours to demonstrate, that high wages in England are not caused by dearness of food, in such a proportion as to lessen profits; but that, on the contrary, by the manner in which wages are sustained at a high rate in this country, profits are materially increased.

He explains his views by contrasting the expenditure of an English with that of a French labourer. He contends that the high scale of living which custom has rendered necessary in England, is the cause of the difference in the rates of wages in this country and in France; and resolving the outlay of the English labourer's wages into three elements,—1st, Food; 2d, Taxes; 3d, Expenditure on articles deemed necessaries by the lower orders, according to the peculiar habits of England,—he considers that the last item has the far largest share in causing a high rate of wages. Taxes, he considers, form, in positive as well as relative amount, but a small part of the outlay, and, as falling on the labouring classes, do not very greatly affect the difference of wages in France and England. As this calculation forms the key-stone of Mr. M'Donnell's work, we shall state it in his own terms.

'Perhaps I shall best illustrate this point by giving a statement of the component parts of the average expenditure of a London and a Parisian mechanic, as they have been furnished to me by persons thoroughly experienced in this species of detail. It will be perceived that the scale is above the rate of ordinary labour; the chief object, however, is to point out the difference in habits; and the relative rank of the two families has been taken as nearly as possible from the same level. In provincial towns the disparity exists to a still greater extent; in many parts of France the food of the lower orders is literally three-fourths bread and vegetables; indeed it is here that the superiority of England is mainly apparent.

Annual Expenditure of a London Mechanic, with wife and four children, supposed to earn 30*s. a week, or* 78*l. a year.*

	£	s.
Bread and vegetables . .	21	0
Meat, butter, cheese . .	13	0
Milk, beer, spirits . . .	6	10
Tea and sugar	5	10
Soap, candles, coals . .	5	0
Clothing	11	0
Rent, furniture.	10	0
Medicine, contingencies .	6	0
	78	0

Annual Expenditure of a Parisian Mechanic, with wife and four children, supposed to earn 21 *francs a week, or* 45*l.* 10*s. English money a year.*

	£	s.
Bread, fruit, and vegetables	19	0
Meat, liquor, and articles of home growth . .	11	0
Imported articles . . .	3	0
Fuel, candles, &c. . . .	3	0
Clothing, ...	4	0
Rent	2	10
Contingencies, amusements	3	0
	45	10

'The individual in Paris from whom these details are obtained, states, that a much greater diversity of wages prevails in Paris than in London. In the former the women also work more, which cannot fail to exercise an influence on the expenditure of a family.

'This table presents many fruitful subjects for inquiry. Notwithstanding the cheapness of food in France, it appears that the excess of wages in England is absorbed by the *superiority* of the fare, and the enjoyment of greater comforts. It would therefore be exceedingly fallacious to suppose, that if the taxes of the two countries were equallised, and the price of corn adjusted to a corresponding level, the expenditure of the two mechanics would assimilate. That of the Englishman, from his habits, long established and confirmed, would necessarily range much higher, even supposing the demand for labour to continue relatively the same.'—pp. 10—12.

Mr. M'Donnell then enters into other calculations, which, though auxiliary, are not very material to his argument, and proceeds thus with reference to what we have just quoted:—

'We find that in the first item of the expenditure of the French and English mechanics, there is a very trifling difference in regard to the money amount. This part of the expenditure is applied principally to the purchase of bread and vegetables; and were the position correct, that dear food alone causes dear wages, the contrast between the two should be most striking. The next item is, meat, butter, liquor, and other articles of home growth, partaking rather of the character of extras. There is here a considerable disparity; but I apprehend it will be generally granted, that the larger amount on the English side proceeds not from dearness, but because relatively a larger proportion of these articles is consumed. Viewing the matter in this light, we should be disposed to believe, that so far as observation goes, dear corn by no means exercises that overwhelming influence so generally imagined. As has been already observed, however, viewing only the direct effect, leads to imperfect conclusions. The remote operation is not confined merely to articles of sustenance. Whatever raises the value of labour, affects every department

of industry; and it is always contended, that a labourer does not consume an article, that is not greatly enhanced in price from dear food having first augmented the outlay for its production. The woollens purchased for clothing, and the tables and chairs used in his habitation, thus enter the account, and exhibit the evils arising from a dear rate of living in an aggravated ratio. It must, however, be evident, that the extent to which these woollens, tables, and chairs, are raised in price, in one country above that in another, through the operation of dear food, depends upon the proportion of wages really expended in food. If the difference between the two countries in this respect be great; if a man in England spends in bread and vegetables as 30, and in France only as 20, then the remote operation of this circumstance upon other articles equally used by him will be great, and it may be very true to say, that dearness of corn is the principal cause why wages are higher in England than in France. But if the table produced at all approach to correctness, the difference of expenditure in what appertains to the necessaries of life is comparatively small. In a corresponding degree, a small influence is exercised upon the cost of other articles, and dear bread by no means produces those effects on wages so generally suspected. I conceive it is here that much of the prevailing error on this subject originates. Persons neglecting details, allow their imagination the fullest latitude in regard to the many evils assumed to flow from the dearness of the primary necessaries of life in England. I have endeavoured to expose this error. It is not requisite to define exactly the proportion of that difference between the wages of England and of France, which is to be attributed to dear food; but if the table be correct, it would not exceed one-fourth. This, added to the eighth allowed under the head of taxation, leaves five-eighths assignable to difference of habits.'—pp. 21—23.

On Mr. M'Donnell's calculation here, we have to make one short remark,—that in its most material item it is impossible that it can be correct. The cost of bread and vegetables to the family of the English mechanic is assumed to be about one-eleventh part greater than the cost of the same articles to the French labourer. We are not informed when Mr. M'Donnell's estimate was framed; but any one who will look into the returns of the British consuls abroad relative to the prices of foreign corn during the year 1824, will find the rate of corn food to be lower in France than in England in the proportion of between *one-half* and *one-third*. We give a table, framed from these returns, showing the prices of wheat in four French ports in the first week of each of the first three months of the year 1824, and showing also the prices of wheat in England during the same periods.

	Price of Foreign Wheat per Winchester Quarter of Eight Bushels in Sterling.		Gazette Price of English for the same Period.
	At par of	At current rate of Exchange.	
	24 Francs per £ Sterling.	Varying at the different times and places.	£ Sterling.
	s. *d.*	*s.* *d.*	*s.* *d.*
CALAIS.			
January, 1824	35 7	33 5	57 4
February	36 3	33 11	64 7
March	35 5	33 3	65 7
BORDEAUX.			
January, 1824	47 10	45 11	57 4
February	46 8	44 2	64 7
March	47 10	45 2	65 7
CHARENTE.			
January, 1824	38 7	36 9	57 4
February	37 7	36 9	64 7
March	38 9	36 11	65 7
HAVRE DE GRACE.			
January, 1824	Par of Exchange and current rate nearly the same.	37 0	57 4
February		34 0	64 7
March		36 0	65 7

This account of prices, taken from a document the general exactness of which will not be disputed, needs hardly any comment. It will be observed, that the second item in Mr. M'Donnell's estimate is nearly the same in both countries. If the two first items on each side be added together, and compared, first substracting from the French estimate the cost of the article, *liquor*, (which Mr. M'Donnell calculates in another place to amount to £2. 14*s*. 2*d*.), we shall find that the whole of the Frenchman's eatables cost but about one-fifth or one-sixth less than the Englishman's fare;—a difference ***nearly three times less*** than that which existed in 1824 between the prices of agricultural produce in the two countries. Such are the data upon which ingenious writers found systems of political economy!

Mr. M'Donnell has a chapter in which he endeavours to show, (and we are not disposed to dissent from the opinion), that it is possible for such habits to be introduced and established in a nation, that whenever wages fell so low as to trench on decent comforts, population would cease to be augmented, and wages would thus sustain or recover their due level. This he conceives, would result

from the prevalence of a certain degree of pride among the people, operating upon every class in the social scale, down to the very lowest. Mr. M'Donnell seems to think this idea a discovery of his own, and appears to feel some surprise that it never struck Mr. Malthus. We own we have always considered that portion of Mr. Malthus's work to be at once the most valuable, and the least objectionable even to his most strenuous opponents, in which he shows the effects likely to be produced by diffused education and advancing wealth, upon the great body of the people. To nourish a sentiment of self-respect, and thus to produce and confirm habits of decency and a desire for comforts among the lowest classes, is one of the practical maxims which his treatise on population teaches to the statesman. We are not, however, disposed to find fault with Mr. M'Donnell because he has not been the first to urge, on this subject, the enlightened views which he very ably advocates. But we own we are unable to understand how the fullest accordance in these views can be deemed inconsistent with the wish, that wages were lower in England. He himself admits, that three-eighths of the difference between the rates of wages in France and in England result from the difference between the prices of food in the two countries; and he must therefore admit, that to this extent at least, wages might be lowered amongst us, without diminishing the labourer's comforts or his disposition to enjoy them.

The distinction which Mr. M'Donnell makes between that portion of wages which is expended upon comforts, and the portion allotted for procuring food, is indeed one of great importance in all discussions on these subjects. Mr. M'Donnell is at great pains to enforce it throughout his whole work; but we shall presently see that it is fatal to some of his favourite theories. We must observe, however, that there is much apparent inconsistency in his views respecting this distinction. He maintains, indeed, very steadily in every part of his book, that high wages, resulting from the encreased enjoyments of the labourer, are a positive benefit to the capitalist and to the whole community. But he staggers a little when he comes to struggle with the other topic,—the enhancement of wages arising from dear food. At one time he seems to affirm that in this case also high wages are a blessing to society; but the impression which his book leaves upon his reader certainly is, that with the strongest possible inclination to believe the contrary, he is constrained to admit, that the high cost of food, operating upon wages, leads to a diminution of profits.

The manner in which he conceives that profits are not depressed by increased wages arising from the improved habits of the labourers, in requiring a larger expenditure for superfluous comforts, is thus illustrated in the purchase of a coat:

'Suppose the labourer expends in its purchase £4 instead of £2. If custom require of labourers to wear coats, this tends, more or less, to raise wages; and, to facilitate the argument, I will concede that it may

produce on capital the effect described, and is injurious. Suppose, on the other hand, the price of cloth to remain the same; but that the labourer, in place of buying one coat, buys two. If the custom of society so far elevates itself, as to render the use of two coats necessary, where one formerly sufficed, wages will be equally raised; and, in place of profits suffering, they will be in a high degree benefitted. It is in the manner here contemplated, that I wish to be understood, by speaking of advancing a labourer's mode of living. We are not to imagine him consuming an uniform quantity of commodities, and giving a higher price for them, but to consider prices as continuing the same, or probably falling, while he makes larger purchases, and extends them to articles of consumption to which he had been previously unaccustomed. The reason why increased wages, proceeding from this cause, are unattended by the same effects which follow a rise in the price of food, may be at once distinctly perceived, when we reflect that the leading characteristics in the production of manufactures and of corn, are directly opposed to each other. The productive power of the land diminishes at each stage of increased cultivation: the productive power in the fabric and fashion of manufactures scarcely knows a limit, its improvements are, in fact, of daily progression. The land has been compared to a series of machines, of which the best are first put in use: step by step those of inferior description are employed; and as the cost of commodities produced by bad machines must be greater than those produced by good, so must the evils resulting from this state of things progressively advance. Manufactures are produced by machines also, but here the worst are first invented; improvements are effected, which produce more work, with diminished labour and expense of capital. The old machinery becoming in consequence gradually superseded, the expenses of the manufacture are reduced, and the capitalist increases his savings. If there existed a boundless extent of land, of fertility corresponding to that last appropriated for cultivation, none of the economists would maintain that, in this conjuncture, profits could by any competition injuriously suffer. Should it then be established, that the custom of society renders certain articles as indispensable to the labourer as the raw produce of the soil, and if those articles could be produced to an unlimited extent, surely it is manifest that profits could not be depressed; since no owner of stock was constrained, like the farmer, in the previous instance, to devote a greater outlay by having recourse to machines of diminished power.'—pp. 160—162.

The argument here, it must be observed, is not that improvements in machinery increase the comforts of the labourer by lowering the cost at which he can extend his enjoyments. That, it will presently appear, would be quite adverse to Mr. M'Donnell's whole theory, which, in this part of it at least, is founded upon the presumption that improvements which abridge labour enlarge profits instead of lowering prices. His argument is, that if at any given time a certain portion of the labourers' wages be expended upon manufactured goods, any increase of wages which makes that expenditure greater, does not diminish profits, but enlarges the market of the manufacturer, stimulates production, and thus augments wealth. Now the question here is, not whether the en-

hancement of wages, and these extended comforts of the labourer be, on the whole, beneficial to society, but whether or not they diminish profits; and the solution of that question depends upon the answer which may be given to another: from what fund are these increased wages to be supplied? Mr. M'Donnell is quite aware, that they must be supplied by that very class concerning whose profits this discussion is raised, namely, the capitalists by whom the labourers are employed, and by whom the new enjoyments of the labourers are furnished, in the shape of manufactured or imported goods, sold to the labourers or consumers. It is perfectly obvious, that unless the capitalists get more for these goods after the rise of wages than previously to it, these wages must be paid out of their profits; there is no other imaginable fund. Mr. M'Donnell accordingly assumes that prices will rise, from a notion, that since, as he supposes, the labourers' demand for these articles must be supplied, and since no manufacturer or other dealer is obliged to supply them at a diminished rate of profit, capital would be invested in other trades, until the producer indemnified himself for the increased wages by the higher rate at which he sold his goods. But if the rise of wages be general, this resource is closed against him. Mr. M'Donnell's argument might avail him if wages rose in those manufactures only which are the subject of the increased demand of the labourers. But since that is impossible, since the elevation of the labourers in the social scale must be general if it takes place at all, there is no department of productive industry in which the capitalist would not find it necessary to make an increased outlay with the same gross return, and in which, therefore, he would not find profits reduced. Prices, unless where money fluctuates in value, cannot possibly be affected by an increased cost of production which is common to all commodities. The price of any one article is nothing else than its value estimated by a comparison with all others. That comparison is made in the general dealings of the market, and money is only used to signify the result of it. When, therefore, it is said, that the manufacturers of clothes, furniture, soap, and candles, will sell these articles dearer when they pay larger wages to their workmen, the meaning of the proposition is strictly this; that these dealers, for a given amount of their products, will obtain a larger share of all the other products of the community than they received before the rise of wages. If the rise of wages do not affect, or affect differently, the other producer, this larger share will be given to the former, and its amount will be regulated by the extent to which the latter producers are, if at all, affected. But if all are equally concerned in the rise of wages, the proportions in which all articles exchange for each other, that is, prices, will be precisely the same as before, unless (which would be a perfect absurdity) some dealers chose to make a voluntary transfer of a part of their property to others.

We have dwelt the longer upon this part of Mr. M'Donnell's

system, because it is not only the part of his whole work most material to his peculiar views, but because it involves the chief arguments of those who uphold the restrictive policy. The fallacy arises from the most fruitful source of errors in all opinions respecting national wealth, the want of considering money prices as only the index of the relative value of commodities towards each other, and of remembering, that every sale which is made for money, is in effect an exchange of the article sold for some other article which the money is afterwards to purchase.

Mr. M'Donnell next examines the influence of dearness of food upon the profits on capital. His arguments, divested of a good deal that is beside the question, may be stated as follows. He thinks that dear food is not so much the cause of high wages as high wages are the cause of dear food, and that the price of agricultural produce is in a peculiar manner liable to be increased by any rise in wages, because it is chiefly raised by manual labour; the cultivation of the soil being only to a very limited extent capable of receiving the aid of machinery. This argument, of price rising from the increase of wages, we have already discussed. It rests upon the same basis, whether it be applied to manufactured goods, or to the produce of the soil. We do not, however, well understand what use Mr. M'Donnell, or those who so frequently urge this topic in advocating similar views, can make of the argument, even supposing it to be true. Although the high cost of food were proved to arise from high wages, it would be still equally certain, that the high price of food tends to raise wages. Whatever reasons might be urged to establish the first proposition, the latter rests still on proofs distinct and uncontroverted. The next position of Mr. M'Donnell requires closer notice. He maintains, that since the increase of population is the cause of taking new lands into cultivation, and of enhancing the price of agricultural produce, and since population increases in consequence of the stimulus given by the increased activity of capital,—proving the existence of high profits,—food can then only become dear, and wages can then only rise in consequence of its dearness, when trade is brisk, and profits are high. Profits, in short, must have been raised, before population increased, and food became dearer; and even if wages should rise, and their rise should diminish profits, still there is no reason why the capitalists should not sustain the advantage which they had gained, and at least indemnify themselves for the increased charge of labour, by keeping prices at the level to which the briskness of trade had raised them. And at all events, the prosperous condition of trade which this state of things would indicate, would lead to such improvements in machinery, and the arts of abridging labour, as would prevent a fall of profits from following the rise of wages.

Now this mode of arguing is a yielding up of the question. It admits that profits are affected by a rise of wages caused by the

enhanced cost of food; and it resorts, as a remedy, to the continuance of prosperous trade, and to the expedient of sustaining profits by inventions of machinery. As to the first, Mr. M'Donnell admits, that the brisk demand for commodities which gave the impulse to capital in the case supposed, may very possibly cease or languish after the lapse of some time; and as to the second, it is surprising that after the experience of, especially, the last sixty years in this country, it should be still seriously maintained that the effect of improvements in machinery can be any other than enlarged production and diminished prices. The process by which prices invariably fall upon the introduction of such improvements is as simple as can well be conceived. The trade in which they are applied, affording at first larger profits, attracts capital from other employments, until profits are assimilated through the whole trading community, and the trade in which the new machine is used is brought to a level with all others. These plain truths have been so often and so fully proved, that it is unaccountable how Mr. M'Donnell could have misapplied, as he has, some quotations from the works of various economists, whose very words seem expressly to negative the conclusions which they are introduced to establish. A specimen of this is to be found in page 210 of Mr. M'Donnell's treatise, on which we have not space for more particular comment.

In depicting the overwhelming losses which the national industry would sustain from the free admission of foreign corn, Mr. M'Donnell thus estimates the quantity of agricultural products consumed in this country, and the reduction of prices which would follow the removal of restrictions.

	Present Consumption.		Contemplated Reduction.
Wheat .	10,698,333 .	at 20*s.* per quarter	£10,698,333
Barley .	7,390,833 .	„ 10*s.* „	3,695,416
Oats .	19,775,000 .	„ 6*s.* 8*d.* „	6,591,666
Rye .	799,166 .	„ 12*s.* „	479,999
Beans and Peas	2,170,000 .	„ 12*s.* „	1,302,000
	40,833,332		£22,767,414

'It is evident,' he says, 'that to this amount the agricultural interests must suffer.' But if this estimate be correct, what becomes of the argument that the high price of food results from high wages? If prices would fall to this extent on the admission of imported grain, the conclusion is irresistible, that at present the sum of £22,767,414, is expended—exhausted on superfluous labour, and that the importation of foreign produce would, to this whole amount, give a clear gain to the country. It is perfectly true that the *immediate* reduction of prices to this extent would involve a large portion of the agriculturists in ruin. But in dealing with the general question, how far restrictions on the importation of corn interfere with the progress of national wealth, particular interests can enter into our consideration thus far only, that in

framing legislative measures with a view to an altered policy, it is the imperative duty of the rulers of the state to guard these interests from the mischiefs of sudden changes. It is but strict justice that they who have entered into engagements upon the faith of existing laws, should be allowed full leisure to accommodate their circumstances to a new system. But the question here is, whether the present system be in itself a good one; and the argument of Mr. M'Donnell and its other advocates amounts plainly to this: that it would have been disastrous in the extreme if all the lands now cultivated in these islands had been of equally high fertility. The reduction of prices to the amount above stated would, it is said, not only ruin the agriculturists, but go far to destroy the home trade. Our manufacturers, it is alleged, would lose their best market if the agricultural classes were not enabled to purchase the goods of the former by receiving high prices for their own produce. These prices, however, would never have risen, but for the necessity of resorting successively to lands of inferior fertility, requiring a larger cost to raise upon them equal proportions of food; and when it is said that the wealth of the country and its manufacturing industry would suffer by this supposed narrowing of the home market consequent upon the cheapening of food, it is only the affirming of these startling propositions: that a waste of labour is good policy, and that the barrenness of the earth is a blessing to its inhabitants.

Mr. M'Donnell's speculations concerning restriction on the importation of other foreign products, are pretty much in accordance with his views on the subjects which we have already noticed. His theory on this subject is not altogether new, but it is rather curiously compounded. He urges the usual topic, that the freer introduction of foreign products would destroy many branches of manufacture which in this country have thriven under restrictions; and he then boldly affirms, and proceeds at great length to support the assertion, that a free intercourse with other countries would enrich them *at the expense* of England. This main pillar of the old, mercantile, and (we had almost thought) exploded system, is decorated with very many fanciful illustrations, which will reward for the perusal any curious reader who may happen to be partial to these themes. Mr. M'Donnell, however, must permit us to say, that he is not exempted from the lot of all who have ever advocated these views,—an inconsistency between two of their chief arguments, which wholly neutralizes the effect of both. It is said, that free intercourse (with France for instance) will in the first place enable the French manufacturers to undersell many of our producers in our own market; and secondly, by augmenting the resources and industry of France, will enable her traders to drive us out of foreign markets also. Now the first of these opinions is founded on the belief, that there is such a difference between the capacities of the two countries, that what the one can produce

cheaply, the other can only produce with great difficulty and at a high cost. It supposes, also, that the latter country has some products which it can advantageously exchange with the former. Whatever might be the cheapness at which France could produce those articles which are supposed, with us, to require protecting duties, she could not, as to those articles, undersell us in our market, unless *we* had some product to give in exchange. If silks were ten times as cheap in France as in England, they would not be imported unless we could pay for them, and this we could only do by giving some commodity which we could raise more advantageously than France, or by giving money which we procured in another quarter in exchange for some commodity in which France could *not* undersell us. If this be true, it follows, that whatever impulse a trade with us might give to a foreign country, she never could undersell us in *all* those commodities which we were in the habit of sending to foreign markets. But there is another error in the process of reasoning employed by the opponents of free trade. If, when restrictions exist, there be any foreign commerce at all, it must be in those products which the exporting country already sells with equal or with more advantage than the country which the removal of restrictions, it is alleged, would raise into a rival. If France cannot now undersell us in the markets of Columbia, the increased wealth which free trade might give her, could not enable her to drive us out of these markets, unless while she advanced in prosperity, we should stand still. The argument is a naked absurdity, unless it can be shown, that there is something in free trade which, while it stimulates the industry of one nation, and excites the public mind to all those inventions which abridge labour and cheapen production, lays at the same time a palsying weight upon her neighbours, deadening all those moral and physical energies which would enable them also to speed forward in the career of commercial and social improvement.

We cannot help yielding here to the temptation of expressing our opinions in far better words than our own, by a short quotation from Mr. Huskisson's speech, delivered in the late debate upon the silk trade;—one of the most masterly arguments which is perhaps to be found, within the same compass, on the principles of free trade. He is adverting to the opinions of one of his antagonists, expressed upon a former occasion.

'"It was really absurd to contend," continued the honourable member, "that if a country, by selling any article of manufacture, could purchase the produce which it might require, at one half the expense at which that produce could be raised, it should nevertheless be precluded from doing so."

'This is unquestionably sound doctrine, and I readily admit it. But, how is it to be reconciled with the doctrine, which is now maintained by great authorities out of doors, as that which ought to be the rule of our commercial policy? According to these authorities, to which we have

now to add that of the honourable and learned seconder of the present motion, Prohibition is the only effectual protection to trade:—duties must be unavailing for this purpose, because the influence of soil and climate, the price of labour, the rate of taxation, and other circumstances, are constantly varying in different countries, and consequently, the scale of protection would require to be varied from month to month. But, what is the legitimate interference to be drawn from this exclusive system? Can it be other than this—that all interchange of their respective commodities, between different countries of the world, is a source of evil, to the one or the other?—that each country must shut itself up within itself, making the most of its own resources, refusing all commerce with any other country, barbarously content to suffer wants which this commerce might easily supply, and to waste its own superfluous productions at home; because, to exchange them for the superfluities of that other country, instead of being an exclusive advantage to either party, would afford an equivalent benefit to both. This is the short theory of Prohibitions, which these sage declaimers against all theory, are so anxious to recommend to the practical merchants of this country.

'But, can Prohibition ever be tried under circumstances of greater favour, than it now experiences in Spain? In that flourishing country, prohibition has been carried to the very extreme. There, restriction has been added to restriction—there, all the fruits of that beautiful system are to be seen, not yet, perhaps, in full maturity, but sufficiently mature to enable every one to judge of their qualities. Spain is the best sample of the prohibitory system; the most perfect model of fallen greatness and of internal misery, of which modern civilization affords an example—an example to be traced, not only in the annihilation of her commerce and maritime power, but, in her scanty revenue, in her bankrupt resources, in the wretchedness of her population, and in her utter insignificance among the great powers of the world. The commercial policy of Spain is simply this—to admit nothing from other countries—except what the smuggler brings in. And the commercial wisdom of the honourable and learned seconder of the present motion is equal to that of Spain.'—pp. 18—20.

We have endeavoured to give as clear a statement of Mr. M'Donnell's principal doctrines on the corn laws and free trade as was consistent with the space to which we are necessarily limited. In justice to Mr. M' Donnell we must add, that there is a great deal in his work which we have altogether omitted to notice. Much is said on the subject of combination laws and currency, which appears to us not very happily blended with the rest of his theories. His work, however, may be considered, on the whole, to be as full and able a defence of antiquated systems of policy as can well be expected in the present times. The course of public opinion (as indeed Mr. M'Donnell acknowledges) is, fortunately for mankind, likely to be in each successive year more and more inclined to the opposite direction. In this country the principle that freedom of production and of interchange is the true policy of all nations, has taken too strong a hold to be ever uprooted. Even that class of the community which still opposes the applica-

tion of this policy in the most important of all concerns, the supply of the nation's food, will at length find it impossible to resist the force of plain reason, and the just demands of all the other classes of the people. They will at length see that what is beneficial to the whole country cannot be injurious to them, and that those maxims of general policy which tend to multiply the connections between nation and nation, and thus increase the motives and the means of peace throughout the world, deserve, in an especial manner, the support and countenance of the possessors of the soil. Trade, and the capital which is invested in it, may shift their stations. They did so from Venice, Genoa, and Holland, they may do so from England. But the landholders are fixed to their country. They must abide its fate whether for good or for evil; and whether calamity shall come upon it from wars, produced by those disputes and jealousies concerning commerce which have been in past times such a fruitful source of misery to mankind, or whether, like the Dutch, the English are doomed to witness the departure of their wealth, attracted to other countries in which the gains of the capitalist are not sacrificed to maintain a high cost of food and labour,—whatever, in short, be the mischiefs which mistaken policy may bring upon England, the proprietors of land must be that class of the community which will suffer most, and whose sufferings must last the longest. That such disasters shall ever visit this country, we have little apprehension; for we think that sufficient tokens have appeared, both within and without the walls of Parliament, to assure us that another session will not pass, without a satisfactory settlement of the vital question, how cheaply, or how dearly, the English people are in future to be supplied with food.

ART. IV. *Journal of a Voyage up the Mediterranean;* principally among the Islands of the Archipelago, and in Asia Minor: including many interesting Particulars relative to the Greek Revolution, especially a Journey through Maina to the Camp of Ibrahim Pacha, together with Observations on the Antiquities, Opinions, and Usages of Greece, as they now exist. To which is added, an Essay on the Fanariotes, translated from the French of Mark Philip Zallony, a Greek. By the Rev. Charles Swan, late of Catherine Hall, Cambridge; Chaplain to H. M. S. Cambrian; Author of "Sermons on several Subjects;" and Translator of the "Gesta Romanorum." 2 Vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* London. C. and J. Rivington. 1826.

WITH the exception of a quaint motto, we have set out the whole of the title page which the rev. author has been pleased to prefix to these volumes, as to observant readers it will indicate at the first glance the general character of the work. Not content with the long bill of fare which he has given us, Mr. Swan takes it upon him-

self to assure us of its excellence. His 'particulars relative to the Greek revolution' are not only numerous but 'interesting,' especially his journey 'to the camp of Ibrahim Pacha.' Next come his antiquarian researches, an essay on the Fanariotes, and adorning all, the name of the learned author, with his titles of chaplain, preacher, and translator of the Gesta Romanorum. All this pomp of announcement seems to us to be in very bad taste. The author might at least have left his readers to form their own judgment as to the interest or value of the materials which he has laid before them, and we own that we can trace no particular connection between the Gesta Romanorum and a voyage up the Mediterranean. If Mr. Swan had been desirous of impressing us with a favourable notion of his inventive powers, the case might have been otherwise. But it is to be presumed that he intended his journal to be the repository of facts and of accurate observations, relative to the countries which he visited, and that he never supposed that his genius was in the slightest degree trained to romance by the legends which formed the delight of his earlier days.

We apprehend the reader will find it otherwise. We have seldom perused a journal detailing the fleeting events of the day, which we have thought less deserving of confidence than the one before us. It is a sort of daily newspaper, in which, under successive dates, reports of battles by sea and land, descriptions of character, and observations on men and things are made, often upon the most imperfect evidence, and generally in a very loose and unsatisfactory manner. The recent misfortunes of Greece, since the fall of Missolonghi, have taken away, moreover, much of the 'interest' which Mr. Swan attaches to his 'particulars' of her sanguinary and protracted struggle for freedom. His journal, besides, does not come down later than that of Mr. Emerson, which has been some time before the public; and it scarcely contains a single fact respecting Greece with which we had not been already fully acquainted.

We are disposed, however, to afford Mr. Swan every praise for the enthusiasm which he uniformly displays in behalf of that suffering and afflicted nation. It is to us matter of no small surprise to see the British cabinet look on so quietly at the invasion and conquest of the Peloponnesus by the Egyptians. Ibrahim Pacha may now be said to be undisputed master of that peninsula; and his father, the Viceroy of Egypt, perhaps the most enlightened and enterprising Mahometan who has held the reins of empire for some centuries, is at this moment making every preparation to assist him with fresh forces, in order to complete a subjugation which has been already too far advanced. His own resources are formidable; but he does not depend on these alone, for all the world, except the British cabinet, sees with open eyes, and the greatest amazement, that he receives from the French ministry all the aid in money, arms, ammunition, and men, which he chooses to require. The

ingenuity of diplomacy has, indeed, invented expressions which, as between the English and French cabinets, serve to give this transaction a colouring merely commercial; but the plain sense of the people of this country has set it down as a piece of the most barefaced cajolery, which one government has ever dared to practise upon another.

This intercourse between Marseilles and Egypt should be judged of not by the official phraseology in which M. de Villele describes it, but by its manifest result, and its equally unequivocal object. Its result is, that Mehemet-Ali is enabled to send reinforcements to his son, which, otherwise, he could not have so abundantly provided; and its object is to prevent the continent and islands of Greece from placing themselves, as they proposed to do, under the protection of Great Britain. Before the Egyptians interposed at all in the contest, we were of opinion that peace and security could never be attained by the Greeks without resorting to this policy, but since Mehemet-Ali and his son have appeared actively engaged in assisting the sultan to reduce that people to their former state of slavery, the question has become one in which our own policy and our own national interests are essentially interested.

For does any man in his senses suppose that, if the viceroy acquire military possession of Greece, he will ever restore it to the Ottoman Porte? He must be a greater fool than we take him to be if he meditates any such thing. In the Ottoman dominions power is generally equivalent to right. As soon as the Greeks shall be crushed into submission, or at least deprived of the means of making further resistance, Mehemet-Ali, keeping before his eyes the conduct of his good friend M. de Villele towards miserable Spain, will send the sultan a pretty long list of expenses for the war, and in the mean time will take it upon himself to prevent any new insurrections in Greece until he be reimbursed in his outlays, which will most probably happen about the time of the Greek Calends!

This, we repeat it, is a prospect of affairs not to be contemplated by Great Britain with indifference. Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian Islands, afford us indeed some strong holds in the Mediterranean which cannot be easily taken from us, and which must always secure to us a commanding influence in that quarter. But why permit, if we can help it, a new power to grow up there which, by means of the Morea and the islands in the Archipelago, and the interested and zealous alliance of France, might in time become a most formidable competitor? Mr. Canning, we suspect, sees as far as his neighbours, and it is much to be lamented if his efforts for the liberation of Greece have met with as much resistance at home, as they seem to have hitherto encountered from abroad.

But to return to the journal before us. We pass over, as a tale more than thrice told, the whole of that part of his work in which the author treats us to a description of Cadiz, its religious cere-

monies and usages. Though he spent but two or three days in Spain, he enters into dissertations upon these subjects, which show that he is wholly ignorant of them, and he offers reflections upon its recent revolution, which, though like most of his reflections, clothed in ambitious language, and full of pretension, evidently demonstrate that he is unacquainted with the people of whom he writes. Above all things we are surprised that he found no beautiful women in Cadiz, though perhaps the presence of a French garrison there might in some measure account for their absence. From this place he proceeded (October, 1824) as chaplain of the Cambrian to Malta, Naples, and Genoa, and of course we have an indefatigable account of Etna, Scylla and Charybdis, the delights of quarantine, the Bay of Naples, the Lazzaroni, and Herculaneum, and Pompeii. It is pleasant to find him on every possible occasion crying out against what he is pleased to designate as bigotry, he himself being the choicest specimen of a bigot that we have for some time encountered in the walks of literature. We think he might with advantage have excluded the subject of religion altogether from his consideration, particularly as his impartiality, on this subject at least, was liable to a little suspicion, and as he sets out with a promise that he will not 'present a guide-book to the public,' concerning 'a wearisome repetition of what others have said,'—a negative promise, which he appears to have very soon forgotten. It is amusing to observe the self-complacency with which he lays down the plan of his work.

'Whatever strikes me, I shall commit to paper; embodying such reflections as the occasion may suggest, without much regard to systematic arrangement. Details of pictures, and statues, and palaces, are, at best, but a mawkish kind of reading: people rarely agree about these things, or rise much better or wiser from the perusal. And it would be impossible to convey, even to an *amateur*, any considerable portion of that pleasure which an inspection of the originals may have produced. But the majority of mankind are not amateurs; and, of those who call themselves such, how many are governed by affectation, by fashion, by any thing but a real taste. A book, therefore, which abounds much in these matters, may not be a bad book; but the chances are greatly in favour of its being thought so. In reality, these are subjects which should be seen, not read of; examined in person, not judged of at second hand. As a taste for them cannot be acquired by reading, so neither by reading can a matured taste find a solid gratification. It is the feast of the Barmecide; subtile, unsubstantial fare; a vapour exhaled by the appetite, and lost in the warmth of its embrace. Descriptions of natural objects, on the other hand, I shall omit no opportunity of giving. Here the scene lives—breathes: art has not contaminated its beauty, nor diminished the brilliancy of its character. Instead of a feeble copy, the eye dwells upon a glowing original, and the impression which it carries to the feelings has a vividness and a fidelity of reflection, which not unfrequently penetrates to the heart of the reader. It may be consecrated by the past glory of man, or it may exist only in its own; but in either case it speaks with all the luxury of sentiment, and all the loveliness of truth.'—Vol i. pp. 81—83.

In point of fact, he does precisely that which he promises not to do, or at least he does something still more disagreeable, for he has crowded his journal with accounts of ancient ruins, which have been already described by at least half a century of writers, and he has disfigured his pages with inscriptions which he acknowledges are perfectly unintelligible. This, indeed, to use his high-flown and equally unintelligible language, 'is the feast of the Barmecide; subtile, unsubstantial fare; a vapour exhaled by the appetite, and lost in the warmth of its embrace'! The embrace of the appetite! was it indeed at Cambridge that Mr. Swan acquired this style of rhetoric? The Gesta Romanorum might surely have helped him to a better similitude than this, or at least have taught him a less fulsome mode of expression. But this passage, morbid as it is, sinks into insignificance in comparison with the splendid promise which follows. 'Descriptions of natural objects, on the other hand, I shall omit no opportunity of giving. Here (in this journal of course) the scene lives—breathes; art has not contaminated its beauty, nor diminished the brilliancy of its character.' The reader, however, who is in the slightest degree acquainted with the scenery of the Archipelago, will find, that Mr. Swan carefully 'omits' almost every 'opportunity' which presented itself to him for the description of natural objects, and that those scenes which he attempts to paint are sketched with so feeble a hand, that instead of 'living and breathing' in his immortal work, they fade into nothingness under his pencil. As to the 'glowing original,' the 'vividness of reflection,' the 'past glory of man,' and the swelling close of his period—'with all the luxury of sentiment, and all the loveliness of truth,' we pass them over as mere unqualified fustian.

Perfectly analogous to this phraseology is that of almost every compliment which he inflicts upon his acquaintance—we mean such of them as are possessed of any influence in the world, for the miserable, and those who stood in need of his kindness, have received little at his hands but reproach. Mrs. Charles Fox, (daughter of the Duke of Clarence), who happened to be a passenger in the Cambrian, as far as Malta, is thus eulogised:—

'The truly feminine softness of her manner, aided by the kindness and goodness of her heart, possesses an almost irresistible attraction, and leaves her friends doubtful whether she should be prized more for the gentleness of disposition which prompts, or for the natural delicacy of character which *envelopes* and *embalms* her every action.'—Vol. i. p. 84.

Passages of this description abound in these two precious volumes, but we have no room to notice them. We must, however, direct the attention of the reader to page 116, vol. i., in which Mr. Swan loudly complains of those travellers who are so ambitious as to inscribe their names upon the ruins which they visit. He thus concludes his eloquent invective:—

'This exquisitely childish vanity effects more than Time in the ruin of

antiquity, and prompts weak and inconsiderate men to waste, with stupid indifference, monuments which nothing can repair. Let me say it; the breath that encircled the column, the influence which floated around it, when in all the pomp and plenitude of heathen magnificence, is chipped away by these unfeeling pretenders to *vertu*!'—Vol. i. p. 117.

We are not disposed to excuse the silly vanity which induces our travellers to deform public monuments in the manner here complained of. But to say that the monuments are thus wasted away, is surely a slight exaggeration. As to 'the breath that encircled the column,' and 'the incense which floated around it' being '*chipped*' off by such means, we own that we are at a loss to understand the process to which Mr. Swan alludes.

Our author appears to be no very strenuous supporter of the Bible Societies. He seems to think that the credulity of the good folks of this country has been imposed upon to a considerable extent by the reports which have emanated from some of these opulent associations. He mentions several instances that came within his knowledge of the injudicious distribution, or rather, indeed, of the total waste of Bibles, printed in different languages, and sent out to the Levant for the conversion of the Greeks, Mahometans, and Jews. The multitude of these copies forms a conspicuous item in the annual reports of the Bible institutions at home, and the subscribers who hear these reports read, and place the most implicit confidence in their correctness, never dream the while that their money is in very many cases absolutely thrown away.

The most amusing portion of these volumes is that which is devoted to the proceedings of the The Cambrian, while she was employed in chastising the numerous pirates who infest the Archipelago. The relation of the several contests in which she was engaged with these hardy and adroit buccaneers is often lively and romantic. We shall select one scene, which terminated in a manner satisfactory to all parties, and which is really given with much picturesque effect.

'*Wednesday, 2d Feb.*—Weighed anchor at an early hour. About ten o'clock we discovered five small *Latine* vessels sailing close under the coast of Thessaly, immediately at the entrance of the Gulf of Volo. Supposing them a part of the piratical cruizers, they were fired at for the purpose of being brought to: they were not, however, within shot. It was a beautiful morning, with light winds, which just served to ripple the surface of the water. The *Latines* furled their sails, put back, and pulled into a narrow creek, where they were safe for the time from molestation: they then climbed the rocks to watch our motions. As the object of Captain Hamilton was only to ascertain who and what they were, he wished to try every conciliating measure before he resorted to any thing harsh. With this view he despatched one of the wounded prisoners who remained, with a flag of truce, and a request that some of their leaders would come on board his ship. In the mean time preparations were made for a refusal. The marines were called up and drilled; ball cartridges brought out, with

pistols, muskets, and cutlasses, for the whole crew. It certainly was an animating scene; the snapping of flints was perpetual, and the bustling, not to say *joyous*, air of the younger officers, was strong evidence how vividly they felt the power of what was going forward.

'On the return of the boat, after leaving our ambassador in the hands of his countrymen, we had a picturesque account of their proceedings. They approached without seeing a man, but as soon as they had landed the prisoner and retired, a whistle was heard, and immediately upwards of a hundred men sprung from beneath the bushes of the rocks. The incident in Sir W. Scott's "*Lady of the Lake*," that, namely, of Roderic Dhu and his clansmen instantly recurred! Allowing a sufficient time for consultation our boat was despatched a second time, and returned with four or five Greeks, for whose safety our first lieutenant, perhaps, unwisely, had chosen to remain as a hostage; however, he was treated with every civility.

'The account given by these people was, that they were gun-boats belonging to a small Greek squadron, consisting of two brigs, a schooner, and what is called a *mystico*, (which is something resembling a very small schooner), cruising on the opposite side of the gulf. It seems that twelve Turkish vessels are now in Volo, and that the Greeks have fitted out this armament with a design to intercept and burn the fleet of their enemy. The Cyrene, however, had met with the gun-boats last evening, and had fired at them for a considerable time. From all these circumstances they concluded that we were Turkish men of war, and our steady pursuit confirmed them in the idea. In conclusion, they agreed to accompany us to the station of the larger vessels from which they had been detatched.

'The sun set even more magnificently than usual. On one side was the coast of Thessaly, bending round us like a bow, with Mount Parnassus towering in the distance; on the other side was the Island of Negropont; the Islands of Scopeli, Skiatho, and Pondico-nisi to the east.

'Only one of the Greek vessels having issued from the creek, according to the agreement, our boats were again manned and armed, and with Captain Hamilton himself at their head, proceeded to act as occasion might dictate. First, however, a boat set forth with a flag of truce, and found the Greeks all on the alert, and stationed amongst the bushes, with their muskets ready for the action, which they seemed to think inevitable. A parley now ensued, which lasted till sun-set, when they were persuaded to come along side of our ship: but this object, though advised and wished by their leaders, was effected with difficulty, and Captain Hamilton, to quiet apprehensions which appeared to increase rather than abate, went singly into one of their boats, standing as calmly when exposed to the range of their muskets as he would have done upon the deck of his own ship. By this time a boat belonging to the Greek brig of war, despatched by her commander, arrived at the creek, and this, no doubt, contributed a good deal to dissipate the alarms occasioned (as we found) by the invincible belief of our being Turkish or *Austrian* ships. It seems that the latter have, in several recent instances, betrayed them into the hands of their foes.'—Vol. i. pp. 205—209.

We have already alluded to Mr. Swan's facility in complimenting persons of distinction with whom during his voyage he hap-

pened to come into contact. We have also glanced at the very different sort of disposition by which he seems to have been actuated with regard to those who stood most in need of his charitable offices as a Christian and a clergyman. Let the following passage be our justification for the latter remark. The threat with which it concludes is ludicrous enough. We need hardly say that we do not believe there is a single captain in his majesty's navy who would sanction the sentiments which are here expressed.

'We have been much incommoded by the number of the passengers; and the difficulty of finding them births is not small. I cannot, in this place, forbear throwing out a hint to those who may hereafter be favoured with a passage in a man-of-war, not to consider themselves as sailing in a public conveyance; nor to assume such a deportment as may authorise a conclusion, that they think themselves conferring a favour, rather than receiving one. I would also humbly suggest, that to press upon the good-nature of the captain, even when it is obviously contrary to his inclination; to solicit a passage for one port, and being arrived, to require it for "another, and another, and another," is as indelicate as for any one to come a mere stranger to your house, and, finding the quarters good, there to set up his rest. The cases are perfectly similar; and it seems to me to imply such a total want of proper feeling, as to render those, who are thus deficient, objects of merited contempt. I cannot, for my part, comprehend the principle on which they act. A person is slightly introduced to a captain of a man-of-war, in order to obtain a gratuitous present of bed and board. The cost is wholly on the side of the commander; and if he be not a man of independent fortune, he has to endure a tax upon his income, which he can perhaps very hardly support. Besides this, he is obliged to surrender his own comforts to the encroachments of his passengers, who, in many cases, think themselves entitled to the attention which they would exact from the hired servant of a packet-boat.

'What I have here said, I wish to be understood as a common feeling among the officers of a man-of-war; and without meaning to impute any thing further to particular individuals than inexperience and want of consideration, it may be useful to future voyagers, to understand in what light their presence is considered, and how they are expected to act. We have, indeed, several distinguished exceptions to the method upon which I have animadverted; but I am persuaded some comment is needed for the rest: and I hope it will be taken in good part.

'With regard to the ward-room passengers, a system somewhat different is, for various reasons, adopted: but here too, I have seen more than one individual conduct himself as he would, where not only a full equivalent was paid, but where his superiority of rank authorized an unceremonious disposal of whatsoever he might desire. Such practices never will be tolerated in a man-of-war; at least, not on a peace establishment, when the officers are generally men of fortune and family. For the present I quit the subject; if I should see occasion, it shall certainly be resumed.'—Vol. i. pp. 260—262.

Here is a Christian divine! who, perhaps, would have felt no difficulty after he wrote this passage in preparing a discourse of which the text would be the parable of the good Samaritan!

As our author has set forth, among the principal attractions of this work, the account of his visit to the camp of Ibrahim Pacha, the reader may, perhaps, feel some curiosity to know what has been detailed on this point. Mr. Swan, and several gentlemen from the Cambrian, having landed at Calamata, proceeded through Tripolitza and by Mount Taygetus, where they, for the first time, perceived traces of the Turkish army.

'We travelled through groves of olives and mulberries at the foot of Mount Taygetus. After a while the country assumed the appearance of nicely arranged shrubberies, all the plants usually seen in English pleasure-grounds being found indigenous here: but, in fact, the prospect was for ever varying.

'Near the foot of a small river, or rather brook, lay an Arab soldier, apparently dying from fatigue. We gave him water and a little bread, and being unable to render any further assistance, left him to his fate. Above the hill, of which the stream just spoken of formed the base, we found a village on fire, called Dakne, (Sir W. Gell calls it *Daphne*), and a second further on to the right, termed Allovesovan. Here we overtook another Arab, but no persuasion could induce him to answer our questions; either fear or disease, probably both, rendered him pertinaciously silent. I say *both*, because a Piedmontese physician at Tripolitza informed us, that the Arabs devoured such quantities of grapes and drank so much water as to bring on the dysentery, of which great numbers had died. Not long after our encounter with the Arab, we observed the naked carcase of a Greek, mangled in a most shocking manner by the vultures, of which numbers were sailing about our path.

'Descending a steep hill called Ellade, which overlooks the plain of Helos and the sea, including a distant view of Cerigo, we overtook some stragglers from the Pacha's army—the poorest wretches imaginable, all shreds and patches. On the plain half a dozen villages were smoking; the conflagration had been spread in every direction. A large flame broke out from a plot of reeds as we passed; and men were just ready to apply fresh fire to hedges formed of dry leaves. A little after we observed a column of the army moving to the left, and we immediately took a similar direction, supposing it the main body of Ibrahim's troops. It proved, however, to be a detachment under the command of Husseim Pacha. As we advanced several heavy guns were fired, and presently several mules, bearing a number of dead and wounded, attended by a guard of soldiers, approached us. We took our station on a rising ground, which commanded the sea and the troops of the Pacha moving along the brow of an eminence in front. The firing still continued, and several dead men, bound upon the backs of mules, passed close to us. At the same moment, a ball which appeared to have scaled the surface of the post chosen by the Egyptian troops, fell within forty or fifty yards from our party. They now formed into a square, and moved a small distance from the side of the height, so as to have the ridge between them and the enemy, and then appeared to be retreating. We could perceive a mistico lying at anchor close to the shore, keeping up a brisk fire; there were, at the same time, several discharges of musquetry from men who had landed. The object of the Turks was to take possession of two small castles, each contain-

ing a garrison of two hundred and fifty soldiers.* A body of men who were now leisurely passing us on their return, we obtained as a guard. They were organized Arabs, and their captain carried a thick stick in his hand to drive them forward: this he applied with apparent good will to the shoulders of any stragglers from the company. When we reached the main camp, which might be four miles from the place of action, such a scene of confusion displayed itself as I had never before witnessed. Miserable-looking beings were every where stretched upon the ground, oppressed by extreme fatigue, while the whole character of what passed reminded me of nothing so much as the turbulence, without the merriment, of an English fair. There was but one tent in the plain, and thus their ragged, wretched bodies were exposed to the burning heats of noon, except in cases where olive-trees supplied a shade: but the greater part of the army were entirely deprived of such protection. The most fortunate had stationed themselves on the banks of a beautiful river or stream, (the Eurotas) which was full of excellent water, and as clear as crystal, broad, but shallow.'—Vol. ii. pp. 233—237.

The party were shown by an Arab guard into a cottage, where they found Ibrahim Pacha, 'pipe in hand,' reclining on a couch.

'He is a stout, broad, brown-faced, vulgar-looking man, thirty-five or forty years of age, marked strongly with the small pox. His countenance possesses little to engage, but when he speaks, which he does with considerable energy and fluency, it becomes animated and rather striking. He frequently accompanies his words with a long drawling cry, which to European ears sounds ridiculous enough. His manner carries with it that sort of decision which is, perhaps, the common appanage of despotism: deprived of this he would resemble an uneducated, hard-favoured seaman of our own country—and, I think, I have somewhere seen his exact counterpart—but it may be merely fancy. He was plainly clothed for a Turk; and his camp establishment altogether had none of that parade and luxury which we are accustomed to attach to eastern warfare.'—Vol. ii. pp. 237, 238.

The following exposition of his intentions with respect to the Morea seems to have been given with the most perfect sincerity.

'Speaking of the Morea, although he regretted the necessity of his present proceedings, yet it was his intention to pursue them to the utmost. He would burn and destroy the whole Morea; so that it should neither be profitable to the Greeks nor to him, nor to any one. What would these infatuated men, the dupes of their own imbecile government, do for provisions in the winter? He knew that his own soldiers would also suffer—that they too must perish. But his father Mehemet Ali was training forty thousand men, and he was in daily expectation of a reinforcement of twelve thousand. If these were cut off he would have more; and he would persevere till the Greeks returned to their former state.

* 'The country where they are situated is called Trinese. It is not far from Marathonisi, in the gulf of that name, called also *Cölochina* or *Colokithia*.'

One of the castles on the plain, he said, had just been carried by assault, and the garrison all put to the sword; the other was expected to fall immediately. He repeated, "I will not cease till the Morea be a ruin." The sultan has already conferred upon him *the title and insignia of* Pacha of this unhappy land; "and" said his highness, "if the good people of England who are so fond of sending money to the Greeks would send it directly to *me* it would save them considerable trouble; eventually it all comes to my treasury. I have taken heaps of purses from the Greek soldiers filled with English sovereigns." '—Vol. ii. pp. 240, 241.

On another occasion he observed,

' "The best thing for the Greeks," continued the despot, "would be an unconditional surrender. Let them return to their former condition. You know the extent of the population in Egypt: I will gain my object at whatever sacrifice; and I hope that a *good God will enable me to do so!*"

' Janetta, our guide, imagined that a relative of his—a lad, was a prisoner in the camp of the Turks; and he entreated us to procure his release. Accordingly, the request was made. Ibrahim laughed; "Oh!" said he, "the boy has turned Turk; and I have sent him along with three hundred other Greek lads to a military school, which I have established at Cairo." '—Vol. ii. p. 245.

We presume that, after these declarations, there can be no longer any doubt entertained of the intentions of Mehemet Ali, and his good son, with respect to Greece. It would be a striking event if, in the order of Providence, these two warriors should be suffered to restore the Turkish power to its former vigour in Europe, at an epoch when it was actually tottering on the verge of destruction.

Here Mr. Swan closes his journal for the present. If he means to continue it, we trust that he will exchange his propensity to rhodomontade for a small portion of common sense. Had we been disposed to treat him with severity, we might have extracted many specimens of his composition that would do no honour to the university of which he was lately a member. He has given, in an appendix, a translation of an essay on the Fanariotes, written in French by Mark Philip Zallony, a Greek, and published at Marseilles in the year 1824. It is a work of very considerable interest, and is drawn up with much ability. The Fanariotes compose a class of Greeks belonging to the ritual of the *eastern* church, and they are so called from *Fanar*, the quarter of Constantinople which they principally occupy. In consequence of the law which forbids a Turk to learn any of the languages in use among those who do not believe in the Alcoran, the Fanariotes were originally employed as translators, next as drogomans, or interpreters, to the divan, and, in modern times, they have had sufficient influence to obtain the dangerous honour of being appointed hospodars of Moldavia and Walachia. The massacre of the Greeks at Constantinople, in 1821, gave a heavy blow to the power of the Fanariotes, but it is not considered as yet wholly subdued. We recommend this essay to the attention of the reader.

ART. V. *The Contest of the Twelve Nations; or, a View of the different Bases of Human Character and Talent.* 8vo. pp. 628. 18*s*. Edinburgh. Oliver and Boyd. 1826.

IT would be the easiest thing in the world to exhibit this volume, and its anonymous author, for unqualified ridicule and general derision; for the book is in many respects the most whimsical and extravagant composition which it has ever fallen under our vocation to notice; broaching the wildest and most unsubstantial theories with the same confident surety as if they were demonstrable for mathematical truths; placing facts and errors in constant communion; and mingling gratuitous hypothesis and crude speculation, fair premises and false conclusions, plausible argument and monstrous deduction, in ludicrous confusion and 'admired disorder.' But, notwithstanding all the weak and ridiculous points of the book, we shall carefully abstain from treating it merely as a fruitful source of the burlesque. We happen to be fully alive to the real curiosity of the author's subject; and we shall not render it so much prejudice as to convert it into a jest, merely because he has unconsciously caricatured its outlines and travestied its form.

The physiology of human character may really be numbered as among not the least interesting departments of metaphysical science. Enquiries into the natural causes of the diversity of character in the human race, if rationally conducted, would not deserve to be regarded either with contempt or neglect; and in fact few subjects of intellectual speculation would possess greater attraction for a reflecting mind. The attempt to trace the causes of national character, to examine whence its diversities proceed, and to determine, through historical examples and comparisons, how far these are produced and influenced by distinctions in race, in climate, in the prevailing occupations of industry, in government, and in other political institutions—all this must be full of curiosity and interest, and would probably develope many incidental and collateral facts of the very highest importance, though the results of the enquiry would scarcely be reducible into a fixed and unerring system of judgment. But this whole subject of the physiology of human character is still in its earliest infancy, and may even date its origin as a study from our own times. The disposition to pursue so curious an investigation should be freely encouraged; not only facts discovered, but also the errors which are brought to the surface in the agitation of enquiry, may have their utility; and we should desire to direct serious public attention even to such fanciful productions as the volume before us, were it only from the conviction, that the discussion of the vainest and most erroneous theories on such a topic must necessarily elicit some scintillations of truth.

Yet it must be confessed, that it is not always easy to treat the contents of the present work with gravity, nor to resist the pro-

voking invitation to ridicule which is offered by its numerous absurdities. For what shall be thought of a system which would prove Horace a Spartan, and Mr. Irving the preacher a Carthaginian; Anacreon an Englishman, and Mr. Rogers a Greek; Cervantes an Irishman, and Solon a Scotchman; Homer, Virgil, and Byron to be Germans, and Shakspeare, Hume, and Mr. Moore all Egyptians; Cromwell and Gibbon—'Arcades ambo'—Arcadians; Dr. Johnson a Frenchman; Hogarth a Spaniard; and, finally, the Devil and Cain 'favourable specimens' of the Irish disposition? Or how shall we seriously incline our attention to a metaphysical work, which with becoming solemnity proposes the different species of the animal kingdom for 'natural types' of the varieties of human character? For here we discover that the stag, the humming-bird, and the puma or American tiger, are all types of the Carthaginian or Irish character; the wild boar of the Scotch; the hippopotamos of the Greek; the rhinoceros, the owl, the ostrich, and the ape, of the French; the bear, the ram, and the Bengal tiger, of the German; the elephant and the hare of the Etruscan; the ox of the Roman; and the ass of the Egyptian. 'The Celt' (under which division our philosopher has principally the Scotch character in contemplation) 'is like the wild boar, snuffing over the worldly objects which are presented to his senses, and asking what is the use of them, or whether they can be eaten, or drunk, or slept upon, or in any way made to become a part of the consumer.' In another point of view, by the way, our author, who would appear from the birth-place of his lucubrations to be himself a Scot, gives rather an alarming picture of the characteristic tendencies and domestic condition of his unhappy race. 'Under such a system, hen-pecked or governed husbands are frequent. The women grow robust, and are strongly marked in their features; their voice falls with ease into the tenor pitch; they reason on every subject with dry good sense, and can scarcely refrain from using interjectional oaths in conversation. They begin to wear hats of the same form as those worn by the men.' An awful approximation! in which we marvel that the philosopher has not discovered a 'natural type' of their disposition to appropriate unto themselves another article of masculine attire. We Englishmen live in a dangerous propinquity. Henceforth let no man marry beyond the border; and still less let him venture among our western neighbours, after he has learnt the following propensity of the Hibernian or Carthaginian character:—

'One uniform characteristic of the Carthaginian nature is the desire to stand in new and different relations to the same object which we have already known in other circumstances. Thus the African may be gratified with the speedy change from pursuing the living animal to possessing its dead carcass; and from seeing the carcass whole to cutting it into parts. Such treatment is the most opposite to what the animal would willingly have endured while yet alive; but a few moments are sufficient to

make the difference. Perhaps some intellectual motive of this sort may be involved in cannibalism, which is known to be not always practised for want of provisions, nor, as some have supposed, for the superiority of human flesh. The savage who eats the same person with whom a short time before he had been accustomed to meet in battle, and to exchange blows, becomes acquainted with his man under entirely different circumstances, or perhaps enjoys the pleasure of experiencing, that the activity which once existed in him is entirely extinguished and overcome.

'It is suspected that cannibalism still exists among the African nations; and by some travellers it was formerly asserted, that, in certain towns, the flesh of men was publicly sold in the shambles, with that of other animals. Cannibalism, so far from giving men a gloomy and ferocious aspect, may rather communicate a peculiar mildness to the countenance, accompanied with that luscious sort of smile often found among savages.' —p. 39.

And why was Daniel De Foe an Irishman? He betrays himself (p. 76) by 'the interest which he takes in cannibalism;' and the author of Robinson Crusoe had doubtless the peculiar mildness of aspect and the true 'luscious smile' of anthropophagi, "whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders."

But to proceed with our philosopher's types. The ram is a symbol of German character, because it 'expresses the sense of fluxions in taking a long run to accumulate momentum, for the purpose of giving a more powerful stroke. To the German intellect may be ascribed the sense of accumulation, &c..... In the course of the ram accumulation is expressed, not in its motion through a certain distance, but in the forces successively acquired from the new strokes of its feet on the ground at each step.' So also the great striped tiger of Bengal is a type of the German character, because 'this animal, by the suddenness of its leaps, and its wild and haggard appearance, seems to express the arbitrary power of selection, circulation, distribution, or collocation, which, leaving out what is intermediate, brings remote parts together!' For the French character, we have some very appropriate symbols: the ostrich—for it has extraordinary powers of digestion—and the Frenchman, as all the world knows, is *par excellence* a cooking animal; and the ape, because 'living among all the trees of the forest, it partakes of synthetical transition, and in transferring itself from bough to bough it may be considered as pursuing new combinations. It appears as if chased by the mysterious and solemn nature of morality.' A goodly race, in which the motto of the Frenchman is still "*sauve qui peut.*" But the climax of the ridiculous is to be found in the following passage, which is quite characteristic of the author's mind, and of the style of his book.

'If among the animals we look for a type of courage, we shall probably for some time wander about perplexed, till we fix on the hummingbird. Its characteristic is to suspend itself in the air, and remain in one

place, by the continued action of its wings; so that it does not flit about like other birds, but remains stationary, producing a humming sound. This corresponds with the nature of courage and systematic will, since, in strokes of its wings, physical exertion must be regulated according to exact proportion, to enable it to retain its position in the air unchanged. The nicest degrees of force must be observed. Covered with the brilliant hues of praise, this minute and exquisite bird seems to rejoice in maintaining itself in the post of honour. A recent traveller has estimated the varieties of the humming-bird species at about an hundred; in which there are to be found all intermediate grades of size; the largest kind, which is called the blue-throated Mexican, being about five times as big as the smallest, which is less than a bee. The humming sound belongs to its wings; the note which it utters from its pipe is simple, small, and delicate. An accurate survey and estimate of characteristic qualities and powers, however, will teach us to associate this animal with the gigantic moose-deer and the powerful vulture.'—pp. 53, 54.

The author declares his purpose in the outset, 'to show that there is not room *in rerum natura* for more than twelve generic characters, essentially different from each other; and that to some one or other of the twelve departments every nation and every individual must be capable of being referred, in the same manner that in natural history each animal can be traced to some known order, in the destructive qualities of which it participates.' He therefore proceeds to account for and to arrange all the varieties of human intellect, disposition, and tastes, under twelve classes, to which he assigns the names of the following nations:—

'I. The Carthaginian or Irish—II. The Celtic, or Scotch, or Scythian—III. The Egyptian, Chinese, or Swiss—IV. The English or Corinthian—V. The Greek or Venetian—VI. The German or Hindoo—VII. The Roman or Italian—VIII. The Arcadian, or Persian, or Scotch Lowland—IX. The Etruscan—X. The Spanish or Arabian—XI. The French or Athenian—XII. The Spartan, or Russian, or Swedish.'

Having confined all the compounded modifications of human nature within these twelve classes, our author proceeds in like manner to limit the elements of character in each class to twelve qualities or properties. That is, he considers that each generic character can only be viewed in relation to three primary faculties, INTELLECT, WILL or DISPOSITION, and TASTE; and that each of these again operates under four different forms. Thus,

'1st. INTELLECT has application to the *Sciences*, to *Observation*, to *System*, and to *Sensuality*, or the desire of gratifying sensation. 2dly. WILL, or DISPOSITION, appears in *Love*, *Industry*, *Courage*, and *Morality*. 3dly. TASTE, or the sense of beauty, is shown in relation to *Religion*, *Social Life*, *Ambition*, and *Poetical Genius*.

Having laid down these land-marks for the physiology of character, our author, who is himself evidently a phrenologist, discovers that the systems of Gall and Spurzheim, after a little straining and enlarging, may be made to fit exactly, and to harmonize

admirably, with his own. 'The systems of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim,' he observes, 'have frequently been ridiculed, as extending the number of mental powers beyond all rational bounds, and splitting human nature as it were into a motley assemblage of incongruous parts, amounting to no less than thirty-three.' But our author undertakes to show, that this multiplicity is not nearly so great as it appears, nor verily quite so great as it ought to be, for that 'the system would, if completed, comprehend thirty-six faculties, which would be resolvable into twelve triads, each consisting of—I. an intellectual power; II. a sentiment; III. an instinct; the three faculties in each kind being supposed to spring from one root, and to be connected with each other by the closest analogy or similarity of nature. Now in each national character or separate kind of men, some one of these triads is supposed to predominate, and to have the ascendancy over all the other faculties, so as to give a tone to the whole mind, and produce a decided bias in the character and talents.'

Thus we find that, as there are just twelve, and no more, diversities of human character, so there are just twelve, neither less nor more, triads of faculties developed in the configuration of the human skull; and that, as there are three primary divisions in each character, viz. intellect, will, and taste, so also there are three responding organs developed in each triad, viz. an intellectual power, a sentiment, and an instinct. Here, then, triumphantly exclaims our philosopher, we are enabled to free Gall and Spurzheim from the reproach of having multiplied the original faculties of human nature beyond all reasonable limits. Their number is at least thirty-six, and Messrs. Gall and Spurzheim may deem themselves henceforth proportionately indebted to this new discovery for the preservation of their fame. Whether, indeed, each of these thirty-six organs is not again subdivided into four, like the primary qualities of character, our author omits to tell us: but a topographical map of the skull might have shown them all in due allocation, like the townships, sections, and quarter sections, into which American surveyors are wont to distribute the uncleared wilderness. And thus our lover of order might have found reason to divide his head, like his physiological system and his book, into one hundred and forty-four compartments, the only difficulty being in the law required by his plan, 'that no compartment should be left void.'

This precious framework of a system for determining the physiology of human character having been thus laid out, our author betakes himself to the filling up of its compartments. He examines each of his twelve generic characters in relation to each of his twelve all-comprehensive qualities; and it is by these combinations that the compartments of his treatise reach the maximum of the multiplication table; being in number twelve times twelve, or one hundred and forty-four. Thus, to select one character,—

the Irish, for example, which stands first on his list: he commences a short introductory chapter with the remark that, 'The study either of the real world, or of ideal possibilities, will teach us that there exists a certain adventurous character,' &c., which he then distinguishes as belonging to the Carthaginians and the Irish, and refers to its natural type in the animal kingdom. Having defined the character, he proceeds to try it in its relation: firstly, to INTELLECT, and under this head to *Science, Observation, System,* and *Sensuality*; secondly, to DISPOSITION, and under this head to *Love, Industry, Courage,* and *Morality*; and thirdly, to TASTE, and under this head to *Religion, Social Life, Ambition,* and *Poetical Genius.* These inquiries occupy three chapters with each of its subdivisions of four sections; and under every head it would appear that the author (though his object is not very clear) designs to discover and to exhibit the different phases under which the fixed qualities display themselves in each variety of generic character. The investigation of every character is closed by a general estimate or recapitulation of its peculiarities; and at the end of the volume itself we have an inversion of such inquiries, or rules for ascertaining the national character of any individual by the criterion of his qualities.

Of our author's plan it is only necessary to observe further, that it professes to work by historical and biographical illustration and proof, and that several celebrated individuals are selected as examples of each character. But our philosopher, in desiring to illustrate any generic character, is by no means particular, as we have already shown, in what quarter to seek his examples. He calls Mahomet and Milton equally Arcadians, or equally Irishmen, as it suits him to class them under the same head; and he declares that it is quite an error 'to suppose that the distinguished men born in a country are uniformly of the nature which is most common in that country. On the contrary they often appear to have been dropt by chance upon a soil foreign to themselves.' In this manner it is wonderfully shown that almost all the celebrated men which each country has produced do not belong to the character of their nation, but ought to have been born elsewhere, and should be classed under some other head.

Such then are the outlines of our philosopher's system; and our brief analysis may convey to the reader a sufficient idea of the general contents of his volume. In forming an estimate of their value, it is, in the first place, obvious to common sense, that his classification of the diversities of human character is altogether arbitrary and fanciful. Why are the varieties exactly twelve, and upon what principles has he arranged them under the distinctions which he has given? All this he has entirely avoided to explain. He has in the outset, indeed, dogmatically asserted, that 'there is not room *in rerum natura* for more than twelve generic characters essentially different from each other;' and to show this supposed

fact is declared to be the purpose of his work. But he would appear in the sequel to have entirely overlooked this promised object, for there is not the shadow of a proof subsequently adduced to maintain his position.

Nor is it easy to conjecture upon what foundation his arrangement is really intended to be built. We can only conclude negatively which of the usual hypotheses on the subject he has discarded. It is clear that he does not believe in the influence of race or blood, since he observes (p. 367) that 'the study of the origins of the tribes and nations may at first sight appear capable of throwing light on the more permanent diversities of national character, *but this is an erroneous supposition.*' So also he must reject the influence of climate, since he would trace the existence of the same character in the Carthaginians and the Irish, in the Corinthians and the English, in the Egyptians and the Swiss, in the Hindoos and the Germans, in the Persians and the Scotch Lowlanders, in the Spartan and the Russian. Again, all these examples may show that he can attribute no influence to the modifications of government, political institutions, religion, or any of the endless differences in the state of civil communities. For what can be more opposite than the constitution of society among all the several pairs of nations here adduced as displaying precisely the same generic character? Neither, phrenologist though he be, has he even any where attempted to prove a similar developement of the organs of the skull in the people whose character he has chosen to identify.

Here then, at a single blow, the most unskilful reasoner, who should use the author's own weapons, might knock his system to atoms. If the physiology of human charater is dependent neither upon race—nor climate—nor civil and religious institutions—nor physical construction—nor upon any intelligible combination of these accidents, upon what then shall it depend? The author's classification has no better ground to stand upon than his own capricious and fantastical imagination, and it might seem almost a waste of words to refute it by elaborate argument.

If the author had taken for the groundwork of his plan the consideration of the varieties of the human species, and examined the dependence of human character upon race, variously modified by the conditions of civilization, his proceeding would at least have been consistent and intelligible. And he certainly need not have wanted some very grave reasons for adopting it. Take only the familiar example of the Gypsies and the Jews, and observe the marked peculiarities of character which separate these two people from all others. Spread over Europe and over the world, yet confined by their way of life, their choice, and the dislike of the nations among whom they dwell, to marriages in their own tribes, these two races have respectively preserved (and especially the latter) a distinctive character, moral as well as physical, which can never be

mistaken. Or bring the illustration within the circle of our own domestic lives; and can any man doubt, in his own kindred and in his several acquaintances, the existence of an hereditary and distinctive family character? This indeed is more or less strongly marked in individuals: it is modified and influenced by education, profession, and vicissitudes of fortune, and partially smothered and distorted by a thousand accidents of life; yet it almost always betrays itself in some common feature of mind, as in some general resemblance of countenance.

But our author does not appear to have at all considered his subject in this relation to race; nor does his book even display the slightest acquaintance with previous researches into this part of its philosophy. Thus, for example, he would seem to know nothing of the very plausible attempt of Blumenbach, which almost all later physiologists have adopted, to distribute mankind into five great varieties of the species:—the Caucasian, Mongolian, Ethiopian, American, and Malay. Nor has he in general laid any stress upon the more recent and certain derivation of various nations from a common stock; and where he has (in direct contradiction to his theory at p. 367, already quoted) partially attempted to trace the influence of this descent, his success has been so indifferent as merely to betray his ignorance, and to leave us no room for regret that the inquiry has been spared from his farther interference.

The great error of this author has been that he would create a system at all hazards; and having once resolved on the work, he has striven, probably without being conscious of it, to bend and distort every material to furnish its proportions. Hence, like all system-mongers, and especially in speculative questions, he has run into a thousand absolute contradictions and absurd mistakes; and accordingly he has produced only a ponderous tome of error, where he might have amused the world by a lively and really curious inquiry into the causes of the varieties in national character.

Our notions of what such a little essay should offer, will be explained in a very few words. We have expressed our doubt whether the rational investigation of the subject would ever lead to universal and systematic conclusions; it might, however, be an object to collect as many facts as possible, to arrange, and to class them. But then, whatever could be effected with certainty, must be accomplished by induction alone. Why is this a truth which such speculators as the writer before us can never be made to comprehend? By induction, if by any method, we shall safely convert facts into conclusions; and where, in speculative questions, this system of philosophizing fails us, we may be assured that we are groping in the dark.

If we designed an inquiry into the physiology of human character, we should commence by examining the influence of race, and should be contented with ascending to a period far less remote than that which is implied in the primary classification of Blu-

manbach, in order that we might in the same proportion receive more certain assistance from history. We should also desire to apply our investigation to a much greater variety of races than he has enumerated, by taking the subdivisions at later periods of their branching off from the original stock: for we are convinced that the modifications of national character are far greater than five, or even twelve. Having studied the division of races, and endeavoured to classify them under their modern aspects, we should next apply ourselves to discover the similar and opposite effects which climate, mixture with other races, institutions, and various accidents of position, moral and geographical, have had upon each. Where these effects should be found generally to coincide, the result would be highly interesting, and bring us near to determine some of the laws by which the formation of national character is regulated. For, that national character does exist as a distinction of one set of men from another, we suppose no person will doubt; and that the laws of the moral world are no more guided by capricious accident, than the operations of nature, will equally be admitted for undeniable truth.

Such comparisons as we have proposed with relation to race, descent, climate, position, historical fortune, and present condition in various nations, would offer a fund of most interesting study; it would demand the exertion of much historical research, and the application of reflection and judgment; and, even if it should fail to establish conclusions as positive as might be desirable on the causes of diversity in national character, the investigation would still equally be pregnant with instruction and interest to the general student, the moralist, and the statesman.

ART. VI. *Gaston de Blondeville; or, The Court of Henry III. keeping Festival in Ardenne; a Romance. St. Alban's Abbey, a Metrical Tale; with some Poetical Pieces.* By Anne Radcliffe. To which is prefixed a Memoir of the Author, with extracts from her Journals, 4 Vols., 8vo. 1*l.* 18*s.* London. Colburn. 1826.

IT seems now to be pretty generally admitted that authors, who in their life-time attracted more than an ordinary share of admiration, should be considered as licensed to accumulate their inferior productions for the purposes of posthumous fame. Friends may thus soothe the poignancy of grief, and gratify the ardour of affection, by preserving those gleanings of the mental harvest, and by presenting them to the world, accompanied by highly-coloured panegyrics upon departed genius. The public are expected to lend, at least, an indulgent attention to the accents of a voice which is not likely to be heard again, and speaks to us, as it were, from the grave; and the critic is rebuked if, in the exercise of his severer office, he forgets what is due to private feeling, and judges of the

literary bequests of the dead, by the same standard which he would apply to the works of the living.

We must, nevertheless, take the liberty to say, that if the authenticity of the posthumous writings now before us had not been placed beyond all doubt, we should have hesitated to believe that they had proceeded from the author of "The Mysteries of Udolpho." They consist of some extracts from her journals, of a romance which occupies a volume and a half, and a metrical tale, together with a multitude of minor poems, which fill up nearly two volumes; and though we do not deny that amongst these various compositions some traces may be discovered of that imagination, which wrought such wondrous charms amid the Pyrennees and Appenines, yet we fearlessly pronounce them, on the whole, as unworthy of the source from which they sprung, and rather an injury than a monument to the memory of Mrs. Radcliffe.

The memoir of her life and writings, which was written, we understand, by a barrister of great promise in his profession, is the most valuable portion of the publication. It briefly sums up the incidents of her quiet, happy, and secluded life; and, like all such pieces of biography, is framed in a strain of unvarying eulogy. Mr. Radcliffe provided the materials, and, from motives of delicacy, which are perfectly excusable, he, of course, exhibited only those general traits which might lead posterity to form the most favourable opinion of her character. In all the great essentials of life we believe it to be spotless. Mrs. Radcliffe appears to have been an attentive wife, a strict economist in her household affairs, and contented with those refined enjoyments of the mind which rendered her independent of society. Not having been blessed with a family she wanted those natural impulses which open the heart of a parent, and connect her, through her offspring, with the living interests of the community at large. Some of her peculiarities are very slightly glanced at. But it is not difficult to see that after she won the proud steeps of fame, it became her principal study to preserve herself from the most remote admission of rivalship. We are told that she disdained to be looked upon even as a successful author, but we are also told that unsolicited and genuine praise of her writings afforded her pleasure to her latest hour. There is no mode of reconciling these inconsistencies, unless we suppose that Mrs. Radcliffe exacted a greater degree of homage than she could expect to find in the every-day intercourse of the world, and that she found it only in fame which reached her from a distance. She wrapped herself up in that mystery of authorship which, in her early days, was much more feared and respected than in these intelligent and bustling times, when the most accomplished minds find no inconvenience in mingling the enjoyments of the world with those of literature, and the most sincere simplicity and benevolence of character with talents of the highest order.

There is one part of Mrs. Radcliffe's life upon which we should

have abstained from offering a single remark, if a passage in the memoir had not made it incumbent on us to say a word or two in our own vindication. In a former number of this journal,* after pointing out an error as to a date in Sir Walter Scott's memoir of that lady, we stated, from authority upon which we had every reason to rely, that "she died in a state of mental desolation not to be described." It was no part of our object to wound the feelings of any of her surviving friends, particularly not of Mr. Radcliffe, for whom we entertain great respect. But the fact formed a part of the literary history of the country, and, if our information were correct, we saw no reason why it should be suppressed. Not content, however, with denying its truth, Mr. Radcliffe, or some person by his authority, charged us, in the public prints, with impropriety in making such a statement, and that charge is repeated in a document drawn up and signed by Dr. Scudamore, and inserted in the memoir now before us. That we may not be accused of garbling it we shall here present the whole of that document to the reader.

'"Mrs. Radcliffe had been for several years subject to severe catarrhal coughs, and also was occasionally afflicted with asthma.

'"In March, 1822, she was ill with inflammation of the lungs, and for a considerable time remained much indisposed. With the summer season and change of air, she regained a tolerable state of health.

'"In the early part of January, 1823, in consequence of exposure to cold, she was again attacked with inflammation of the lungs, and much more severely than before. Active treatment was immediately adopted, but without the desired relief; and the symptoms soon assumed a most dangerous character. At the end of three weeks, however, and contrary to all expectation, the inflammation of the lungs was overcome; and the amendment was so decided, as to present a slight prospect of recovery.

'"Alas! our hopes were soon disappointed. Suddenly, in the very moment of seeming calm from the previous violence of disease, a new inflammation seized the membranes of the brain. The enfeebled frame could not resist this fresh assault: so rapid in their course were the violent symptoms, that medical treatment proved wholly unavailing.

'"In the space of three days death closed the melancholy scene.

'"In this manner, at the age of fifty-nine, society was deprived of a most amiable and valuable member, and literature one of its brightest ornaments.

'"The foregoing statement will, I hope, afford all the explanation which can be required, of the nature of Mrs. Radcliffe's illness. During the whole continuance of the inflammation of the lungs, the mind was perfect in its reasoning powers, and became disturbed only on the last two or three days, as a natural consequence of the inflammation affecting the membranes of the brain.

'"Previously to the last illness, and at all times, Mrs. Radcliffe enjoyed a remarkably cheerful state of mind; and no one was farther removed

* Page 269, vol. cviii., former series.

from "mental desolation," as has been so improperly described of the latter part of her life.

"'She possessed a quick sensibility, as the necessary ally of her fine genius; but this quality would serve to increase the warmth of the social feelings, and effectually prevent the insulation of the mind, either as regards the temper or the understanding.'"—Memoir, pp. 103—105.

It will be seen that this document, instead of contradicting our statement, confirms it in the most pointed manner. We did not speak generally of the latter part of Mrs. Radcliffe's life as clouded by "mental desolation," as Dr. Scudamore has been taught to suppose; we distinctly said that she died in that unhappy state, and for this fact we need no further evidence than his own description of the melancholy close of her existence. We have been reluctantly drawn into this explanation, and we now quit the subject.

We shall pass over the extracts from Mrs. Radcliffe's journals, which are inserted in the memoir. For although it may most probably have afforded her much pleasure to refer occasionally to those records of some of her pleasantest excursions through different parts of England, yet the reader, who now looks into them for the first time, and who possesses no associations connected with the scenes which she describes, will be apt to agree with us in thinking that they are exceedingly dull and morbid. The beauties of Gravesend, Rochester, and Chatham, the undulations and richness of landscape which characterise the road to Sittingbourn, the attractions of Barham Downs, and the antiquities of Dover, can hardly be objects of curious inquiry at this time to any person, except those very industrious and praiseworthy gentlemen who are engaged in compiling the county histories, or books of the roads.

The romance of Gaston de Blondeville is said to have been written in the year 1802, shortly after Mrs. Radcliffe had visited Kenilworth Castle, and had made herself intimately acquainted with its history. It was the last work of magnitude which she undertook; during the subsequent years of her life she chiefly occupied her leisure hours in the composition of small poems, from which a large selection has been inserted in these volumes, most injudiciously in our opinion, as they are in every respect unworthy of Mrs. Radcliffe's talents. In the brightest period of her intellect she could hardly be said to have succeeded in poetry. Some, and but a few, of her verses, breathe an exquisite perception of the charms of nature, and purity as well as tenderness of feeling. But her lines almost universally want rythm, and the language, though sufficiently expressive of the author's meaning, is not of a poetical dialect. This is the more remarkable as we are told that

"To music she was passionately attached, and sang herself with exquisite taste, though her voice, remarkably sweet, was limited in compass. At the Opera she was a frequent visitor, and on her return home would sit up singing over the airs she had heard, which her quickness of ear enabled her to catch, till a late hour. She was peculiarly affected by

sacred music, and occasionally went to the oratorios, when they afforded her the opportunity of listening to the compositions of Handel. She was fond of listening to any good verbal sounds, and would often desire to hear passages from the Latin and Greek classics, requiring at intervals the most literal translations that could be given, however much the version might lose in elegance by the exactness.'—Memoir, pp. 99, 100.

Of Gaston de Blondeville we may observe, that it differs in its style, character, and machinery, from all Mrs. Radcliffe's previous productions. It is presented to us as an ancient legend. The language in which it is told is supposed to have been so far modernized as to be rendered perfectly intelligible, yet the construction of the sentences is framed upon the model of the old chronicles, and several obsolete phrases are revived for the purpose of assisting the fiction of its antiquity. To all this there is no sort of objection, as Mrs. Radcliffe has, we think, succeeded tolerably well in blending throughout her narrative simplicity of diction with the flowing, straight forward, and rustic style of some of our older writers. There is also a spirit of superstition and credulity about the work which takes us back into the bosom of the darker ages, and which ought perhaps, in a great measure, to prepare us for most of the extraordinary incidents of which the tale is composed. Yet, though amongst those incidents the frequent re-appearance of a murdered person from his restless and unhallowed grave, for the purpose of demanding vengeance against his murderer, would seem to be in perfect accordance with the notions which prevailed on that subject in the reign of Henry III., we own that we are disposed to think rather lightly of the inventive powers of an author who takes shelter under such exploded fancies, in order to make use of a resource so convenient, and so prolific of spurious horrors. One might as well attempt to found a tale upon the double suns which appear so often in the works of the old historians, upon the system of astrology, which once held such powerful sway amongst mankind, or upon the mysteries of witchcraft, which our legislature had so much trouble in eradicating from the minds of the people of this country, as upon the supposition that the ghosts of the murdered returned to the earth as often as they thought proper, in order to bring the guilty to justice. Tales of this description may startle the nursery, and amuse the vulgar, but they cannot attract the attention of those whose judgment is of any value in matters of literature.

We cannot, however, but acknowledge that, although much of the interest which Mrs. Radcliffe intended to produce in this romance depends upon the admission of supernatural agency, there are in it a few situations and incidents striking in their effect. There is a strong resemblance between the general outline of the story and that of Miss Harriet Lee's celebrated tale of Kruitzner. The essential difference between the two productions consists in this, that the injured person in Kruitzner appears in his real living cha-

racter to the discomfiture of the favoured hypocrite, who rose to honour by his wickedness; whereas, in Gaston de Blondeville, the secret guilt of the hero is discovered by the ghost of the victim whom he murdered. This difference in the conduct of the two stories makes all the distinction between a legitimate and an illegitimate mode of producing an impression; between that which is highly dramatic, and that which is merely melodramatic in its structure and scenery.

Gaston de Blondeville is a young knight of gallant personal appearance, who stands high in the favour of Henry III., and accompanies that monarch during one of his great Michaelmas festivals to Kenilworth Castle. The progress of the court to that ancient domain is described by Mrs. Radcliffe with great minuteness, and touched here and there with the fine gorgeous colourings of her pencil. As the king was about to enter the castle a stranger was seen to approach him, and fixing his eyes upon Sir Gaston, who was in attendance by his side, was heard to cry out "justice, most noble Henry!" For the moment it was supposed that the stranger was insane, and he was borne away on a shield, overcome by the intensity of his feelings. The following day he again sought the presence of the king, and demanded justice upon robbers and murderers who infested his high-ways. Upon being questioned, he said that his name was Hugh Woodreave, a merchant of Bristol; 'that three years before, travelling with a very large sum of money in his possession, and being in company with three other persons, two of them merchants of good repute, and the other a kinsman of his own, they were attacked in the forest of Ardenne, when about two miles from Kenilworth, and robbed of nearly all they carried!' His kinsman, who had served in the wars, was murdered on the spot, the rest escaped. Woodreave boldly accused Sir Gaston of being the murderer, and though the king imputed a charge, apparently so extravagant, to the malice and envy of Sir Gaston's enemies, of whom he had many on account of his French origin and his high favour at court, yet Woodreave was ordered to be confined in a distant turret of the castle, until the grounds of his accusation should be investigated. There he lay for several days, wholly forgotten. It was, however, a strong circumstance in favour of his complaint that, about the time of the alleged robbery and murder, a camp lay on the edge of the forest, and that Sir Gaston was there serving as an esquire to a knight.

Perhaps the most affecting parts of this romance are those in which the author takes occasion to contrast the lonely and neglected situation of the poor merchant, confined in the turret, stretched on a rude pallet, and restrained within a cheerless chamber, with that of the favourite, who was the object of his accusation, and who in the mean time performed a leading and distinguished part in all the mirth and revelry which occupied the court during Henry's sojourn at Kenilworth. There is something ex-

tremely engaging in the vigilant attention and tenderness with which the author seems to visit the cell of the innocent and unhappy prisoner, after the close of every successive scene of splendour and amusement, amidst which the imputations levelled against the favourite were for a while wholly suppressed. Sometimes the 'poor merchant,' as she loves to call him, heard the distant sounds of merriment and laughter, while he lay cold and weeping in his miserable prison.

'Sometimes, he would rise and look through his grated window upon the inner court of the castle, listening there awhile to the distant minstrelsy and to the confusion of numberless voices, footsteps, and closing doors, that rose from many a chamber below. Anon a torch-bearer would pass the court, a page, perhaps, or a yeoman; and would show the gloomy towers above, and the steps of the guest he led, at their feet. But, this passed, nothing could the prisoner see, save here and there, a lamp burning through a casement of glass (and a goodly show there was of such windows now in this castle) like stars through a clouded sky; but mostly the glorious beams of the great hall, that struck through the windows and lighted the air above. Once he heard the trumpets blow, and thought the king was coming forth, and once he fancied he saw, in the person of one who followed a torch-bearer, Sir Gaston himself. Then turned he from the casement, looked no more, and fell upon his pallet.

'At last, every distant sound grew fainter; the noise of the dancers ceased; then the minstrelsy sunk low; the voices of the hall revellers became few; he heard less frequently the doors opened and shut; and then he heard the fastening of bolts and bars: and, afar off, the castle gates closed for the night; and soon all grew still, as though no living creature inhabited there.

'And thus it kept, till the wayte piped his second watch in all the courts. Then the stranger arose, and, looking again through his grate, saw him well, by the light his groom carried, piping the hour. And, when the man had finished his saye, he went round the court, his boy-groom holding up the torch, while he tried every door, and found that all was safe. By this light too, he perceived the wardour's men on guard; but no living being else was seen. The windows of the great hall were dark; and, the torch being gone, nothing glimmered through the night, save one great star, which wizards say is evil. It stayed, at his hour, right over King Henry's lodgings; but for whom it watched, who was there that might tell? The prisoner knew the star, and all that was thought of it, and he betook him to his pallet groaning heavily.

'He had not long been there, when, as he thought, a voice near him spoke his name. Now, there was a small grate looked out from his chamber upon the stair; and thence the voice seemed to come. The prisoner, raising himself from his pallet, turned, and saw there the figure of a man passing away. He kept his eyes fixed, for some space, upon the grate, but the figure appeared no more, and he sunk again on his pallet.

'The voice, faint and passing as it was, had thrilled him with dread. Whose it was, wherefore it had called him by a name known but to few, and had then passed away, without communing with him, he tried in vain to understand; yet seemed it not wholly new to him.'—Vol. i. pp. 163—166.

The whole of this passage is highly picturesque and affecting; and in this manner the author often felicitously uses the situation of Woodreave for the purpose of interesting the reader in the description of scenes which he is supposed to witness from his lonely and elevated chamber in the turret. This simple artifice enables her to avoid a fault which has been frequently committed by herself in her former romances, and which may be noticed in very many works of fiction, even in those of the first order—we mean the narration of incidents and the description of scenery, given by the author in his own person, which ought to have proceeded from the characters engaged in them, or, at least, ought to have been so intimately blended with what passes in the minds of those characters, as to preclude the appearance of the author altogether. In this respect the use made by Mrs. Radcliffe of the poor merchant is a model which may be studied with advantage by future novelists.

There are few, indeed none, of the ghost scenes which we can recommend to their attention. The first appearance of the spirit takes place during the ceremony of Sir Gaston's marriage. The bride, of course, falls into a swoon, but, after causing sufficient consternation in the chapel, the ghost has the humanity to walk away, and the service proceeds to its conclusion. He appears again in the banquet-hall, during a great feast given by the king, clothed in heavy armour, which he quickly exchanges for the attire of a minstrel. Mrs. Radcliffe thus describes him:—

'There entered the hall, about this time, a jongleur, or glee-man, with harp in hand, clad in a cloak of grey, and took his seat at the lower end. His sandals were stained with marks of many a mile's travel; and he sat awhile wearied and breathless. Those, who saw him, supposed that he had been to Warwick Castle, there to exercise his art, as so many others of his craft did; that, having heard the lord of that domain was here, keeping festival at Kenilworth, and knowing a jongleur to be always welcome at such seasons, he had posted hither, with all speed, not waiting even to amend his guise. Yet, marvelled they how he had gained admittance, in plight so ill becoming a king's presence; but there was that in his look and stature, that agreed as little with his apparelling, as that did with the king's high presence; and which checked the questions they would have put to him. A page, seeing his weary look, offered him wine and meat; but he, with gesture that spoke as much as words, refused the gift, but accepted the good will.

'And now the minstrels came down from their gallery, and sat altogether, at the board's end, at the bottom of the hall, eating of the feast and partaking of the largesse-cup; there to remain, till the disguisings should enter. And it was a brave sight to see them all apparelled in the king's livery, guarded and laced with gold; their virger, more glorious than the rest, still directing all their doings. They eyed the stranger glee-man askance, and asked him not to their board, wondering why he came thither, where was no need of him, as they thought, and viewing his apparel with contempt and himself with disdain, as treading upon the skirts of

their greatness, he being no better than a wandering minstrel. He seemed to read their thoughts, and his proud looks did somewhat daunt them; yet did his ruffled spirit take refuge with his harp and gain strength from it; for, he soon struck forth sounds so strong and clear, as rung up to the arched roof, and filled all the hall with sudden wonder. Maister Pierre himself could not exceed him in force and spirit, and amongst the whole five of the king's harpers was not one, who might not have bowed before him. Soon the hum of busy tongues, that had often filled the hall with noise as of the murmuring tides, so that the whole band of minstrels might hardly at times be heard, (yet seemed not one tongue louder than another)—soon that hum was husht and still,—and the sound of that harp alone rose up out of the silence, and spread its sweetness over all the air. Every face was turned, with deep attention, one way, in search of the minstrel, and every head was hung aside.

'Observing this, he quickly changed his measure to one more wild and abrupt, and his eyes seemed to send forth sparks of fire, while he sang, with full and clear voice, parts of the famous lay of Richard Cœur de Lion, as

'"Him followed many an English knight,"

and other lines. Prince Edward, the while, seemed to lose not a word he sung. When he came to the words,

'"By the blood upon the grass
Men might see where Richard was,"

the glee-man could not end them before the prince, forgetting where he was, and, with fiery eyes, as if inspirited by them, stood like a conqueror on his field. The glee-man proceeded.

'"As snow ligges on the mountains,
Behelied* were hills and plains
With hauberk bright and helm clear
Of trompers and of tabourer;
To hear the noise it was wonder:
As though the earth above and under
Should fallen; so fared the sound!"

When the harper had ended, the king asked who played; and, being told a wandering glee-man, drawn hither by the fame of the festival, his highness ordered he should be taken care of and well supplied with banqueting.'—Vol. ii. pp. 54—59.

But the ghost, instead of waiting for the entertainment which was offered him, next turns magician, and, after the usual pageants had been exhausted, creates a wonderful scene for the amusement of his highness, which, like the tragedy in Hamlet, had for its object to expose the guilty one in its mirror.

'And now, while the king and the archbishop seemed severally to be pondering their thoughts, a solemn air of music was heard, without the hall, and the approach of another pageant withdrew his highness's attention, who enquired why this had not appeared before the voide, but finished by supposing, that it was some mysterie of the men of Coventry intended to surprise him. He, therefore, graciously took his chair again,

* Covered.

listening to the sad and sweet harmony that advanced, while he ruminated on the late extraordinary occurrences; for, indeed, the quiet mournfulness of these sounds promoted the musing of melancholy thoughts.

'At last, the pageant entered, and there appeared in the hall the presentation of a sea-shore, with high white cliffs, so cunningly mimicked, that it was the marvel of all, who beheld. There seemed the very waves, flashed with the setting sun and bickering in the light, as also breaking with gentle noise upon the strand; and a ship riding at anchor near, with a little boat lying on the beach, as if waiting to carry some one away. Now, the absence of certain evil sprites from this pageant, would have been enough to convince his highness, that this was no mysterie of the men of Coventry, without the beautiful deception of the scene here played forth,—and he marvelled.

'Then there came in, the music playing sadly, a knight and a lady, with two little children following. The knight took them up tenderly, and pointed to the ship, and kissed them. The while, the lady wept sorely, and hung upon the knight, who tried to comfort her, and, pointing to the ensign on his shield, which showed that he was prepared for the Holy Land, he knelt down, and raised his hands on high. She knelt beside him, and then the babes, lifting up their little hands, knelt too; the music, the while, playing solemnly and sweet. Then they rose up, and the knight again kissed the children, and held the lady to his heart. After which, mariners came in, and, launching the boat, the knight departed for the ship. But the lady stood weeping on that sea-shore, and motioning with her hand, till he reached the vessel, and it sailed away.

'But still she stood, while it vanished in that gloomsome mist, which now seemed to rise from the ocean, and to stain all that glorious west, where late the day had been. Then, seeing the bark no more, she turned away, and wept piteously, leading her little babes, and so she departed.'—Vol. ii. 69—71.

This was intended to represent the departure of a knight for Palestine, whither this extraordinary sorcerer next leads the spectators by the representation of that country, filled with Saracens and Christians engaged in combat. The knight, after many feats of arms, wins golden honours in the field, and sets out for his native land. The sea-shore is again exhibited, by the wonder-working spirit, with the safe landing of the knight, and next the forest in which he was murdered.

'And now other sounds were heard, but of what instruments none knew. They were grave and sad, with sometimes dreary pauses, that made many to shake. Then a forest appeared with gloomy woods, and no sunshine seen, save one gleam, which showed travellers coming on, as if to some towers, the tops of which were seen over the woods; and many in the hall said these looked like the towers of Kenilworth; others said they were different. It was now, when the light was failing on these towers, that a torch carried by one of the travellers began to cast its gleam beneath the boughs, and showed them to be three horsemen well appointed, one of whom appeared to be the very knight from Palestine; who the others were none knew; but the king viewed them with close

attention, and with seeming displeasure; and now not one word was spoken in the hall, and every eye was watching what would befall next.

'Anon there came out from the wood three men armed, and with masks upon their faces, who soon came up with the travellers and attacked them. These defended themselves as well as they could; but the knight being armed, it was he who fought well nigh for all. Now many stood up in the hall, and a murmur and confused noise ran through it, for they guessed in their hearts what this meant.

'The knight had his helmet on, but the visor was open, and thus was his face exposed; on his helmet stood a raven for his crest, with open beak and wings half-spread. He fought manfully with the stoutest of the robbers, whose mask falling down to the ground, it was too plain, that his countenance was the likeness of one then living in the hall and standing by the king's chair. On this, every one in the hall, not excepting the ladies, stood up, some looking eagerly to the high board, and others to the pageant, while his highness spake not, but sat as if sternly determined to watch this extraordinary delusion to the end; nor did he once look towards any one who stood near him.

'The end soon came; for the robber, wresting in a great struggle a sword from the knight, plunged it through his open visor, and he fell from his horse, a dead man. Then was there a universal groan throughout the hall. The robber departed, with the sword in his hand, and darkness fell over the whole scene, which appeared no more.'—Vol. ii. pp. 78—81.

The ghost now resumes his own character, and appears on the steps of the dais, clad in arms, with the raven on his helmet, and, on being challenged by the king, he points to Gaston de Blondeville as his murderer. The hall is thrown into general confusion, the doors are ordered to be closed in order to secure the ghost, but he easily escapes through a chink in the roof, and the king is persuaded that the whole is the work of magic. It would be a tedious labour to follow the ghost through all his operations. They are continued almost without interruption until Gaston de Blondeville is fairly "frightened to death," and Woodreave is released from his thraldom. To those who love fictions which recognise no boundary of space, no limitations as to time, no consistency that follows the known order of reason, or even of a sound imagination, the extravagant delusions of this narrative cannot fail to prove highly acceptable. Generally speaking, we should hope that the age of such credulity as this romance requires from its readers has passed away; even those who may be interested by it on a first perusal, will look back upon it as a sickly dream, that is much more likely to distemper the fancy than to gratify and improve it.

A considerable portion of this romance is occupied with minute and tiresome descriptions of the several courses which are supposed to have been served up at the king's banquets, and with details of a tournament, which will demand a considerable degree of patience from the reader. "Arguments" are prefixed to each chapter, as descriptions of the illuminated illustrations that are supposed to have

existed in the old manuscript from which the legend is feigned to have been taken. These "arguments" are, in general, prettily executed; they shadow out, in vague outlines, the events that are about to be narrated, and they often remind one of the fanciful vignettes which are to be found in books and manuscripts of an ancient date.

We shall conclude our notice of this wild tale with a forest scene, which will strongly remind the reader of Shakspeare's Ardenn, and is really very beautiful and picturesque.

'The queen was in her litter, hung with purple velvet, broidered with gold, drawn by milk-white steeds richly harnessed; six esquires riding before her; with divers of her court, and six pages running beside her, and compassed all about, with noble ladies and officers of her state. Chiefest among the ladies, for gracefulness, went the Baroness de Blondeville, on a white palfrey. A palfrey of the like, led by two pages, followed the queen, for her highness to ride, when she should so mind. The Countesses of Cornwall and Pembroke-Montfort were likewise in their litters, gorgeously apparelled, with a press of noble dames compassing them about and pages and footmen.

'Before the king rode the lord warden of this forest, attended by the verderer and other guardians of the vert and venison, with fifty archers, clothed in green, moving in pairs, and sounding by turns their bugles, with right merry glee. First began the four nearest his highness, and, when they took breath, eight struck up, further on; then again six sounded, and so the music rose and fell throughout the line with most sweet changes. The sound roused up the stags in the forest, and many a one afar off was seen to bound athwart the avenues from shade to shade. But the king came not to hunt, this day, nor would he let an arrow be levelled at any he saw, though this might have been done without fear of hitting; for they flitted from gloom, like a sun-beam among clouds, and hardly could you tell when they had passed.

'But that, which most delighted the queen's ladies in these wild woods was to see the nimble squirrels climbing among the boughs, and springing from branch to branch, so full of happy life it was a pleasure to behold. And some, when they had gained the topmost boughs, would quietly sit, cracking the chesnuts, and securely looking, with their full, quick eyes, on the company below.

'This noble company had not gone many miles under these forest shades, ere their horns were answered by others, afar off, that made every hill and dell to ring; yet feared they not what this might mean, nor made halt to inquire. Presently, coming where the woods opened, they espied, in a green lane, a demi-circle of tents, and on the hills beyond a body of archers—outlaws they seemed to be—three hundred at the least, drawn up in battle-array, as if ready to meet them. The noble company, nothing daunted, still advanced, and the king ordered his bugles to sound a parley; the which was no sooner done, than all the echoes of those hills answered with horns and straight the captain of the band came down upon that little plain, attended by twelve of his archers and by two pages, one leading a brace of milk-white greyhounds, in a chain of steel, the other bearing his bow and arrow. These approached the king, cap in hand, and

then, dismounting from their hobbies, the captain, who was no other than the king's bowman of this forest, taking his bow and arrow from the page, fell on one knee, and presented them to his highness.

'The king, having shot off the arrow, graciously returned the bow, with a purse of gold, and bade him rise, which he refused to do, until his highness and the queen should grant his petition, which was, that they would repair to the tents, and there rest; while his archers sought to entertain them with their bows. This granted, the bow-bearer rose, and, leading those snowlike greyhounds, whose necks were bound with collars of ebony inlaid with silver, presented them to the king, as lord of this forest. But they were the queen and her ladies, who best welcomed those delicate animals, admiring their slender forms and dainty coats, white as the ermine on their own mantles.

'Forthwith, their highnesses, with this noble company, repaired to the tents, where they found venison ready prepared for them, with other game, such as these woods afforded, and wines and fruits of autumn, all set forth on boards dressed out with oaken boughs, so that every table seemed a bower. The rustic seats of the king and queen were raised on turf, not carpeted with tapestry, but strewed with flowers, and, for their canopies of estate, they had arching branches of chesnut, wreathed with sweet woodbine. The wine was brought in beechen cups, carved from that noble tree, that stretched forth its mighty branches over the king's tent, and then sent out its spray, so lightly and so proudly, above the flag of England waving there. Also, instead of damask water in golden ewers, water, clear as crystal, was brought in beechen cups, and in hunters' horns, bound with silver, from the wild brook, that ran among the rocks, and that made, in its lonely course, still music under the green shadows.'—Vol. ii. pp. 123—129.

We have now, we think, enabled the reader to judge for himself of the merits, as well as the defects of Gaston de Blondeville. The poems which are eked out to nearly two volumes, consist of a long and unreadable romance, and a number of short pieces upon a great variety of subjects. If they had been all consigned to the flames Mrs. Radcliffe's fame would not have been in the least degree injured by the sacrifice. We present the following lines as the least unfavourable specimen which we could find in the whole collection.

'TO THE SWALLOW.

'O happy bird! thy gay return I hail;
For now I see young Spring, with all her train
Of sports and joys, borne on the western gale,
And hear afar her sweetly warbling strain.

Once more the opening clouds shall now disclose
The heaven's blue vault—the sun's all-cheering ray;
The vales, once more, in tender green repose,
The violet wake beneath the breath of May.

O happy bird! how playful and how light
Thy circling pinions skim the upward air;
Exulting, gay and playful in thy flight,
Companion of the Summer season fair!

Yet, while I welcome thee, and wish thee long,
I sigh to think that ere the Autumn fade,
Thou 'lt seek, in other climes, a vernal song,
More gentle gales and renovated shade.

Ev'n now I see thee on the light clouds soar,
And melt in distant æther from my view;
As laughing Summer, to the western shore,
Over the seas Biscayan you pursue.

Thy policy to us, ah! dost thou lend?
Flies thus, with gay prosperity—the friend?'—Vol. iv. pp. 204, 205.

To the prose romance, as well as to that in verse, copious notes, which help to swell out the four volumes, are added by the editor —Mr Radcliffe. They exhibit a good deal of antiquarian research, and are well written, though here and there unnecessarily tinged with religious peculiarities. It is due to that gentleman to add, that if this publication has been extended beyond its just proportions, through mercenary motives, he, at least, can derive no profit from them. He states, in a note, that every part of the produce of the purchase-money of the copy-right 'will be paid, as it shall accrue to him, to some charitable institution in England.'

ART. VII. *The Life and Times of Frederick Reynolds.* Written by himself. In 2 Vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* London. Colburn. 1826.

REYNOLDS was, for nearly forty years, the most indefatigable of all our writers for the theatre; he was, also, one of the most successful on the stage, and he was, altogether, the most money-making, his balance at the close amounting, as he 'feels happy in telling us,' to the sum of nineteen thousand pounds!

To give the world the knowledge of the means by which such a phenomenon in stage finance was produced, would have justified any man in writing a history of himself. But, in addition to this more substantial matter, Reynolds had, in the "written traces of his brain," a vast variety of pleasant recollections, compatriot and personal, theatrical and ultra-theatrical, of which he "would have been the cruelest he alive to leave the world no copy," and he may be considered as the residuary legatee, and "only surviving representative" of the Miles Peter Andrewses, the Tophams, and other rambling, lively, farce-writing, green-room-dangling men of the last half century. Those recollections he has collected after, like Milton, "long thinking and beginning late," and given them to the public in two handsome octavo volumes. He is, unluckily for his taste, not above the ancient and much-ridiculed contrivance of finding an apology for his present authorship. Pope set these things down under the general head of "obliged by *hunger*, and request of friends." Reynolds has added to these natural and influential motives the singular one of a 'severe nervous disease.' We doubt

whether such a motive ever struck man before; and we are perfectly sure, that the time was when he would have thought it an invaluable hit for a farce. Another of the ancient absurdities, which no man would have turned to pleasanter ridicule, is his commencing his work with the commencement of his ancestry, and even this he urges upward, like an old chronicler, into the clouds of hypothesis. 'Having heard my grandfather say, that *his* grandfather was secretary to Thurloe, Cromwell's secretary!' On this hint their descendant speaks, and, by the more than poetic licence of a "perhaps" of uncommon dimensions, fabricates himself into the lineal descendant of a statesman and warrior.

'Perhaps this same Reynolds, joining the military to the literary profession, was the man who dispersed the rebels at Burford in Oxfordshire; and then, allied with Jones, defeated the Marquis of Ormond, at Rathmines, near Dublin. He afterwards led over six thousand men for a junction with Turenne, at the siege of Dunkirk; which they took, and delivered to Cromwell after a victory over the Spaniards, at the battle of the Dunes. May, therefore, the reader, for the honour of *his* hero, believe that *this* hero was my ancestor.'—p. 2.

We pass over some pages of ancestry, and come closer to the biographer himself. His grandfather was an opulent merchant, living at Trowbridge, in Wilts. His house a 'curiosity,' and its master a 'curiosity;' a short man in a bushy bob-wig, with a little *round* hat (an offence for which, in that day, a man ran the risk of being shown about in a cage, or hung in effigy) and a full pompadour suit! He kept, however, a dull house; for, though he gave his grandsons a guinea a-day for living with him, none of them could endure to earn beyond the "third guinea," and he lived to be one hundred years old! Originality was obviously an inheritance.

'The youngest son (my father) now remains to be mentioned. He was born in 1728. My grandfather having determined that neither of his sons should lead a life of indolence, articled him in early youth to Mr. Pickering,' an eminent solicitor. When the term of his clerkship was expired, he entered into business on his own account. In course, at the commencement, his clients were not very numerous; but, aided as he was, by his father's influence, and supported by his money, and his own talents, they rapidly increased. What Johnson says of Savage may most appropriately be applied to him:—"He scarcely ever found a stranger whom he did not leave a friend." He was a thorough bon vivant, friendly, and liberal to excess: dotingly fond of society; of extraordinary humour, and vivacity in conversation; captivating in his manners, and handsome in his person.'—Vol. i. p. 4.

This man married the daughter of a rich retired merchant with £5000, then a large dower, of which this thriving woer made the following business-like note, on the back of the marriage settlement:—"August 12, 1752, received the sum of £5000, being the *consideration money* for the *purposes* within mentioned." The

solicitor made rapid way, his income was £3000 a-year, and he emerged into the "*world*" as it was then; 'he rented a large house in Lime-street, Fenchurch-street!' But he also bought a villa and estate, Southbarrow, near Bromley. Children and clients now came crowding upon him. After three sons the biographer appeared Nov. 1, 1764. In 1765 Reynolds had the curious fortune of having Wilkes for a client, and of being appointed country solicitor to Lord Chatham. He, at the same time, obtained several lucrative agencies; his income now amounting to the handsome sum of £5000 a-year.

Politics were the foolery of the time, and the solicitor being a weak man, was of course a violent politician.

'When I reflect on the political principles I heard inculcated in my youth, it is strange that I did not burst from the egg-shell, a perfect democrat. My father was a member of the society for supporting the Bill of Rights, and numbered amongst his intimates not only Wilkes, but Sir Francis Blake Delaval, Sayre, Horne Tooke, Lord Montmorris, and several of the other members. Consequently, our house was a little nest of opposition, where radicals of the present day, might have heard the whigs of the last, daily and nightly predict the certain and immediate downfall of the nation, that still exists in increasing splendour.'—Vol. i. p. 9.

The politician was now plunged into the full work of peril and expense belonging to such pursuits.

'Among the following year's events, I can only recollect that my father fought a colonel, and a common councilman: that he canvassed the electors of Nottingham, with a view to represent them in Parliament, but failed; and that he was made under sheriff of London, to his friend Sawbridge; in which office his political opinions then insured him a certain popularity.'—Vol. i. p. 10.

Reynolds in his boyhood saw Mrs. Barry in Desdemona, with whose appearance he was ominously charmed; and saw Wilkes, whose 'forehead low and short, his nose shorter and lower, upper lip long and projecting, and sunken eyes squinting' unspeakably, terrified him to tears. Wilkes, however, took this with his usual ease, and made a speech on his power of overcoming first impressions. A note contains something more of this popular personage.

'Another time Wilkes said, "That he required a fortnight to talk away his face." But to have formed an opinion of him from his house, any person would have imagined that his own sentiments, with regard to his person, were very different, for it was all looking-glass. Not satisfied with large and small mirrors in every part of the room, the panels of the doors were lined with the same material: so that though, according to the wish of the philosopher of old, he had not a glass in his breast to inform *others* of his actions, he had surrounding him a sufficiency to repeat them to *himself*.

'The house to which I allude was at Kensington Gore, where, to a party seldom exceeding three or four intimate friends, he used to give the most exquisite little dinners that can well be imagined. His custom was to

have no more than one dish placed on the table at a time; by which means the succeeding course was always produced hot. He was always attended by female servants. Wilkes, imagining that his conversation was less liable to be repeated by them, than by the males: on what principle he acted, I cannot venture to determine; but perhaps, being so surrounded by mirrors, on that, of the old French proverb, "The mind of a woman is like a *mirror*, which receives every impression, but retains none."—Vol. i. p. 20, 21.

Garrick was at this period near his setting, and Reynolds was not of an age to comprehend the powers of this marvellous actor, but he was enraptured with his Hamlet, and fought his way into the house on the night of his taking leave. He here tells a tolerably characteristic story.

'The riot and struggle for places can scarcely be imagined, even from the above anecdote. Though a side box close to where we sat, was completely filled, we beheld the door burst open, and an Irish gentleman attempt to make entry, *vi et armis*—"Shut the door, box-keeper!" loudly cried some of the party—"there's room by the pow'rs!" cried the Irishman, and persisted in advancing. On this, a gentleman in the second row, rose, and exclaimed, "Turn out that blackguard!" "Oh, and is that your mode, honey?" coolly retorted the Irishman; "come, come out, my dear, and give me satisfaction, or I'll pull your nose, faith, you coward, and *shillaly* you through the lobby!"

'This public insult left the tenant in possession, no alternative; so he rushed out to accept the challenge; when, to the pit's general amusement, the Irishman jumped into his place, and having deliberately seated and adjusted himself, he turned round, and cried,

'"*I'll talk to you after the play is over.*"'—Vol. i. pp. 90, 91.

Sterne says of the Sentimental Traveller, that all kinds of interesting things contrive to fall in his way. A man who intends to write his own life, is generally as fortunate as the sentimentalist, and the *choses frappantes* of this bustling world contrive to put themselves remarkably in the way of the future anecdotist. Reynolds, who saw the departure of Garrick, thus witnessed the more striking last effort of that vigorous and imperious politician, Lord Chatham.

'From the proximity of Westminster School to Westminster Hall, and the two houses of Parliament, I became a lawyer and politician in the egg-shell. I frequently attended the debates, and was, or rather imagined myself, a great admirer of Lord North, Fox, and Burke; and in Westminster Hall, of Lord Mansfield, Dunning, Thurlow, and Wedderburne. But, though young, and inexperienced, and dazzled by the sagacity, vigour, and eloquence of these gentlemen, I soon perceived that with great men a very little humour went a very great way; and often afterwards, when writing, I used to envy the one great advantage of Westminster Hall over theatres; however futile their attempts, barristers cannot be hissed, and dramatists may.

'On the Duke of Richmond's motion, April the 7th, 1778, relative to the independence of America, Lord Chatham rose from his bed, and, in

the midst of pain and debility, attended the house. By the kindness of the Duke of Bedford, I stood close to the venerable statesman, as he passed through the Peers' lobby; and I afterwards heard his speech during the debate. Never shall I forget the nervous and energetic tone in which he delivered the following passage:

'"I rejoice that the grave has not closed upon me, that I am still alive to lift my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy. Pressed down, as I am, by infirmity, I am little able to assist my country in this most perilous conjuncture; but I never will consent, while I have sense and memory, to deprive the royal offspring of the House of Brunswick of their fairest inheritance."

'The Duke of Richmond having replied to his speech, Lord Chatham attempted to rise to answer him; but, after two or three unsuccessful efforts, he fainted and fell. There was but one feeling through the house, both parties rushed to his assistance; though, on the sudden accidental interruption of an ordinary orator's speech, the majority say, or seem to say, "for this relief, much thanks!" '—Vol. i. pp. 112—114.

In this close the dramatist breaks out, and Reynolds is himself again. A personage very remarkable in his early day for ability, and as remarkable in his later for eccentricity, is now introduced.

'About this period, one of our constant visitors was the Honourable Thomas Erskine, who had lately relinquished the army and the navy, for a new profession, the law. Little did I then think, that this young student, who resided in small lodgings at Hampstead, and openly avowed that he lived on cow beef, because he could not afford to purchase any of a superior quality,—dressed shabbily, expressed the greatest gratitude to Mr. Harris for occasional free admissions, and used boastingly to exclaim to my father, "Thank fortune, out of my own family I don't know a lord," little did I then think, that I should ever live to see this distressed personage in possession of a peerage, the seals, and the annual receipt of about fifteen thousand pounds. But want of income, that great professional stimulant, urged him into action; and aided by strong natural talents, and increasing industry, his consequent success, and *rise*, were so rapid, that I remember Murphy, the dramatic author, always calling him the "Balloon barrister."

'One of his first clients was Admiral Keppel, who, being brought to a court martial by Sir Hugh Palliser, and acquitted, presented his successful young advocate with a bank note of one thousand pounds. Mr. Erskine showed us this novel sight, and exclaimed, "*Voila*, the *nonsuit* of *cow beef*, my good friends!"

'Soon after Lord George Gordon's trial, for whom, with Lord Kenyon, he was counsel, and where again there was a verdict of acquittal, he came with "all his honours thick upon him," and passed three or four days with us at Southbarrow. Whether success had not increased his companionable qualities, or, from what cause I know not, but, though equally conciliating to my father and my mother, he, and the junior part of the family, got so completely to loggerheads, that, on the day of his departure, full of our supposed annoyances, Jack, Robert, and myself, waylaid him at the gate, pulled off our hats, waved them, and then huzzaed him. He turned round abruptly, stared, and haughtily demanded what we meant!

'"We mean," cried Robert, "to pay the compliment due to your talents."

'"Ay," cried Jack, "particularly to your *talent* of making yourself *disagreeable*."

'Then we all ran into the house, and peeping through a window, saw him returning; when suddenly altering his mind, he put spurs to his horse, and galloped away.

'The next time we met in the Adelphi, Erskine shook us by the hand, laughed heartily at the circumstance, and said, "as he did not forget he was a *great* barrister, we were quite right in remembering we were the sons of a *great* attorney;" a character certainly not exactly to be trifled with, by either old or young big wigs.'—Vol. i. pp. 117—119.

That unaccountable convulsion which produced the riots of 1780, is touched on. Its origin, progress, and triumph, are among the most extraordinary instances on record of national madness on the one hand, and ministerial perplexity on the other. All seem to have lost their senses. Lord George Gordon physically mad, the mob morally mad, and the administration out of their reason with alarm and indecision. The king behaved manfully, and was the only one who did so. The magistrates shrank, the privy council would vote neither the one way nor the other. Lord Mansfield could not be prevailed on to say whether he had an opinion or not, on a question the very plainest that could be offered to men in their senses, "whether the outrages of the mob could be lawfully repelled by force;" the whole wisdom of the wise was paralysed, until the king put the point directly to Wedderburne, the attorney general, and extorted a direct answer from the lawyer. The troops were then ordered out, and after a few trifling conflicts, the mob, who in a day or two more would probably have laid the greater part of London in ashes, were completely repelled, and the whole tumult was put down.

Among those who were particularly perplexed on this occasion, was Reynolds's father, the solicitor and politician.

'My father (whose ideas of liberty consisted in thinking he should have the power of checking those in power, rather than that those beneath him should think of checking him) began to be puzzled as to his opinion of the riots. At first, he praised the magistracy for not interfering; but, the havoc spreading far and wide, and not exactly understanding mob *tyranny*, on Wednesday, June the 7th, he put one hundred and fifty guineas into his pocket, and took us all with him to Southbarrow; where, after dinner, he said, if the rabble continued to rule, he would, in a day or two, depart for France,—"A wise country," he added, "where the government was not in the people!"

'Jack agreed with him, and both he and my father continued vehemently to inveigh against a democracy, until the former unluckily hinted, that he thought the cause of the riots had commenced with the cry of "Wilkes and Liberty!" My father felt the rebuke, and rising abruptly from his chair, cried angrily to Jack, "Either you or I leave this room."

'"I know my duty, sir," replied my eccentric brother, and walked out, humming "God save the King."

'However, at midnight, when we walked on the lawn, and looking towards London, saw by the red appearance of the sky that probably half the metropolis was in flames (and recollecting also that, before our departure, all the prisoners had escaped from Newgate, Clerkenwell, and the New Prison to add to the universal horror and confusion) we approached my father, and instead of bantering him on his political tergiversation, unanimously thanked him for his kindness and foresight.'—Vol. i. pp. 131—133.

In 1782 young Reynolds was turned into a solicitor, and became at the same period a verse-maker, and, as for the purposes of poetry a Laura is essential, he fell in love with a girl, judiciously selected, one whose name was *convenient* for rhyme. But evil days were now coming upon his dynasty. The head of the house, always careless, good humoured, and idle, had made one of those starts for sudden fortune which has thrown so many bold men into bankruptcy. He purchased a West Indian estate. This was a terrible speculation; but this did not come alone, a political banker failed, and dispersed to the winds a large share of the property of his public-minded friend. Still there was a remnant; but for that too there was a ruin, and it was to be found in the indolence and gentlemanlike absurdity of the parent solicitor. His desk was neglected for his villa; he took to farming, and promised himself, as many a thriving citizen, born to be undone, has promised before him, that what he lost in the town, he would gain in the country; though, as the biographer says, 'we all knew that he never reared a turnip which did not cost him as much as a pine apple; nor dressed a leg of mutton which did not prove to him far dearer than venison.'

We have now nearly done with the solicitor; but we cannot resist the following touching picture of the *embarras* in which a politician may sometimes find himself in this land of party.

'In the latter end of March, Lord North and his colleagues in office resigned, and on the 30th of the same month the Rockingham administration came into power. Lord Effingham being appointed Treasurer of the Household, my father, for the second time in his life, became a government man; but Lord Rockingham dying on July the 1st, and the Shelburne administration, with William Pitt as Chancellor of the Exchequer, immediately commencing, Lord Effingham resigned, and my father suddenly found himself again in opposition.

'The Shelburne party being removed during the following April, by the coalition of Lord North and Fox, the latter came into power. My father, like many other politicians, then completely posed, used to shake his head, smile, and say, "I don't know which side to take now."

'In December of the same year North and Fox losing their places, owing to the India Bill, Pitt then returned into office, not only as Chancellor of the Exchequer, but also as First Lord of the Treasury.'—Vol. i. p. 152.

Which the author slyly winds up with 'So much for politics, now for quackery on a *smaller scale*.' The solicitor was ruined in the

usual way; idleness, good cheer, and accommodation bills, put an end to this flourishing and causidical politician. His son Frederick, who seems to have been the only one of his eccentric family of whom he could make any use, was sent to Spa to dun Lord Grandison, an Irish peer to whom Reynolds was agent. There he heard the following incident from Count Zenobio, who *very* probably has some others of the same calibre in his possession.

'A short thin man, whom nobody knew but by sight, suddenly became a constant attendant at the gaming tables. This man, during a whole fortnight, continued night after night, in the most extraordinary manner, to win enormous sums of the faro bankers, as well as the surrounding betters.

'He wore spectacles, and appeared so short-sighted, that he was always obliged to touch the connters with his nose, before he could distinguish the card. Such was his luck, that whatever card he backed was sure to win.

'On the last night of his appearance at Spa, one of the gamesters, a young half intoxicated Irishman, had lost an unusually heavy sum. His temper was quite gone, and he vituperated his lucky opponent in a style that might have edified the most abusive fishwoman in Billingsgate. "D—— you, you old dog," he cried, "and most particularly d—— your spectacles! By the powers, see, if I won't try my luck myself in your cursed spectacles!" and snatching them from him, he put them on his own face. At first, he could distinguish nothing, but on approaching the cards within three inches of his nose, he discovered that the spectacles were strong magnifiers. His suspicion and curiosity were immediately excited, and he turned to demand an explanation of the wearer; but he was gone. An examination then commenced, and the cause of this wonderful continuity of luck was speedily discovered.

'The cards in Spa are not bought of shopkeepers, as in England, but every autumn, the proprietors of the gaming tables repair to the grand fair at Leipzig, and there purchase their stock for the year. Thither the spectacle gentleman had also hied, not as a *buyer*, but as a *seller* of cards, and at such reduced rate, and of such excellent quality, that all the purchasers resorted to him; and Spa, and several other towns, were literally stocked solely with his cards. At the back of each of these, concealed amongst the ornaments, and so small as to be imperceptible to the unassisted eye, was its number, with a particular variation to denote the suit. Then the rogue came to Spa disguised, with blackened hair, and spectacles; and there, as a *gentleman* gambler, would have broken all the banks in Spa, but for the fury of the enraged Irishman. As it was, he decamped with several thousand pounds.—Vol. i. pp. 209—211.

Here, by his adroitness, the young envoy actually extracted a draft for five hundred pounds from the noble lord, and on his return to Brussels he was struck with the whim of seeing France, for which, as the Americans had just seduced the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth into war, all passports for the English were refused. For this absurdity he might have suffered dearly, and was on the point of being thrown into prison on his reaching Paris.

He, however, with difficulty obtained the intervention of Franklin's secretary for a day's respite, and finally made his escape, after suffering sufficient expense, insults, and terror, in the disguise of a footman. The French revolution was already preparing, and the caricature which he describes is as expressive as could have been wished by a moralist.

'As we returned we went into a caricature shop. Here I was particularly struck by the evident discontent of the people; who, as if unable to give it a sufficient vent, by whispering and printing, painted and engraved it. In one of these caricatures, fishes were seen flying in the air, while birds were drowning in the sea; a court of justice was inverted; the king, in his robes, stood attempting to water some drooping plants, but the water flew upwards. By his side, on its hinder legs, stood a large female wolf, to whom an immense pocket was attached, into which several courtiers of the Austrian faction were seen rapidly pouring gold; while in the wolf's paw was a large flambeau, whose long flame descending perpendicularly, fired their wigs.

'On the *wolf's head*, which bore a most ridiculous resemblance to the *Queen*, were immense plumes of feathers; alluding to the *feather mania*, with which Marie Antoinette had infected the court, at a period when they were only worn on the heads of horses. Never had fashion a greater rage; every week an additional, a handsomer, or a larger feather was attached; until at length the queen, her suite, and her horses, at a short distance from the beholder, were lost in one waving, undulating forest of feathers.' —Vol. i. p. 229.

The feather mania was infinitely odious to the hair-dressers, and all the tribes living upon the *coiffeur* art only. Its speedy abandonment appears to have saved the throne from a premature overthrow. On this fashion Sir Charles Bunbury wrote the following epigram, to which we give a place, as unequivocally the *worst* that it is possible to conceive:—

"Since to ape horses sinks womankind,
Heaven forefend they lovers should find;
For he that courts and wins such fools
Must raise a race of horrid *mules!*"—Vol. i. p. 230.

We have quackery enough in our day; but the period just preceding that time till the revolution, which put an end to all lighter frauds, was singularly full of national fooleries,—Dr. Graham's celestial bed, animal magnetism, ballooning, lotteries, and a crowd of minor arts of extracting the popular money. The "perfectibility system," and the "rights of woman," were to be the rage of a more accomplished period.

We at length come to the proper business for which Frederick Reynolds was sent into being. 'On the 30th of September, 1793,' says he, 'I was present when Mr. Kemble made his first appearance on a London stage, in the character of Hamlet!' There is not much in this statement; but the manner is every thing. This brief, unadorned, oracular sentence, evidently stands

as the motto for the temple of the dramatist's fame; the starting post from which he was to urge his poetic wheels for forty years; the spell by which his glory and his guineas were to be ruled, till "first and second music" had no sound in his ears; till box-books and orders were to him but as common foolscap; and till third, sixth, and ninth nights were confounded to him with the more vulgar products of the calendar. He gives an astonishing anecdote of the ingratitude of the play-going creation.

'During the run of my really popular, half popular, really damned, and half damned pieces, I should imagine that I have, on an average, written or procured one hundred and fifty double orders to each; consequently, calculating from the commencement of my dramatic career down to the present period, on the aggregate, above fifteen thousand people have, through my privilege alone, entered the theatre *gratis*.

'But to conclude this, in every respect unprofitable subject, I will merely add, that the only token of gratitude I ever remember to have received from the aforesaid fifteen thousand *freemen*, was a short civil note from a pastry-cook's boy in Dean-street, thanking me for his four admissions to the gallery, and requesting my acceptance of a *raspberry puff*, and a little *pigeon pie!*'—Vol. i. p. 269, 270.

He now fancied that he had fallen in love, and to acquire fame and fortune at once he wrote "Werter, a tragedy." His play was refused by all the London theatres; but it was brought out successfully at Bath, in 1785, the house being crowded, the front of the boxes all covered with pocket-handkerchiefs ready for action, 'a display which regularly took place during the Siddons' mania,' and every thing giving evidence that several of the handsomest and most conspicuous of the belles intended to be seized with hysterics on the earliest opportunity. In the 'garden scene, where Albert and Charlotte mutually endeavoured to compose Werter, we were delighted by the sound of the first *fit*, and by the scent of its usual concomitant, hartshorn.' Shortly another fainted. In the scene of 'the readings from Ossian *three more* fainted, and so precisely at the same moment, that, being a complete *neck and neck* business, the best judges could not decide which of them had won the race.'—Vol. i. p. 307.

Werter was hissed a good deal, but the *mysteries* carried the day, and the young author was raised into sudden renown. He was next day taken by Ring, the master of the ceremonies, to the pump-room, where he was warmly congratulated by the late *Archbishop* of Armagh, Lady Abingdon, Miss Sophia Lee and her sister, Pratt (the author of Sympathy), Sir Thomas Lawrence, and by the "*old queen* of Bath," Mrs. Macartney, who condescendingly told him that she would see his play, and 'if *she* approved of it' would actually give him a card for her ball and supper a few evenings after. The tragedy was performed at Bristol, where Reynolds went to inhale new triumph, and had the *happiness* of sitting by a stranger, who, before the end of the second act, tap-

ping his shoulder, exclaimed, "Wretched sad stuff, sir; and if you will begin to hiss I will join you heart and soul!" Such are the glories of man! On his return to London his father inquired whether he had got any thing beyond the *vox populi?* to which the author replying in the negative, the solicitor gave him the following piece of advice, worthy of being painted in letters of gold on the walls of nine-tenths of the chambers of the Temple, &c.—"Then stick to a declaration, or a bill in chancery, my boy; for though they are pretty sure not to be applauded, they *may be encored*, and they *must be paid for!*"

He was now fairly in the dramatic harness, and determined to write *four* pages of dialogue, of one kind or other, every day. On this plan he began "Eloisa, a tragedy," commencing his dialogue in this winning style:—"Well now, my darling, what have you to say for yourself?" He showed his play to Murphy, who pointed out some absurdities, and gave him in return the following lesson, which we cordially recommend to all the nervous, from the foot of Parnassus to the Peak.

'The conversation then turning on newspapers, he asked me, whether I suffered under their attacks? I replied, that I had had no opportunity of judging, for hitherto all I had seen had been favourable; but I did not think the reverse would make much impression on me. He then confessed that during the early part of his dramatic career, he had writhed greatly under their lash; "but," he added, "I was cured for ever, through the interposition of a blessed shower of rain, which driving me into a small coffee-house in Whitechapel for shelter, I there saw a file of the preceding year's papers on the table, and glancing my eye over one of them, read in the first page, 'Mr. Murphy to-morrow!' Guessing that this threat was only the prelude to a thorough punishment, I searched for the next day's paper, and there, according to my expectations, found a most outrageous attack on 'Murphy's *flimsy, linsey-woolsey Way to Keep Him.*' In the following number was a more violent abuse, if possible, on the *Pilferer's All in the Wrong*, and then another, and another for Murphy, and all the rest of his plays in succession. Now when I reflected that, that year, my plays had been successful at night, though by this *ultra* Churchill condemned every morning, and that the whole time, owing to 'no good-natured friend' having shown me these facetious criticisms, I had walked, talked, eaten, drunk, and slept as well as ever, I left the coffee-house in high good humour, determined, for the future, to 'let the gall'd jade wince; *our* withers are unwrung.'"—Vol. i. pp. 319—321.

Another *mania* had for some time seized on the fashionable world—this was "private theatricals." Richmond-house was the great rendezvous of these high-born and awkward Othellos and Romeos. Lord Derby, Lord Henry Fitzgerald, and Mrs. Damer, were the amateur *rivals* of Kemble, Lewis, Siddons, and Farren. Old Macklin's opinion on these points was probably the true one, "that the best private actor that ever trod the stage was not half so good as Dibble Davies" (a third-rate performer of the day).

The old solicitor had been long *ruining*, but the ruin came at

last; his whole property was seized, and, with three-and-twenty guineas, he fled to France. His sons had now a very fair prospect of starving, when, by a turn of fortune, their grandfather, the man of the pompadour suit, died, and left the two younger brothers nine hundred pounds a-piece, on which they took chambers in the Temple. The author evidently delights in the privations of that time, and describes his regular dinner as 'kidneys roasted on a *fork*, potatoes boiled in a *shaving-pot*, and a small quantity of weak punch in a *cracked basin*.' He must have had poverty in those matters, for five shillings would have rectified his whole *culina*.

A grand step in his career was now at hand. He saw Lewis in 'The Copper Captain,' and was, as well he might be, delighted with the spirit and brilliancy of that incomparable actor. He conceived the idea of writing a comedy for him, and produced "The Dramatist," perhaps his *chef d'œuvre*. In three months he waited on Const the barrister with its outline. Const pointed out some errors, and at the end of the year it was presented to Harris at Covent Garden, by whom it was refused as too *wild*;—to Drury Lane, when Sheridan also found it too *wild*; and to the Haymarket, when Colman also found it too *wild*. 'I told Andrews that it must be his, for "there was *gunpowder* in every line."' The unfortunate writer took it back, and began his experiments on popular titles by calling it "Crim Con:" this too was repelled. But Reynolds had made an accidental acquaintance with Major Topham, proprietor of "The World" newspaper, and his play was allowed by Harris to be performed for the benefit of Mrs. Wells, a moderate actress, but a celebrated beauty, peculiarly favoured by Topham. It should be known, that a play brought out for a benefit makes its appearance under the worst aspect possible; for, if the manager had thought it worth any thing, he would have brought it out for his own advantage. Disaster still hung upon the writer. At the green-room reading all the actors pronounced "that it would fail." Lewis, the Atlas of the piece, disliked his part; and even Reynolds felt his heart sick. But, on the night of acting, Lewis was more than himself, and the play triumphed:—it was repeated.—The receipts on the third night were one hundred and eighty pounds; (we are to recollect that the house was not half its present size). The expenses of the night were one hundred pounds, (they are now two) and Reynolds walked home to astonish his brother and his nurse with the sight of eight ten pound notes! This implies a promptitude in the treasury which later times have deplorably forgotten. Harris subsequently gave him two hundred pounds for his two other nights, and promised him the profits of the twenty-first: an arrangement for which Harris deserves immortal laudation, as it was the original precedent for giving a fourth night to authorship.—"Esto perpetua!" Reynolds at length, thus rising a little in the world, paid a visit to Topham, in Suffolk, where he

met Elwes, the miser. Topham was a man made up of singularity; he wore a grotesque dress, wrote grotesque farces, and lived a grotesque life; but his true honours with posterity will be founded on his being the inventor of *high waisted breeches*, those of the cotemporary world being 'so very short, that half the day, and a whole hand, were entirely employed' in keeping them in *statu quo*. Many a sounding name lives on less authentic claims. The eccentric major was of no trivial use to the industrious author, who introduced him into as many comedies as he could; and finally computes the value of his friend, in this point, at a thousand pounds clear stage profit; congratulating himself with infinite coolness on having lived in a period when such characters were to be had. 'Had I written,' says he, 'during the present day, I must have starved; for the comic satirist has now (unless he resort to foreign aid from Vaudevilles, &c.) only one character to commence and conclude his stock with—the dull, cold, artificial dandy.'

The king ordered the "Dramatist" for his visit to the theatre: this revived the popularity of the play; and the prince, his present majesty, went on the twenty-first night, which produced to the author £225: a vast sum in those days of low prices.

These volumes abound in fragments of practical wisdom, which, however oddly expressed, the young and romantic should lay to heart. Reynolds had gone to Cheltenham for relaxation from all this scribbling, and at the watering-place fell in love, as is the custom. One morning, as he was sighing over the departure of his *last* love, an old lady thus consoled him:

"Before her carriage reaches Gloucester, all tenderness for you will be *bumped* out of her; and, at the ball to-night, all your love for her will be *danced* out of you."

He adds, 'The old lady was right.'—*Experientia docet.*

Andrews is, after all, the *curiosity* of the book. Giddy, humoursome, and vain, a thorough green-room man, he yet continued to manage his powder mills with the diligence of a complete man of business; giving huge dinners and parties to persons of rank, millionaries, and literati, whom he entertained separately, and all with equal splendour. He loved a guinea, and entered into close compacts with Reynolds for his share of the profits of some trivial theatrical pieces, which they had compounded in partnership. He could lend money to a liberal amount; while, as Reynolds says, 'he never ceased to complain of a dramatic writer, who had fled to France, owing him *three guineas.*'

Characters of this kind seem to have been provided for the use of this pleasant playmaker. A wealthy friend, an M.P., had invited him to pass a month at Brighton: after a fortnight Reynolds was compelled to return to town. His opulent friend grew nervous, and urged him back 'to cheer him with his society.' At the end of the month, his entertainer handed him an account, saying, that

Reynolds's expenses in chambers would have amounted to three guineas a week, whereas he charged him but *two*, so that he had rather *gained* than lost by his seaside excursion.

There is a good deal in these volumes, as might be expected, about Harris, Lewis, Kemble, and the other leading performers; something about the men of fashion with whom our author occasionally associated, and who appear to have been a peculiarly pleasant and easy mannered set, and a great deal of miscellaneous anecdote. Of one portion of the Memoirs, however, we most decidedly express our regret that it should have appeared. The whole intercourse with Mrs. Wells must be looked on by the author as a disastrous and lamentable affair, which ought not to have been communicated to the public.

We conclude with one of the tricks of the notorious Sheridan, of which we had not heard before.

'As a fair humourous specimen of *ruse contre ruse*, and of Sheridan's most adroitly *hoaxing* the *hoaxers*, I must add the following anecdote. I was walking one day with Tom King in Pall Mall, when we met the celebrated clown, Grimaldi, father of the present Joe Grimaldi: approaching us with a face of the most ludicrous astonishment and delight, he exclaimed,

'"O vat a *clevare* fellow dat Sheridan is!—shall I tell you?—*Oui*,—Yes I vill—*Bien donc*—I could no never see him at de theatre, so *je vais chez lui*—to his house in Hertford-street, muffled in great coat, and I say, '*Domestique!*—you hear?'—'Yes.'—'Vell, den, tell your master dat M. —— de Mayor of Stafford be below.' *Domestique* fly—and on de instant, I be shown into de drawing-room. In von more minute, Sheridan leave his dinner-party, enter de room hastily, stop suddenly, stare, and stay,—'How dare you, Grim, play me such a trick?' Then putting himself into a passion, he go on,—'Go, sare! get out of my house.' 'Begar,' say I, placing my back against the door, 'not till you pay me my forty pounds,'—and then, I point to de pen, ink, and paper, on von small tables in de corner, and say—'Dere! write me the check, and de mayor shall go *vitement*—*entendez vous?* If not, *morbleau*, I vill ——'

'"'Oh!' interrupted dis *clevare* man, 'if I must, Grim, I must,'—and as if he were *très pressé*—very hurry—he write de draft, and pushing it into my hand, he squeeze it, and I do push it into my pocket. Vell den, I make haste to de banker's, and giving it to de clerks, I say, 'Four tens if you please, Sare.'—'Four tens!' he say with much surprise—'de draft be only for four pounds!' O! vat a *clevare* fellow dat Sheridan is! But I say—'If you please, sare, *donnez moi donc*, those four pounds.' And den he say, 'Call again to-morrow!' Next day I meet de manager in de street, and I say 'Mistare Sheridan, have you forget?' and den he laugh, and say, 'Vy, Grim, I recollected afterwards—I left out the *O!*'—O! vat a *clevare* fellow dat Sheridan is!"'—Vol. ii. pp. 231—233.

In general these volumes are extremely amusing; there is still something for criticism. The style is frequently careless and inelegant, for which, indeed, the author had prepared us, by a disclaimer of all scrupulousness on the point, in the beginning of his

work. The wit of the professional *farceur* is too predominant; and, what is most faulty as a matter of taste, the stories bear the most unblushing evidence of having been half made, or whole made, for effect: some of them would pass for extracts from his port folio for 'the next comedy.' Of his *liaison* we have already given our opinion: its *total* excision would infinitely benefit the work; and we hope the author, and no man understands *bienseance* better, will abate this nuisance of his clever Biography in his next edition.

Art. VIII. *A Tour through the Island of Jamaica, from the Western to the Eastern End, in the year* 1823. By Cynric R. Williams. 8vo. pp. 352. 15*s*. London. Hunt and Clarke. 1826.

Mr. Williams avows himself to be a West India proprietor, and it is necessary to read but a few pages of his book, in order to perceive that it has been much less his object to describe his tour in Jamaica, than to put forth, under that title, a defence of the slave system. According to his representation, the negroes are as happy as they wish to be, infinitely better off than the peasantry in England; well fed, neatly clothed, splendidly lodged, and treated by their masters universally with the greatest tenderness and kindness. He admits that they have no religion, that ideas of moral decency are still unknown to them, and, strange to say, he deprecates the means which have been used, or any which still remain to be tried, for the purpose of opening their minds to the great truths of Christianity, and the social virtues which are founded on them. The proceedings of the missionaries he looks upon as intended only to revolutionize the islands, to inspire the slaves with hatred against their proprietors, and, in short, to convert the freedom which awaits the former, into an instrument for reducing the latter to the lowest degree of subservience and penury. Even the appointment of the new bishops, and the efforts which have been made by the ministers of the established church for the education and improvement of the slave population in the West Indies, have not escaped his animadversion and ridicule.

We do not mean to deny that the conduct both of the missionaries and of the agents of the state religion, in the West Indies, is open in many instances to just censure. It may be that the charges of hypocrisy and fraud which Mr. Williams has brought against them, are not altogether the creations of his fancy. But assuredly the vices of individuals are not to be imputed, with any sort of justice, to a religion which condemns them, and even if all the ministers who have hitherto attempted to diffuse Christianity among the negroes were the most profligate of mankind, it does not therefore follow that the slaves ought to remain for ever devoted to their ancient habits of ignorance, impiety, debauchery, and grossness

of every description. This, however, is the burthen of Mr. Williams's argument. He blames and caricatures the missionaries for attempting to instruct the negroes, contends that the latter are not so generally or so openly abandoned to vice as the corrupted portion of the inhabitants of European countries, and then concludes, that it would be extremely desirable to allow the slaves to remain as they are, unrestrained in their libertinage, uninformed of the God who created them, uncheered by the hope of any rewards, save those which a relaxation from labour can bestow, and unchecked by the fear of any punishment, save that which the lash of the overseer can inflict! Like most of the advocates upon his side of the question, Mr. Williams goes too far, and produces an irresistible conviction that the welfare of the slaves never enters into his contemplation, and that indeed the only feeling which gives energy to his sentiments, and warmth to his language, is that arising from the sordid, selfish, contemptible fear of pecuniary loss, or the equally despicable calculation of gain.

We cannot too strongly condemn the air of licentiousness, that appears to characterise almost every portion of this volume, in which the moral improvement of the negroes is spoken of. The author not only laughs at every prospect that may be entertained for reforming their habits, but glosses over their vices as if they were mere personal weaknesses, which called rather for sympathy than amendment. Without at all affecting to set ourselves up as censors of the morals of Jamaica, or to prescribe any very rigid rules against the system of manners which seems to prevail there, we cannot but express our opinion that if Mr. Williams represents generally the sentiments of the West India resident proprietors, which he frequently declares to be the case, they stand as much in need of correction, nay, of that wholesome chastisement which adversity can inflict upon them, as the unfortunate negroes themselves. In order to justify this opinion, we shall extract part of a conversation, which the author heard at the table of a barrister in Kingston; the company was composed of solicitors, merchants, and planters.

'The resolutions of the House of Assembly were regularly criticised: one thought them right, another good, a third strong, a fourth milk and water, a fifth would have had them "speak daggers," and bite as well as show their teeth:—one person only ventured to say that the English parliament had a right to legislate for the colonies, and he drew a host of foes on himself immediately. He observed, that the emancipators cast in the teeth of the planters and slave-owners, that the negroes were governed and tried by laws which they had no voice in enacting. This was an unlucky remark to blunder on, for every one had an answer, viz. "Do not the *Saints* wish to impose laws on us? Is it not their object to make laws for us, in which we are to have no voice whatever? Are we represented in the English parliament by any one of the rotten boroughmongers who would legislate or affect to legislate for us? I

think the English government has had enough of legislating for colonies. The Americans have hammered a little more sense into Johnny Bull's head, than will suffer him to come to points even with the Creoles. The English aristocracy laugh at us and our resolutions, no doubt, and think of us as of saucy children; but it is no proof of wisdom or discretion to despise even a feeble enemy."

'Then followed a chorus, I grieve to record it, of execration and disgust against "the ignorant, infatuated, hypocritical reptiles that were gnawing the vitals of the colonists." '—pp. 225—227.

Then follows a long tirade against Messrs. Buxton, Macauley, Wilberforce, and Stephen, so disgusting for its injustice and acrimony, that we cannot stain our pages with any part of it. But we must give the conclusion of the scene, as it is a good index to the character of these colonial tyrants, who sit in such iniquitous judgment upon the motives and conduct of Englishmen, truly deserving of that name, by their manly virtues, and their unbending integrity of principle.

'Thus, adds Mr. Williams, they continued their carouse, as far as I may guess, long after Nunnez had conducted me, not to my lodging-house, but to a ball of persons of colour, something in the style of that which I had seen in Westmoreland. Here, I imagine, they were all free people, mostly mulattoes and quadroons, with several European gentlemen among them, who enjoyed themselves in dancing and philandering with their partners, many of whom were really lovely, beautiful creatures.

'Nunnez tells me that libertinage prevails among this class to as great an extent as among the dress-makers in the metropolis of England, but without any deceit. The people consider such connections perfectly respectable, and even necessary in a society where men come to make fortunes, not to settle themselves for life. I own I could have fancied myself at the court of Calypso, where there were so many lovely creatures, without vanity or affectation, replete with every attraction of youth, grace, and amiability.'—pp. 232, 233.

These passages speak for themselves. Profligacy reigns triumphant in Jamaica, and, until it be reformed, the British Parliament will expect in vain the co-operation of the planters, in the execution of the plans of amelioration which it has so frequently proposed. While upon this subject, we cannot forbear from laying before our readers an account of the sentiments entertained, and of the practice pursued by Mr. Matthews, an extensive planter in Jamaica, an account manifestly in complete harmony with the opinions and wishes of the author.

'According to him (Mr. Mathews), Jamaica is to be wholly free, to be emancipated from the tyranny of England and the humbug of the *Saints*. He acts up to this doctrine, by having nothing in his house which is the produce of England, except where he cannot possibly avoid it. His soap, candles, oil, and all his provisions, are trans-atlantic. He has neither tea, porter, cider, wines, fish sauces, nor hams, from England. His plate is manufactured from dollars, by one of his book-

keepers, who has been educated by a goldsmith. His clothes are made in the island, though of British cloth. His furniture has been made by his own carpenters; his beds stuffed with his own silk cotton. His pen (or estate) produces a superabundance of maize and guinea corn, (the latter yielding the finest flour in the world) rice, if required, and every species of the bread kind in profusion. He has a handsome carriage made on his own premises, and, with the exception of a few tools, he is as independent of all the wants which England supplies to others, as if England had ceased to exist. Even the tools might be made of the iron of the country, of which he has had a small field-piece cast. Of gunpowder he wants little, but he says that the caves inhabited by bats will yield abundance of saltpetre. He showed me a machet, or cutlass, made by one of his own blacksmiths, of a very excellent temper, and bows and arrows of the most diabolical invention that can be conceived. No ship of war, no fleet could escape destruction, if once within their range. The arrows are made of hollow reeds, filled with some combustibles mixed with nitre and resinous gums, and take fire on striking the object, at which they are directed, by the percussion of their points. They can be discharged from cross-bows, or even guns. The points resemble the detonating tubes invented by Joseph Manton for his fowling-pieces, with a spike at the end, and a button to prevent them penetrating too far. The button also causes the percussion to take place, which ignites a grain or two of fulminating powder, and the arrow is instantly in a blaze. Let a fleet once come within the reach of a thousand such arrows, and we should soon have a second battle of Lepanto; at least I judge so from the experiments I saw tried with a couple of them.'—pp. 65—67.

Another of the island radicals is for sending members to the congress of the United States, and for making Jamaica a dependency of that republic. But the question of separation from England, whatever may be the subsequent destiny of the colony, seems to be one already in a great measure decided, so far as the resident proprietors are concerned, if the emancipation of the negroes be persevered in by Parliament. We need hardly say that threats, and even preparations for the accomplishment of that separation, have little in them to excite alarm in our minds. We have alluded to them in order to show the violent extremes to which the planters seem inclined, rather than yield to the proposed change in the condition of the slaves. They may indeed retard and embarrass the progress of emancipation, but we have no fear that they can eventually defeat it.

With respect to the execution of that part of Mr. Williams's book which is dedicated to the description of his tour, and of the peculiar manners, and the incidents which fell under his notice in the course of it, we regret that we cannot speak very highly. His sketches are in general sprightly, but they are at the same time so much in the style of caricature, that their fidelity may be questioned. In his remarks there is a tone of levity, which though we must admit that it is sometimes amusing, and never ill-intended, nevertheless detracts from the merit of his work, and leads him

occasionally into a mode of expression that is much more familiar to those who frequent the turf and the ring, than to gentlemen of literary habits. We think it due, however, in fairness to the author, to enable the reader to judge for himself of the general character of the work. The following description of a negro-house and its contents is evidently a favourable one.

'The house is about forty feet long and almost eighteen wide, built of boards and covered with fan-palms, divided into five apartments, of which the principal is eighteen feet square. This is the hall; the other apartments lead from it; three serving for sleeping rooms, and the fourth for a sort of pantry. There is a door at each end of this hall through which the smoke escapes when it is necessary to boil the pot: at no other time is there occasion for fire. When I entered, I saw a negro woman squatting on the floor attending the cookery of her husband's dinner, which was simmering in an iron pot, and consisted of ochro and cocos, picked crabs, and salt fish, with a bit of salt pork. The lady was peeling a few plantains to roast, and the lord of the mansion was inhaling the fumes of tobacco from a short juako pipe, as he lolled at his ease in his hammock, suspended from one of the rafters to within two feet of the floor. There was a substantial deal table in the hall, with four rush-bottom chairs and a wooden bench, over which hung a bunch of corn, and a machet or cutlass; above these was a shelf with a range of white plates and a few glasses, and above these hung several pieces of salt fish, and a good bunch of plantains. There was a basket of yams near the table, as if just brought in, and on it a coco-nut shell with a handle to ladle water or soup. Several tin pans hung from one of the beams, and among them a large net full of cocos. There was an oil-jar in one corner to hold water, and a hoe and bill-hook in another, beside a large gourd with a hole in it, which serves as a musical instrument, and is called a drum. There was likewise a gombay, and a bonja which is much like a guitar, and several calabashes were ranged along the beams, containing sugar or coffee. I must not forget to mention three young children, fat and sleek as moles, that were playing about the house and garden, which contained plaintain suckers, an alligator pear tree, mangos, two or three coco-nut trees, orange trees, a few coffee bushes, and many other fruits and vegetables, and a pine-apple fence separated it from the adjoining garden. There was a pigstye in one corner, occupied by a sow and her family. This is a portrait of one of the inferior cottages, some of the best having jealousies and piazzas, with terrass floors. Every garden has a pigstye, and the poultry-roost at a little distance from the house.'—pp. 100—102.

It is the fashion among the negroes to bury their dead by moonlight, with the help of torches; on these occasions sometimes the funeral service is performed, oftener it is not even thought of. The following is rather a new reading of that sublime collection of prayers, as it was given out by a negro, while he held a bible before him the wrong side upwards.

'"Dem beluhb'd, we gathee togethee dis face congregation, because it horrible among all men not to take delight in hand for wantonness, lust, and appetite, like brute mule, dat hab no understanding. When de man

cut down like guinea grass, he worship no more any body, but gib all him world's good to de debbill; and Garamighty tell him soul must come up into heab'n, where notting but glorio. What de use of fighting wid beast at Feesus? Rise up all and eat and drink, because we die yesterday, no so to-morrow. Who show you mystery? Who nebba sleep, but twinkle him yeye till de trumpet peak? Who baptize you, and gib you victory ober de debbil's flesh? Old Adam, belubb'd!—he bury when a child, and de new man rise up when he old. Breren, you see dat dam rascal Dollar;—he no Christian; he no Jew, no missionary, no Turk, for true. You see him laugh [Abdallah denied it]—when he go to hell he die, and nebbs gnash him teeth, and worms can't nyam him. Breren, all Christians, white and black man, all one colour—Sambo and mulatto—no man bigger dan another, no massa, and no fum fum—plenty o' grog. So, breren! Garamighty take de dead man, and good night!" '—pp. 105, 106.

We had marked for quotation another negro sermon, very much in this style, but it is so much obscured in the creole dialect, that it would scarcely be intelligible to the general reader. Mr. Williams, in the course of his tour, visited Bath, which, like our own city of the same name, is remarkable for its medicinal waters. If his account of the accommodations which are to met with there be correct, they are any thing but *comfortable*. There is some humour in the description of them.

'The town or village is embosomed in trees, and surrounded by mountains, which supply it plentifully with water. I was directed to the house of a white lady, who I was told received guests, or *pensioners*, anxious to drink the waters, and entertained them at so much per diem; but, as I was uncertain of my way, and my valet did not know the place, I made several enquiries before I found out the object of my search. A young lady, standing at the door of a rambling old house, seemed to signify by her looks that she guessed I was hunting out this half-and-half sort of tavern; and, as her physiognomy invited a nearer approach, I saluted her, and asked for Mrs. White. "She lives here," was the reply: "will you dismount and walk in?" The offer was not to be refused. "Can I dine here?" "Yes, certainly," cried the old woman, hurrying to the piazza; "come in, sir, I pray, out of the rain." The rain came down on the shingles like a shower of marbles or bullets, as I entered this antique and dilapidated mansion, where the first objects that presented themselves to my eyes (after the ladies) were all the crockery of the establishment ranged in rows to catch the water that streamed through the roof. It was a most curious exhibition; cracked and disjointed fragments of one colour grafted on stocks of another, some tied round with zones of packthread and red tape, that seemed to have suffered a degredation from more honourable service. The rain fell so fast into these reservoirs, that it caused a splashing all over the room or hall, and I would fain parry it with my umbrella, which I opened and hoisted for the purpose, much to the amusement of Miss, who had the kindness to give me a wash for the red half of my face, while the old lady begged to know what I would have for my dinner. I left the office of catering to her, as she told me I might have anything I liked; only excepting black puddings, which I told her I disliked—anything else, no matter what, would content me. "A fowl,

Louisa, I think the gentleman would like—a fowl—oh yes, a fowl and some soup." "Pepper pot, anything in the world, madam." The old lady went to the opposite side of the hall, where another door opened into a back piazza, and, by some enchantment of corn or eloquence, enticed and caught a cock that had taken shelter there from the rain. This she began twirling round and round by the neck, standing all the while with her back towards me, and singing the "Blue bells of Scotland," to drown the cries of the dying chanticleer. Miss had been commissioned, I suppose, to create a diversion of my eyes and ears from the ceremony of this murder, for she placed herself between me and her mother, and offered me an old volume of Roderick Random, in which she called my attention to the plates.

'After waiting the proper time, the soup entered between the sable paws of little Kitty, oozing through the cracks of a white slop basin, all the rest of the dinner-set being in requisition for the rain. It was as black as ink, as black as Kitty, and tasted of nothing but pepper and water. I was obliged to decline it, which I was loth to do, for fear of offending my hostess, and because I expected to see nothing else but poor Alectryon, who I knew must be as tough as a halter from age. He followed of course, boiled as black as the soup, of which I am afraid he had been the basis, the sole material, and I should have had a banyan day but for half a dozen eggs that Miss Louisa had the humanity to offer me, and a slice of Dutch cheese as hard as Pharoah's heart.'—pp. 247—252.

We have already given our author's description of a negro-house and its furniture. The following extract pourtrays a mansion of the best class in the island, and presents also a picture of the every day life of those who inhabit it.

'The house stands on an elevation, perhaps a hundred and fifty feet above the sea, backed by everlasting woods and wildernesses, commanding a most enchanting view of the two harbours of Port Antonio, part of the town, Titchfield, and a grand expanse of ocean to the north. The mansion consists of an entrance-hall, with sleeping chambers on each side; and this hall leads to a piazza about fifty or sixty feet long, which forms the northern façade of the house. At one end of the piazza is likewise a chamber, and at the other end a dining apartment or hall, where we are accustomed to take our meals. The piazza is about fifteen feet wide, furnished with a few chairs made of cherry-tree wood, a spy-glass, a backgammon board, and chessmen. The furniture of the dining-room is much of the same character, except a set of tables, a sideboard, and a dozen of chairs, all of mahogany, and the entrance-hall contains a couple of sofas. The sleeping-rooms are furnished in the same simple manner: a bedstead, with a mattrass and a pair of sheets, covered solely with a lawn net to keep off the musquitos, a chest of drawers, and two or three chairs, form the contents of each apartment. There is a narrow piazza on the south side of the house, too hot to inhabit an hour after sun-rise, and the offices are all detached. Nature here requires but shelter from the sun and rain. In many houses the rooms are not ceiled, and all is on the ground-floor, which is generally built, as in this case, on stone buttresses.

'After a breakfast of strong coffee, having a rank taste of oil from being

too new, roasted plantains, and excellent cocoa, lubricated with salt butter, my old friend takes a ride to inspect his negroes at work, or to hear the news at the Bay, as the town is called. He indulges in a nap (a siesta) sometimes from one to two, and promenades or plays a game of chess in the piazza till three, when dinner is announced; and then another promenade or ride till dusk fills up our day. He goes to bed at eight o'clock, and rises at five. One day is much like another, except varied by the appearance of an occasional visitor, who generally stayed the night. In bad weather, we read plays, novels, and newspapers, play at piquet or backgammon, ogle every sail through the telescope, and the old gentleman smokes a segar at dusk, as he says, to drive away the musquitos. We are waited on by a black butler and two footmen, who wear each a shirt and white trowsers, with a short blue jacket. The sable females, who make the beds and polish the floors, are often clad in gayer and more expensive apparel, very neat and clean, but none of the servants, male or female, know the pleasures of shoes or stockings. At night the females retire to their own houses or to those of their parents, no accommodations being thought of for servants; the men seek the abode of their wives, and the waiting-boys lie on the floor in the hall, or at their master's doors."—pp. 314—317.

Mr. Williams has not favoured us with any statistical details, and says scarcely any thing of the present state of the plantations. In the early part of his book he promised some observations on the natural capabilities of Jamaica, but he seems never to have thought further on the subject. Three or four lithographic prints, intended we presume as illustrations, are scattered through the volume. They are among the most wretched specimens of that art which we have seen since its invention.

ART. IX. *Secret Memoirs of the Royal Family of France, during the Revolution; with original and authentic Anecdotes of contemporary Sovereigns, and distinguished Persons of that eventful period, now first published from the journal, letters, and conversations of the Princess Lamballe.* By a Lady of Rank, in the confidential service of that unfortunate Princess. In 2 vols. 8vo. 25*s*. London. Treuttel and Wurtz. 1826.

THIS is unquestionably one of the most affecting and most valuable contributions to the history of the French revolution, which we have yet seen. In point of interest and copiousness of detail it is, we think, superior to the memoirs of Madame Campan; it corrects several of her statements, and supplies many curious and important facts with which even that faithful attendant was wholly unacquainted. It is occupied chiefly in the personal history of Marie Antoinette, and proves beyond all doubt that that unfortunate queen exercised a much more active and disastrous influence on the events which ultimately led to the downfall of her throne, than impartial historians, at least, could have been hitherto induced to

believe. Throughout the journal of the Princess Lamballe, though it glows with constant and warm affection for her illustrious mistress, and holds her up to the admiration of posterity as the most injured and irreproachable woman that ever wore a crown, there is quite enough to show that when she found the storm approaching she took the helm into her own hands, and, by her determination to keep the vessel in its former course, urged it upon those breakers by which it was at last overwhelmed. The king was, from habit, and from the weakness of his capacity, so much under the control of his consort, that though he made concessions at different stages of the revolution, without her consent, it was easy to see, that for that very reason they were not so be depended upon. She maintained, to the time of her death, the true Austrian pride of dominion, and amongst her confidential friends never exhibited the least disposition to accommodate the interests of the throne to the just wants and rights of the people. Every measure to which she may have acceded, which had any tendency in that direction, appears to have been nothing more than an expedient, for the purpose of averting the dangers that impended over her family; but in secret she clung to every hold that might enable her, at a more favourable opportunity, to recover to its utmost extent the ancient, absolute authority, so dear to her own recollections, and so essential to her wishes for the future splendour of her son.

'"Oh, sire!" she exclaimed to the king, when a riotous mob was shouting to him at Versailles to return to Paris.—"Oh, sire! why am I not animated with the courage of Maria Theresa? Let me go, with my children, to the national assembly, as she did to the Hungarian senate, with my imperial brother, Joseph, in her arms, and Leopold in her womb, when Charles the Seventh of Bavaria had deprived her of all her German dominions, and she had already written to the Duchess of Lorraine to prepare her an asylum, not knowing where she should be delivered of the precious charge she was then bearing! But I, like the mother of the Gracchi, like Cornelia, more esteemed for my birth than for my marriage, am the wife of the king of France, and I see we shall be murdered in our beds for the want of our exertions!"'

What a beautiful spirit of disdain flashes through this majestic reproach! It pourtrays, within a small compass, the character of Marie Antoinette, and betrays that fatal adherence to the pride of birth, and to habits of supremacy, which no misfortunes could eradicate from her bosom. Yet was she too much of a woman to assume the vigour and steadiness which her secret course of policy demanded. She had none of those high and overpowering talents, which would have been necessary to carry her victorious through such a crisis as that by which she was destroyed. She was too conscientious to incur even the imputation of crime; her religious, as well as her natural feelings, forbade her to be sanguinary; the empire of her personal fascination once departed, the sceptre fell from her hand, and she remained an anxious, agitated wife, an

agonized parent, catching at every resource that was offered her without looking to consequences, listening to every counsel that held out a glimpse of safety, without being able to contemplate the real perils that were before her, or to provide adequately against them. Many circumstances conspired to bring about the French revolution; but it is only necessary to read the journal of the Princess Lamballe, in order to be convinced, that if Marie Antoinette had not been the queen of Louis XVI. there would have been no Philippe Egalité, no guillotine, no republic.

We own that we were not prepared for the enlarged and—we may add—statesmanlike views, which characterize not only the journal itself, but the comments and additions of the 'Lady of rank' to whom we are indebted for this valuable publication. The princess, who was the daughter of Prince Carignan, was appointed superintendent of Marie Antoinette's household soon after she became queen of France, and from that time to the period of her death she continued, with some few intervals of absence, in daily, and, during the alarms of the revolution, in almost hourly attendance upon her royal mistress. They lived together upon terms of the most tender friendship, a circumstance that reflects the highest honour upon both parties; the princess, who appears to have been endowed with a sound judgment, with talents of a superior order, and with one of the purest and noblest hearts that ever animated a woman, obtained a marked influence over the queen from the very origin of their connection. But until the worst of times, Lamballe was a favourite of the people, because it was known that she was no mere courtier who flattered the credulous ear of royalty, but always gave her advice for the public good, and had firmness and dignity of character, which conspired with her high birth and virtuous manners to elevate her motives beyond the reach of suspicion.

The account given of herself by the fair editor (Madame Solalle) is extraordinary, if notindeed romantic. She informs us, rather mysriously, that 'from her birth and those who were the cause of it (had it not been, from political motives, kept from her knowledge), in point of interest, she ought to have been very independent,' and that she was indebted for her resources in early life 'to his grace the late Duke of Norfolk, and Lady Mary Duncan.' She was placed for her education in a convent at Paris, where her musical talents accidentally attracted the attention of the Princess Lamballe, who took her under her patronage. The young protegée was found skilled in the Italian, German, French, and English languages, the latter being her native tongue, and during the progress of the revolution she was employed on several confidential missions. Her sex afforded her many facilities for the execution of those missions; but when occasion rendered it necessary, she did not hesitate to assume male attire; and she seems, from some motive or another, to have had a particular preference for the costume of a

drummer. In such a disguise she sometimes attended the debates of the national assembly, and took notes of them for the information of the royal family. Sometimes she wandered as a forlorn lover in the gardens of the Tuilleries, with a book in her hand, waiting for a signal from Lamballe's window to enter the palace and prepare for a secret service; often she appeared there with all the paraphernalia of a milliner; and it is a remarkable proof of her talent for intrigue—if indeed her missions do not deserve a higher and more meritorious character—that notwithstanding the vigilance of the police, and the more jealous espionage of the jacobins, she was never discovered or impeded in any of her numerous journeys. Much of the correspondence which Marie Antoinette carried on with her relatives in Austria, Piedmont, and Italy, and with her friends in England, was entrusted to the young Englishwoman, who seems to have loved that ill-starred sovereign almost to idolatry. The journal now before us she says she received from the Princess Lamballe, shortly before the death of that amiable person in 1792; and though the assertion comes to us without the sanction of the editor's name, yet it is impossible, from the whole tenor of the work, to feel the least doubt as to its authenticity. She was induced to prepare it for publication upon perusing Madame Campan's Memoirs, which she considers as in many respects inaccurate and defective, though not intentionally so, as she nowhere questions that lady's fidelity in the relation of events which came under her special observation. As to the facts added by the editor to Lamballe's journal, they seem to have been carefully collected from the conversations of that princess, and from other equally satisfactory sources of information.

The reader is aware that the marriage of Marie Antoinette to the Dauphin of France arose entirely from political motives. It was the object of the empress mother, Maria Theresa, to ally herself with France, for the purpose of inducing Louis XV. to assist her in recovering the provinces which the king of Prussia had violently wrested from her ancient dominions; and at the same time to support her against the rising power of the North, vested as it then was in the daring hands of Catharine the Second. The dauphin was never even thought of; the beauty of Marie Antoinette was intended to influence the king, and the plan was warmly supported by Choiseul, then minister, and by Madame de Pompadour. It was however looked upon with great jealousy by the king's daughters, by the court, the cabinet, and the nation at large; and that jealousy rather increased than diminished, after the accession of the dauphiness to the throne. Her education had been limited; she was free and lively in her manners, and, like most German princesses of her time, was extremely fond of private theatricals, in which she frequently performed, and which became the source of much calumny against her. Her predilection for simplicity in her attire, and her hostility to the pompous decorum

of French etiquette, procured her a host of enemies among the beaus and ladies of the vieille cour. "Thank heaven," she used to say, when she flung off her state robes and ornaments, "I am out of harness!" She one day in merriment called the precise, antiquated, and systematic, Madame de Noailles, Madame Etiquette. The title followed her to the grave: the satire never was forgiven. A considerable time elapsed before the dauphin consummated his marriage; and it is a curious fact that, during that interval, many cabals were at work for the purpose of sending the Austrian princess back to Vienna, and that they were chiefly frustrated by Louis XV., who entertained a secret passion for her, and took some steps with the view of making her his own consort. It was also during this period that the king gave orders to Boehmer the jeweller, for the famous diamond necklace, which he originally intended as a present for Marie Antoinette, though he subsequently resolved to give it to his low mistress, Du Barry. He died, however, before he completed the bargain for it; and it is well known that it afterwards became one of the most venomous ingredients which were mixed together in the infernal cauldron of the revolution.

Notwithstanding the unpopularity of Marie Antoinette, while she was dauphiness, no sooner were she and her royal consort seated on the throne (May 10, 1774), than the Parisians hastened in crowds to pay the new sovereigns the most enthusiastic homage. The charms of the queen fascinated every body, and, for the first time they touched the bosom of her husband. The marriage was consummated! The particulars of the early part of their reign are well known. The Princess Lamballe attributes many important consequences to the queen's partiality for the Countess Julie Polignac, and contends that her majesty's attachment to that lady was violently disapproved, not only by the old nobility but by the nation in general. She was to a certain extent correct in her opinion, though she seems to have thought more of the matter than it really deserved. In truth, the princess was naturally enough jealous of "a rival near the throne," and it is not to be wondered at if she enumerates the ascendency enjoyed by the Polignacs (a provincial family newly raised to the nobility), at court, among the leading causes of the defection both of the old nobility and the people.

Among the persons about the court, whom the queen most deeply offended, was the celebrated Cardinal de Rohan. He had been disgraced through the influence of Marie Antoinette, before the accession of Louis XVI. to the throne, and failed in all his subsequent attempts to recover the favour of the queen. His last effort for that purpose made him the dupe of a young, but artful and necessitous woman, of the name of Lamotte, who seems to have been the chief contriver of that abominable plot of the necklace. It may be said that the revolution commenced with the cardinal's trial for his connection with that affair, of which we shall extract the particulars, as they are recapitulated by the editor.

'The necklace which has been already spoken of, and which was originally destined by Louis XV. for Maria Antoinette—had her hand, by divorce, been transferred to him, but which, though afterwards intended by Louis XV. for his mistress, Du Barry, never came to her in consequence of his death—this fatal necklace was still in existence, and in the possession of the crown jewellers, Boehmer and Bassange. It was valued at eighteen hundred thousand livres. The jewellers had often pressed it upon the queen, and even the king himself had enforced its acceptance. But the queen dreaded the expense, especially at an epoch of pecuniary difficulty in the state, much more than she coveted the jewels, and uniformly and resolutely declined them, although they had been proposed to her on very easy terms of payment, as she really did not like ornaments.'

'It was made to appear at the parliamentary investigation, that the artful Lamotte had impelled the cardinal to believe, that she herself was in communication with the queen; that she had interested her majesty in favour of the long slighted cardinal; that she had fabricated a correspondence, in which professions of penitence on the part of Rohan were answered by assurances of forgiveness from the queen. The result of this correspondence, was represented to be the engagement of the cardinal to negociate the purchase of the necklace, secretly, by a contract for periodical payments. To the forgery of papers was added, it was declared, the substitution of the queen's person, by dressing up a girl of the palais royal to represent her majesty, whom she in some degree resembled, in a secret and rapid interview with Rohan in a dark grove of the gardens of Versailles, where she was to give the cardinal a rose, in token of her royal approbation, and then hastily disappear. The importunity of the jewellers, on the failure of the stipulated payment, disclosed the plot. A direct appeal of theirs to the queen, to save them from ruin, was the immediate source of detection. The cardinal was arrested, and all the parties tried. But the cardinal was acquitted, and Lamotte and a subordinate agent alone punished. The quack Cagliostro was also in the plot, but he too escaped, like his confederate the cardinal, who was made to appear as the dupe of Lamotte.

'The queen never got over the effect of this affair. Her friends well knew the danger of severe measures towards one capable of collecting around him strong support against a power, already so much weakened by faction and discord. But the indignation of conscious innocence insulted, prevailed, though to its ruin!'—Vol i. pp. 285—287.

The prosecution of the cardinal set in array against the queen the first families of France, with whom he was connected. The sums lavished by them, in order to obtain his acquittal, are almost incredible. It cost the families of Rohan and Condé more than a million of livres. In order to fix the guilt of the transaction upon the queen, libels of the most malignant description were circulated through France and Europe, and the acquittal of the cardinal gave a triumph to her enemies, the effect of which, as the editor remarks, she never got over. From this time, (1785—6), she truly observes, crimes and misfortunes trod closely on each other's heels in the history of the ill-starred queen; and one calamity only disappeared to make way for a greater.

It is unnecessary to refer to the riots caused by Necker's dismissal from the ministry, the destruction of the Bastile, the recal of the popular minister, the schemes of the Orleans' faction, and the crowd of important events which thickened with the progress of the revolution. We must, however, present the reader with a few of the most striking scenes which occurred at Versailles. As they are detailed by the Princess Lamballe, they exhibit many striking circumstances which have been hitherto unknown to the historians of that stormy period. As matters were approaching to a crisis, Dumourier, who had been leagued with the Orleans' party, suddenly appeared at Versailles in disguise, and had an interview with the queen in the presence of the princess. He informed her of the plot which was in agitation for proclaiming the Duke of Orleans the constitutional king, and entreating her majesty's pardon for his connection with the duke's faction, he declared that he had for ever abandoned it, and offered his services in order to save the royal family from the violence which was meditated against them. The queen's reception of this man was perfectly characteristic.

'She was deaf and inexorable. She treated all he had said as the effusion of an overheated imagination, and told him she had no faith in traitors. Dumourier remained upon his knees while she was replying, as if stupified; but at the word *traitor*, he started, and roused himself; and then, in a state almost of madness, seized the queen's dress, exclaiming, "Allow yourself to be persuaded before it is too late! Let not your misguided prejudice against me hurry you to your own and your children's destruction: let it not get the better, madam, of your good sense and reason: the fatal moment is near—it is at hand!" Upon this, turning, he addressed himself to me.

'"Oh princess," he cried, "be her guardian angel, as you have hitherto been her only friend, and use your never-failing influence. I take God once more to witness, that I am sincere in all I have said; that all I have disclosed is true. This will be the last time I shall have it in my power to be of any essential service to you, madam, and my sovereign. The National Assembly will put it out of my power for the future, without becoming a traitor to my country."

'"Rise, sir," said the queen, "and serve your country better than you have served your king!"

'"Madam, I obey."

'When he was about to leave the room, I again, with tears, besought her majesty not to let him depart thus, but to give him some hope that, after reflection, she might perhaps endeavour to soothe the king's anger. But in vain. He withdrew, very much affected*. I even ventured, after his departure, to intercede for his recall.

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* 'I saw him as he left the apartment, but had no idea at the time who he was. He was a little, thin man. He wore a high, quaker-like, round slouched hat. He was covered down to the very shoes by a great-coat. This, I imagine, was for the sake of disguise. I saw him put a handkerchief to his eyes. I met him some time after at Hamburgh, and I am con-

'"He has pledged himself," said I, "to save you, madam."

'"My dear princess," replied the queen, "the goodness of your own heart will not allow you to have sinister ideas of others. This man is like all of the same stamp. They are all traitors; and will only hurry us the sooner, if we suffer ourselves to be deceived by them, to an ignominious death! I seek no safety for myself."

'"But he offered to serve the king, also, madam."

'"I am not," answered her majesty, "Henrietta of France. I will never stoop to ask a pension of the murderers of my husband; nor will I leave the king, my son, or my adopted country, or ever meanly owe my existence to wretches, who have destroyed the dignity of the crown, and trampled under foot the most ancient monarchy in Europe! Under its ruins they will bury their king and myself. To owe our safety to them would be more hateful than any death they can prepare for us."'—Vol ii. pp. 52—55.

The reception which the queen, almost immediately after this scene, gave to the officers of the Flanders regiment, deserves also to be noticed as characteristic of her hopes and her purposes at that time.

'While the queen was in this state of agitation, a note was presented to me with a list of the names of the officers of the Flanders regiment requesting the honour of an audience of the queen.

'The very idea of seeing the Flanders officers flushed her majesty's countenance with an ecstasy of joy.

'She said she would retire to compose herself, and receive them in two hours.

'The queen saw the officers in her private cabinet, and in my presence. They were presented to her by me. They told her majesty that, though they had changed their paymaster, they had not changed their allegiance to their sovereign or herself, but were ready to defend both with their lives. They placed one hand on the hilt of their swords, and solemnly lifting the other up to heaven, swore, that the weapons should never be wielded but for the defence of the king and queen, against all foes, whether foreign or domestic.

'This unexpected loyalty burst on us like the beauteous rainbow after a tempest, by the dawn of which we are taught to believe the world is saved from a second deluge.

'The countenance of her majesty brightened over the gloom which had oppressed her, like the heavenly sun dispersing threatening clouds, and making the heart of the poor mariner bound with joy. Her eyes spoke her secret rapture. It was evident she felt even unusual dignity in the presence of these noble hearted warriors, when comparing them with him whom she had just dismissed. She graciously condescended to speak to every one of them, and one and all were enchanted with her affability.

'She said she was no longer the queen who could compensate loyalty

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fident, that all his intended operations in the royal cause were given up in consequence of the exasperation he felt at the queen's rejection of his services, though he continued to correspond with the princess for a considerable time subsequently to this interview.'—*Note by the Editor.*

and valour; but the brave soldier found his reward in the fidelity of his service, which formed the glory of his immortality. She assured them she had ever been attached to the army, and would make it her study to recommend every individual, meriting attention, to the king.

'Loud bursts of repeated acclamations and shouts of "*Vive la reine!*" instantly followed her remarks. She thanked the officers most graciously; and fearing to commit herself, by saying more, took her leave, attended by me; but immediately sent me back, to thank them again in her name.'—Vol ii. pp. 55—58.

Little did the queen foresee the effects of this interview. It alarmed the regicide faction, and greatly accelerated their measures. The fraternisation of the Flanders regiment with the body guard, and the fatal dinner given by the latter to the former, are generally supposed to have led directly to the massacres of the 5th and 6th of October. The temporary presence of the king at that dinner was also a most unfortunate step, taken without the least deliberation, and, as it now appears, merely to humour a childish wish of the dauphin! The Princess Lamballe happened to remark,

'"What a beautiful sight it must be, to behold, in these troublesome times, the happy union of such a meeting!"'

'"It must indeed!" replied the king; "and the pleasure I feel in knowing it, would be redoubled, had I the privilege of entertaining the Flanders regiment, as the body guards are doing."

'"Heaven forbid!" cried her majesty; "Heaven forbid, that you should think of such a thing! The assembly would never forgive us!"'

'After we had dined, the queen sent to the Marchioness Tourzel for the dauphin. When he came, the queen told him about her having seen the brave officers on their arrival; and how gaily those good officers had left the palace, declaring they would die rather than suffer any harm to come to him, or his papa and mamma; and that at that very time they were all dining at the theatre.

'"Dining in the theatre, mamma? said the young prince: "I never heard of people dining in a theatre!"

'"No; my dear child," replied her majesty, "it is not generally allowed; but they are doing so, because the body guards are giving a dinner to this good Flanders regiment; and the Flanders regiment are so brave, that the guards chose the finest place they could think of to entertain them in, to show how much they like them: that is the reason why they are dining in the gay, painted theatre."

'"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed the dauphin, whom the queen adored, "Oh, papa!" cried he, looking at the king, "how I should like to see them!"

'"Let us go and satisfy the child," said the king, instantly starting up from his seat.

'The queen took the dauphin by the hand, and they proceeded to the theatre. It was all done in a moment. There was no premeditation on the part of the king or queen; no invitation on the part of the officers.'—Vol. ii. pp. 59—62.

The reception of the royal family at the theatre is well known.

The military, already heated by wine, were intoxicated with joy. The excitement of the scene was indescribable, but when it was over, even the queen felt that such decided marks of enthusiasm on the part of the two regiments could not be looked upon with indifference by the national assembly. Then followed the scenes of massacre; the tumultuous indignation of the people, who were reduced to a state of famine, as they were led to believe by the queen's agents, who bought up immense quantities of corn and sent it out of the country—whereas this measure, deeply contrived for her destruction, was the work of her enemies—the Orleans' faction. We pass over the march of the Poissardes to Versailles, the attempt made to assassinate the queen, the return of the royal family to the Thuilleries, and their state of suffering, humiliation, and imprisonment there, until their removal to the Temple. These unhappy events have been too often related to need repetition here, though we may observe that the Princess Lamballe adds many circumstances concerning them, which have been hitherto either not generally known, or at least inaccurately understood. The editor mentions also some curious facts relating to an extensive correspondence which was carried on with the queen through the princess, by Mr. Burke, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Sheridan. These eminent statesmen appear to have made several suggestions to her majesty, for the purpose of upholding the monarchy in France. The principal plan, which originated with Mr. Burke, was one for purging the kingdom of all the troops which had been corrupted from their allegiance by the revolutionists. 'He proposed, that they should sail at the same time, or nearly so, to be colonised in the different French islands, and Madagascar,' and be replaced by a new national guard, who should be bound to the state by having the waste crown lands divided amongst them. With all due deference for that distinguished statesman, we apprehend that such a measure as this, if the king had attempted to carry it into execution, instead of stopping the torrent of the revolution, would have contributed only to accelerate its progress. The insurrection would have certainly begun with the military, as it subsequently did in Spain under similar circumstances, and prepared as the people were for crimes of every description, there is no possibility of calculating the consequences. The scheme, however, was frustrated at once from the want of transports, for procuring which, much secret negotiation was carried on with the British government. The Princess Lamballe was the confidential negociator employed by the queen on this occasion; in the meantime the unfortunate attempt of the royal family to escape had been foiled at Varennes, and such was the anguish which this affair caused to Marie Antoinette, that when the princess returned to France, she received a ring from her majesty, 'set with her own hair, which had whitened like that of a person of eighty,' and bearing the pathetic inscription, "Bleached by sorrow!"

In the midst of the perilous scenes in which she was engaged, the Princess Lamballe was earnestly entreated by her relative, the King of Sardinia, by all her family and her friends abroad, to provide for her personal safety by quitting France. Her answer to the king at Turin is a specimen of sublime and disinterested devotion, such as has few parallels in history.

'"Sire, and most august cousin,—I do not recollect that any of our illustrious ancestors of the house of Savoy, before or since the great hero Charles Emanuel, of immortal memory, ever dishonoured or tarnished their illustrious names with cowardice. In leaving the court of France at this awful crisis, I should be the first. Can your majesty pardon my presumption in differing from your royal counsel? The king, queen, and every member of the royal family of France, both from the ties of blood and policy of states, demand our united efforts in their defence. I cannot swerve from my determination, of never quitting them, especially at a moment when they are abandoned by every one of their former attendants, except myself. In happier days your majesty may command my obedience; but, in the present instance, and given up as is the court of France to their most atrocious persecutors, I must humbly insist on being guided by my own decision. During the most brilliant period of the reign of Maria Antoinette, I was distinguished by the royal favour and bounty. To abandon her in adversity, Sire, would stain my character, and that of my illustrious family, for ages to come, with infamy and cowardice, much more to be dreaded than the most cruel death."—Vol. ii. pp. 231, 232.

We regret that our space prevents us from following this truly princely woman through those parts of her journal which communicate the details of the dreadful sufferings that were endured by the royal family from the time of the affair of Varennes, until the death, we may almost designate it the martyrdom, of the princess herself. For these agonizing details, we must refer to her journal; and we shall conclude with the editor's account of the tragic close of the princess's life, which no person of feeling can read without shuddering with horror. After the imprisonment of the royal family in the Temple, the princess was separated from them, and transferred to La Force, where she was confined in September, 1792, when the Marseillois commenced the massacres in the prisons of Paris.

'The fiends had been some hours busy in the work of death. The piercing shrieks of the dying victims brought the princess and her remaining companion upon their knees, in fervent prayer for the souls of the departed. The messengers of the tribunal now appeared. The princess was compelled to attend the summons. She went, accompanied by her faithful female attendant.

'A glance at the seas of blood, of which she caught a glimpse upon her way to the court, had nearly shocked her even to sudden death. Would it had!—She staggered, but was sustained by her companion. Her courage triumphed. She appeared before the gore-stained tribunes.

'After some questions of mere form, her highness was commanded to swear, to be faithful to the new order of government, and to hate the king, the queen, and royalty.

'"To the first," replied her highness, "I willingly submit. To the second how can I accede? There is nothing of which I can accuse the royal family. To hate them is against my nature. They are my sovereigns. They are my friends and relations. I have served them for many years, and never have found reason for the slightest complaint."

'The princess could no longer articulate. She fell into the arms of her attendant. The fatal signal was pronounced. She recovered, and, crossing the court of the prison, which was bathed with the blood of mutilated victims, involuntarily exclaimed, "Gracious heaven! What a sight is this!" and fell into a fit.

'Nearest to her in the mob stood a mulatto, whom she had caused to be baptized, educated, and maintained; but whom, for ill conduct, she had latterly excluded from her presence. This miscreant struck at her with his halbert. The blow removed her cap. Her luxuriant hair (as if to hide her angelic beauty from the sight of the murderers, pressing tiger-like around to pollute that form, the virtues of which equalled its physical perfection), her luxuriant hair fell around and veiled her a moment from view. An individual, to whom I was nearly allied, seeing the miscreants somewhat staggered, sprang forward to the rescue; but the mulatto wounded him. The princess was lost to all feeling, from the moment the monster first struck at her. But the demons would not quit their prey. She expired gashed with wounds.'—Vol. ii. pp. 340—341.

We can go no farther. The remainder of the scene is too dreadful to be transferred to these pages. The manner in which her head was carried about Paris, the pollution of her body, and the cruelty which left it to perish by putrefaction, amid a heap of other carcases, betray the rage not of men, not even of savages, but of demons; and the person who records these foul deeds, must have been more than woman to have held the pen while it traced such a climax as this of iniquity, atrocity, and madness!

We trust that in this, and in some other parts of her labour, Madame Solalle has made use of some other hand than her own, for many expressions, and not a few anecdotes, startled us, as coming from a 'lady of rank,' which delicacy forbids us to specify more particularly. They are the more remarkable, as they form so decided a contrast with the tone of purity and elegance, which pervades the whole of the Princess Lamballe's journal. Some of the editor's remarks on Madame Campan are harsh and flippant, to say the least of them. In the next edition we would recommend her to disencumber her volumes of these unseemly passages. She also speaks very strongly against Madame de Genlis, without adducing a single fact to sustain her invective. In other respects she has, however, discharged her pious duty to her patroness with fidelity. The Journal, which was originally written in Italian, she has translated so well, that it is difficult to trace in it a single idiom foreign to our own language. She takes her 'rank,' we understand, from her union with an Italian marquis.

NOTICES.

ART. X. *Remarks on the supposed Dionysius Longinus; with an attempt to restore the Treatise on Sublimity to its original state.* Payne and Foss. London. 1826.

THE celebrated Treatise on Sublimity is not the only classical work that is ἄδηλος. The Latin history of Alexander is commonly ascribed to Quintus Curtius, but who was Quintus Curtius? The dialogue De Causis Corruptæ Eloquentiæ goes with the works of Tacitus; but who wrote it? So of many other pieces, especially the *dona Musarum*. Rhesus was long thought to be the property of Euripides, but his title had a flaw in it, and now the estate is without an owner. The Hymns and Batrachomyomachia no more belong to Homer than they belong to King David, and even Homer himself is a sort of *stat nominis umbra*.

It is not an unamusing sort of employment to try to make out and ascertain the true owners of these literary waifs and strays. There is a kind of honesty too in contributing our endeavours towards "getting the man his mare again," and of benevolence in aiding to put the said mare in her former plight and condition. All these estimable qualities have been displayed by the present writer.

The secretary of Zenobia was long the undisturbed owner of this fine piece of criticism, till Amati started some doubts as to his right to the title, and his example has been followed by the learned Weiske, the latest editor of Longinus, and by the author of the essay now under consideration.

It is strange to see on what slight grounds the scholars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries disposed of literary property. In the Parisian, which is the oldest and best MS. according to the critics, the work is entitled Διονυσίου Λογγίνου περὶ ὕψους; but in the index, which is written in the same hand as the rest of the MS. (which MS. contains, besides, the Problems of Aristotle) it is styled Διονυσίου ἢ Λογγίνου περὶ ὕψους. The Codex Vaticanus, which is styled by Amati *præstantissimus*, gives the author's name in the latter form, and in the MS. Bibliot. Laur. the inscription is Ἀνωνύμου περὶ ὕψους, and these are the premises from which it has been inferred that the Treatise on Sublimity was written by Zenobia's secretary, and also that his name was Dionysius Longinus.

Such premises any one may see are too slight to found any reasonable hypothesis on. Accordingly, Amati, Weiske, and the present author, reasoning from the work itself, refer it to the Augustan age, but who the real author was none of them can confidently say. Cassius Longinus, the friend of Antony the orator, is the only celebrated character of the name about that period, but he lived before the time of Augustus, and he certainly could never have written the comparison between Cicero and Demosthenes, he was evidently, therefore, not the author.

In the case of Zenobia's secretary, the external evidence rests entirely on the MSS. (and we have seen the strength of it), for in the list of his works given by Ruhnken, from Suidas and others, there is no mention made of the Treatise on Sublimity, neither is it mentioned by any ancient author, and his fame seems to rest on the hyperbolical praises of Porphyry

and Eunapius. But of internal evidence there is still less. The author begins by reminding his friend, of their having read over together the treatise of Cæcilius on the Sublime. Now Cæcilius flourished in the time of Augustus, and Longinus nearly three centuries later. It would be rather strange to see a critic of the present day going about to supply the deficiency of Sydney or Pattenham, or any other critic of Elizabeth's times, and say nothing of the various eminent ones who have written since. Yet such must have been the conduct of Zenobia's Longinus, if he wrote the work, for no notice whatever is taken in it of the critical essays of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and other grammarians. In the 39th section, the author says, he had already treated of the arrangements of words, and at the end of the 44th, that he had promised to write on figures; but no such treatises occur in the list of the works of Longinus. Again, the historical allusions suit not the time of Longinus, or his character and situation. In the 7th section we are told it is noble to despise riches, a sentiment, says our author, much better suited to a stern and disappointed republican, than to Zenobia's secretary. This is a weak argument, however. Who is more eloquent on such a subject than Seneca? Again, in sect. 44, τις τῶν φιλοσόφων is introduced, wondering that while their age produced very eloquent men, and men who excelled in the lighter kinds of composition, there should be none or few of a truly sublime and lofty genius. This dearth of talent the author, in his reply, ascribes to the peaceable state of the world, and the prevalence of luxury. Now let any one turn to Gibbon, and read the state of the world from A.D. 243 to 273, the last twenty years of the life of Longinus, and he will be perhaps a little puzzled to find out this profound tranquillity or unbridled luxury.

Our author's conclusion therefore is, that neither Longinus nor any of his contemporaries, but some writer of the Augustan age, was the author of this treatise, for every circumstance that militates against the one period, is in favour of the other. All that remains is to ascertain who the author was. Amati thinks he may have been Dionysius of Hallicarnassus; but we agree with the present author in thinking that internal evidence is decidedly against this supposition. Whoever he was, he was a pitch above the man of Halicarnassus. We farther coincide in thinking ing that the Codex Laurentinus was right, and that the author is an ἀνώνυμος.

Our author's hypothesis is, that it is the work of some one strongly imbued with republican principles, and that it was written shortly after the accession of Augustus, that it was not published, being only written confidentially to a friend, as the quotations are given carelessly and from memory, and there is a fairness and candour in it with respect to the literature of other nations, not to be found in Greek authors. Such are the candid comparison between Cicero and Demosthenes, and the acknowledgment of the sublimity of the Jewish Scriptures. We may here observe that the supposition of its having been written in the early part of the reign of Augustus, is strengthened by the circumstance of no notice having been taken of Virgil, which would hardly have been the case if his poem had been in existence at the time the treatise was written.

Our author is farther of opinion, that the work has been interpolated,

and at the end of his book he gives the text restored to what he conceives to have been its original form. There is a very good analysis of the work, and many valuable remarks are scattered up and down through the volume. Altogether it is a book that we feel confident the scholar will peruse with pleasure.

ART. XI. *Sketches in Wales; or a Diary of Three Walking Excursions in that Principality, in the Years* 1823, 1824, 1825. By the Rev. G. I. Freeman, LL.B. 8vo. pp. 272. 1*l.* 1*s.* Longman and Co. London. 1826.

THE reverend pedestrian before us 'can adduce no other reason' for publishing this volume 'than the almost contemporaneous suggestions of two partial friends,' who, being like himself, smit with the love of Welsh mountains and mutton, accompanied him on his Three Walking Excursions. Mr. Freeman seems to be a very good natured person, very fond of good living and fine writing, and not a little disposed to exaggerate the dangers of his adventures, and the moving accidents by floods—of rain, which he and his companions encountered in their progress.

He introduces himself to us in a very picturesque and interesting costume, viz. dressed in stout trowsers, and a shooting jacket, and bearing on his shoulders a knapsack containing his travelling necessaries. The worthy author's journal, from the first page to the last, reads very like a road book, only differing from that amusing publication in acquainting us with the inns at which he halted, the food which he ate, and the amount of his bills. Even the 'sublime mountain views,' of which the author speaks, acquire new beauty in his eyes from concomitant ideas of eating and drinking. 'I presently sat down in a room with a French window, which well commanded the landscape, *to a delicious leg of mutton weighing four pounds*, and made a gash in it not unlike that prodigious one in the hills which I saw before me, but which just now I much preferred even to that grand object.' (p. 31.) Again: 'Let me not disparage Llangollen. This place stands picturesquely enough to gratify any traveller, and *moreover it contains two good inns.* We were exceedingly glad to sit down to good fare, at Mr. Phillips's, at the Hand, about five o'clock.' (p. 63.) In pages 86 and 87 there is some prodigiously fine writing about 'dizzy paths, shuddering, thousand echoes, hen birds in the act of incubation, savage rocks, giddy precipices, the beauteous and sublime," &c. which end as usual in tea, cream, boiled ham, and hot cakes, which the the author 'recommends' along with the picturesque 'to every one.' In the next page he sets out 'in search of the picturesque after breakfast' with some of his friends, and after seeing Conway Castle 'the next thing to be done was to shake hands and part, a melancholy necessity which we deferred as long as we could. I took leave of Mr. and Mrs. B. at the water's edge. B. assisted in rowing them across. On his return to me at the inn, we both felt very dismal, and therefore had recourse to a very sensible remedy for sorrow—namely, some shrimps and porter, both of which we beg leave to recommend at the principal inn.' (p. 92.) We have no doubt but that this very cheap remedy for sorrow, will soon supersede that expensive one which is generally kept in sealed bottles as a resource against

the wretchedness of life; and seriously expect the thanks of our readers for extracting so valuable a piece of information from Mr. Freeman's book.

We intended to have given a sample of Mr. F.'s fine writing, but we really have not the heart to afflict either our readers or Mr. F. by quoting any more. It is doubtless a pleasant thing to enjoy Welsh scenery, mutton, ham, and ale; but nothing can be half so tiresome as a long description of these lofty matters, and of these this book is made. We are happy to see that the author has enough of subscribers to guarantee him against any loss, except of literary reputation, by his work. Some bad poetry is appended to the volume, and some miserable lithographic prints are scattered through it from the author's designs.

ART. XII. *Vivian Grey.* 2 Vols. post 8vo. 18*s*. London. Colburn. 1826.

THIS novel is decidedly the cleverest of the class to which it belongs; but when we state that the class to which we allude is the same that has produced "Six Weeks at Long's," and similar ingenious works, we fear that our readers will consider our praise to be rather of an equivocal description. The politics and personality of Vivian Grey are in the taste of the John Bull—the literature of Blackwood's Magazine—and the eternal affectation of extra-superfine gentility of both. The author is perpetually assuring us that no body is worthy of notice who wears a coat which is not of a peculiar colour and cut—who does not use silver forks—or who lives in Russell-square. But, excepting these affectations, of which *really* fashionable people are never guilty, we must allow that the author has copied, with considerable fidelity, the tone of drawing-room life, and transmitted to us with great truth, by means of a few felicitous strokes, a number of portraits which will easily be recognized as resemblances of living originals.

Vivian Grey is represented as a young man of great talents (a character, by the way, not at all justified by the pitch of his conversation), who worships the empire of the intellect, and engages in a paltry political intrigue, having for its object the formation of a Cabinet Ministry, at the head of which is to be placed a very silly old Marquis—of Carabas. Grey is employed to negotiate with a certain eloquent Mr. Cleveland, who joins the party—but its plans are defeated through the devices of a Mrs. Felix Lorraine, who appears to have been the mistress of half the people in the book. The marquis now calls his 'monstrous clever young friend' an adventurer, a swindler, a scoundrel, a liar, and a villain, adding the complimentary epithets of base, fawning, &c. &c. to which Grey replies only 'My Lord!' and quits the room to vent his rage on the fair Mrs. Felix Lorraine. He addresses her in a long speech, and she bursts a blood vessel—through impatience we suppose. The hero then proceeds to Cleveland's, finds that respectable statesman very drunk, is kicked by him, sends a challenge, shoots Cleveland through the heart, and goes to Germany to hunt wild boars instead of place-hunting at home.

It is quite plain, that, from the outline of the story, the author is not gifted with marvellous invention. His *forte* is in satire, and in boldly bringing out a character by a single dash of his pencil. Thus he repre-

sents Vivacity Dull, who is an easily-recognizable ex-M. P., in the following spirited manner:—

'We have had that unendurable bore, Vivacity Dull, with us for a whole fortnight. A repeal of the death of the Lord Chancellor, or a rumour of the production of a new tragedy, has carried him up to town: but whether it be to ask for the seals, or to indite an ingenious prologue to a play which will be condemned the first night, I cannot inform you. However, he is capable of doing either.'—Vol. ii. p. 131.

We have some very unlucky attempts at eloquence and wit, and a good deal of prosing about virtuous cottagers, a little sneering at "liberal principles," and not a little vulgarity. A writer who pretends to such ultra-fashion as the author of Vivian Grey, should be less familiar with Ben Burn and the slang dictionary, and should avoid talking of 'invites,' &c. His fictitious characters are drawn with extreme feebleness—it is only when he is personal that he shows any power. Mrs. Felix Lorraine figures in every German novel and tragedy that ever was written.

The dedication of this book presents an example of failure in a violent attempt to be antithetical, which is too ludicrous not to be quoted:—

'To the best and greatest of men
I dedicate these volumes.
He for whom it is intended will accept and appreciate
the compliment. Those for whom it is not intended
Will—do the same!'

ART. XIII. *The Labours of Idleness; or, Seven Nights Entertainments.* By Guy Penseval. Post 8vo. 9*s.* 6*d.* London. Taylor. 1826.

We do not know very well what to say of this book. There is unquestionably considerable talent about it, and the author has both poetry and humour in his composition: but his taste is sometimes so false, and his affectations so monstrous, and there is so much flippancy mixed up with both his fancy and his drollery, that we are alternately tempted to read the volume and to throw it down.

The author's prose is all poetical: but we think his fancies look better in verse.

'We Dryad sisters exiled be
From our sweet groves in Thessaly:
Green Tempe calls us back again,
And Peneus weeps for us, in vain;
But here our oracles we breathe,
And here our oaken crowns we wreathe,
Or fleet along the slippery stream,
Or wander through the greenwood dim,
Or to its inmost haunts repair,
To comb our dark green tresses there,
Or loose them to the whistling wind,
And then with flowers and ivy bind.

We've danced and sung on yonder glade
Whilst Pan on his rush organ played,
And Satyr gambol'd, and young Faun
Whirled us around the reeling lawn,
Till Echo, whooping under ground,
Bid us to cease our antic round,
Else she would raise the hill with noise,
And spread to heaven her traiterous voice.
Then why should we for Tempe mourn,
Although we never can return?
This torrent rolls a wave as sweet
As ever Peneus uttered yet:
This father oak which shelters me,
Hath not his peer in Thessaly:
This vale as deep, as wild, as green,
As Tempe is, or e'er hath been;
So like in wood, and stream, and air,
That oft we seem re-exiled there:
And scare a Dryad here has flown,
But takes this Tempe for her own!

The volume consists of seven tales, of which one or two, in spite of the author's numberless affectations, display considerable elegance of language and tenderness of description,

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ART. XIV. *William Douglas; or, the Scottish Exiles.* A Historical Novel. 3 Vols. 12mo. 21*s.* London. Longman and Co. 1826.

THE first page of this 'historical novel' told us what we had to dread—another imitation of Sir Walter Scott, and a new inundation of eloquent presbyterians, ferocious covenanters, heroic young ladies and old gentlemen, generous officers in red coats, and a whole army of saints and martyrs, together with an idiot of the Davie Gellatley breed, an ancient gentlewoman like Mause Headrigg, or a mysterious Sybil in a black cloak, so indispensable to a Scotch novel.

It was therefore without surprise that we encountered all these personages in our progress through these volumes, together with their natural accompaniments of caves, hill-sides, sermons, violations, murders, and psalm-singing. The author is so faithful a copyist of his master, that he has even given us an imitation of the famous storm in the Antiquary.

The first part of this novel is occupied with the details of the cruelties and oppressions exercised in Scotland by the episcopalian faction, the persecutions and sermons of the covenanters, and the adventures of a certain Ensign Forshaw, who falls in love with a young lady in consequence of her talent for preaching. The second part relates the banishment of Douglas and some of his friends, on account of his religious opinions, which gives its second title to the novel; and the third volume winds up the story, by the arrival of the Prince of Orange in England, and the abdication of James II. The troubles of

Scotland, and the discontents of England, are appeased: Sir Sholto Douglas, the father of the hero, has his forfeited estate restored to him; Douglas returns to his country, and Forshaw is united to his lecturing beloved.

This novel might have been readable, if it had appeared before Sir W. Scott presented us with his vigorous pictures of the struggles of this period, and threw over the covenanters and their foes the enchanting lights and shadows of his genius; but "William Douglas" will not do after "Old Mortality." It is but fair to say, however, that the author is by no means a contemptible imitator, that he writes with considerable elegance, and occasionally with energy.

ART. XV. *Rejected Articles.* Post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* London. Colburn. 1826.

THERE are three kinds of imitation in *acting* which will serve to illustrate the class of illustrative *writing*, to which the book before us belongs. There is Matthews's imitation of Kemble, which excites laughter from the slight exaggeration of the actor's peculiarities, and the collection of them all into a small space. There is Young's imitation of Kemble, which excites no laughter, because the peculiarities of his acting are not all exaggerated; and there is any bad actor's imitation of Kemble, which is exceedingly dull, and full of the said bad actor's own peculiarities alone. The Rejected Addresses belong to the first of these classes, the Poetic Mirror (by Mr. Hogg) to the second, and the volume before us to the third. We hold it to be needless to say that the present work is not written by the Smiths; for the author confesses that two out of his ten articles are genuine Rejected Articles, written by a certain P.G.P. If these are true initials, we profess ourselves utterly unable to guess what name is meant: and luckily the dulness of the book renders it needless to inquire.

We conceive it to be almost as necessary that a *jeu d'esprit* should be *short* as that it should be *witty*. A joke of 60 pages (the average length of each of these Rejected Articles) becomes a very serious affair. Who would ever have read the "Loves of the Triangles," if that brilliant production had been as long as the *Botanic Garden*? The writer of the Rejected Articles is as long as his originals, and is, unfortunately, not at all like them. There is none of that characteristic variety in his style which enables one at once to discover the originals of the Rejected Addresses; even the prefixed initials might be completely changed, without any prejudice to the resemblance.

The present volume professes to consist of imitations of C. Lamb, Cobbett, the Smiths, Professor Wilson, Hazlitt, Jeffrey, Leigh Hunt, and P.G.P.

Mr. Lamb is an original, pathetic, and eloquent writer, who throws an air of quaintness over his style by the occasional, but rare use, of antique words, and an affectation of the stately march of the sentences of some favourite old prose-writer. He has no other peculiarities, and certainly not one of those ascribed to him in this author's imitation of him, which looks more like a bad parody of Johnson.

The admirable imitation of Cobbett in the Rejected Addresses ought, we think, to have warned the author off these premises. He has only succeeded in catching the coarsest feature of that popular writer—his vein of abuse: when he attempts any thing beyond it, he sinks into a mere plagiarist. A paper called "Grimm's Ghost" professes to be "by the *other* author of Rejected Addresses. We have read with pleasure some of Mr. James Smith's *paranomasiac* effusions, and are extremely sorry to find him here represented as perpetrating such puns as *settee* for *city*, *Rind* for *Rhine*, and other enormities of the same description.

A dull letter on "Romeo and Juliet" is intended to imitate Professor Wilson, a writer whose peculiarities are so easily caricatured, that we cannot conceive how even such a writer as the author of "Rejected Articles" overlooked them.

Of the remaining attempts at imitation which occupy this volume, we have only to say that if they had been offered as 'articles' for insertion in any periodical work of the day, the editor would deserve the fate of Sisyphus who would not have marked them as 'rejected.'

ART. XVI. *Tales round a Winter's Hearth.* By Jane and A. M. Porter. 2 Vols. 12mo. 16*s*. London. Longman and Co. 1826.

THE authoresses of these volumes have been long known as indefatigable novel-weavers, who have contrived, between them, to furnish the circulating libraries with upwards of forty volumes of chivalry and sentiment. There are so few of our readers who have not, at some time of their lives, read Thaddeus of Warsaw, the Scottish Chiefs, the Hungarian Brothers, or some other novel out of the long list of the works of these ladies, that we need not tell them what they have to expect from the announcement of this new series of tales. There is one thing, however, very remarkable about them: we mean their brevity; which we cannot help noticing as a peculiar merit. They are four in number: 'Glenrowan,' a Scottish legend, which details the adventures and escape of a young lady who had shut herself up by accident in a subterranean cave, into which she had gone alone to seek money to support the Pretender: the next is 'Lord Howth,' a wonderful story of an Irish peer who was attended by a sort of spirit that assumed the disagreeable form of a rat—which is killed by his lordship in a fit of passion. After this distressing occurrence 'Lord Howth was no longer the same animated and animating person: the dying look and dying cry of his poor little pet haunted his sleeping and waking hours, alloying those intellectual pleasures, which of all men Lord Howth was the best fitted to find and to enjoy on the classic ground of Italy and Greece. He wandered beneath the giant shadow of the Coliseum, and stood on the silent plain of Marathon, with feelings withered and blighted by self-condemnation.'—Vol. i. p. 104.

On first reading this piece of fine writing we really thought that Miss Porter meant by her *rat* the kind of animal peculiar to the House of Commons, and that Lord Howth had actually killed a member of parliament: but we were consoled on reading farther to find that all his lordship's absurd remorse was caused by having killed one of the more ordinary and less disgusting of the tribe.

By far the best tale in these volumes is that entitled 'Jeanie Halliday.' It details the virtuous and violent struggles of a young man with his hopeless passion for the betrothed of another—his tender friendship after she became the wife of his rival—and the final sacrifice of his happiness and life to her and to her children. We cannot afford room for quotation: but few things can be more affecting than the simple-hearted affection and devotion of Alan Forsyth, or the details of his gradual decay.

The last story, which occupies the whole of the second volume, is not so much to our taste. It is a tale of the days of the crusades, and is called 'The pilgrimage of Berenice.' It contains some pieces of rather brilliant description: but its structure is uninteresting and improbable, and the plot is rendered unnecessarily obscure by the abrupt breaks in the story which the reader perpetually encounters.

ART. XVII. *Field Flowers; being a Collection of Fugitive and other Poems.* By the Author of "Odes," "Portland Isle," &c. 12mo. pp. 182. 7*s*. London. Relfe. 1826.

THE 'flowers' which the author has presented to us in this collection, are indeed of the character he has so modestly given them—'field flowers.' A few possess some fragrance, but it is wild and perishable, while the greater number have no odour at all, and are scarcely to be distinguished from weeds. The author says, he writes to please himself, and while away the ennui of his leisure hours, and that so far he has been successful. But he should recollect, that if he publishes what he writes, he should endeavour also to please his readers, and that verses which sound agreeably enough to the ear, may make no impression on the understanding. In this predicament, we fear, stands the 'Bandit's Bride,' a tale of nearly two hundred lines, which, though occasionally smooth enough, we found it difficult to comprehend. Other pieces in this collection might be specified as destitute both of melody and sense, but as the author assures us that his 'design will be amply fulfilled,' if 'but one frail favourite flowret should be selected from his little nosegay by each fair reader,' we, *fair* in one sense, though not in another, trust that it may afford him sufficient encouragement to proceed in his excursions, if we detach one specimen from his bouquet.

'LA BELLE BORDELAISE.

'It matters not where first I heard thy voice's melting tone,
Or whether on the Arno's banks, or by the beauteous Rhone;
Whether where flows the poplar'd Loire or Tiber's classic pride,
Or where, beneath yet bluer skies, the Vistula's blue tide.

It was not that thine every step betrayed an innate grace,
It was not that thy very soul shone mirror'd in thy face—
Nor was it beauties few could boast, save angel forms above,
Whose mighty spell enchain'd my heart, and bade it bow to Love.

I am not one to sit and gaze unmoved on female charms—
Tho' past the summer noon of life, Love still my bosom warms;
Or if the passion that I feel springs less from the bright eye
Than when 'tis dimm'd with sorrow's tear, perchance 'tis sympathy.

By whatsoever name 'tis call'd, whatever it may be,
Fair, grateful stranger of Bordeaux, 'twas that I felt for thee;
I knew not what the passion was, I little cared to know—
It was enough, I saw thee weep, and shared thy load of woe.

Myself a stranger in a clime, its language scarcely known,
Far from my native land away, dull, desolate, alone,—
What wonder that I clung to one whose every word and look
Bespoke the mind that gave them birth skill'd but in Nature's book.

At times she'd smile—how sweetly smile!—to hear me tell of Truth
And firm Fidelity that crown'd the plighted vows of Youth;
And then again—as some dark thought, like fancied shades in sleep,
Obscured the sun-beams of the soul—she'd press my hand and weep.

For she, like me, had loved, and he she loved was far away,
Where quiver'd Persia's turban'd bands salute the God of day;
While she, who oft my throbbing brow had pillow'd on her breast,
Watch'd haply each white sail that near'd the green Isle of the West.

Tell, tell me, ye who boast to know the workings of the soul,
What magic spell two stranger hearts could thus alike control!
'Twas with a sigh suppress we met, but yet we knew not why,
And when we parted, still, alas! we parted with a sigh.

We met as thousands may have met, but never till that hour
Felt I how more than mortal seem'd dear woman's soothing power;
And oh! if there's on earth one gift more than another rare,
It is when woman's lip pours forth, for him she loves, a prayer.

Nor need we ask what genial sky matured her tender frame,
Since woman still, whate'er her clime, is mentally the same;
Whether where snowy bosoms heave amid the Western main,
Or where bright eyes, Love's twin stars, light the orange groves of Spain.

All that in life we mostly prize 'tis her's alone to bring,
In her the way-worn pilgrim quaffs the desert's crystal spring—
In her the exile finds a friend—the man of many woes
In her fond bosom pity seeks, in her fond arms repose.

Where breathes, amid the wide, wide world, that isolated one
Who, spurning Woman's social smile, would rather live alone?
For what is life deprived of her? a long, dull, dreary tale—
A sea whose billows ebb nor flow—a ship without a sail.

I've marked her in each varying change of woe as well as weal,
Seen Love's bright glance flash from her eye—the tear-drop from it steal;
I've dwelt, with feelings how intense, on each capricious mood,
'Mid the gay crowd of city life or rural solitude.

I may have—in mine hours of mirth or boyish arrogance—
At each or all her foibles hurled keen satire's pointed lance!
Yet have I too—and where is he would not have done the same?—
The while I chid those foibles, loved the frailty whence they came,

Then fare thee well, Clotide, farewell! and tho' we meet no more,
I'll not forget thee 'mong the fair of mine own native shore—

For memory still will sometimes turn, 'mid Beauty's proudest show,
To where beneath her vine-bower weeps the fair maid of Bordeaux.'
pp. 73—79.

There is another poem, 'The Betrothed,' which might be selected as a companion to this; it is in the same measure, and is by no means devoid of merit. But the extract which we have given may induce the reader to consult the publication itself, and mitigate the judgement which we have been obliged to pass on the other compositions.

ART. XVIII. *Smith's new Pocket Companion to the Roads of England and Wales, and part of Scotland.* 12mo. 8*s*. London. Smith and Son. 1826.

'Books of the roads' are generally among the least intelligible of those compilations which are imposed as a tax upon inquisitive travellers—a class of men formidably diminished as to our own country since the multiplication of stage coaches. For now who has any apprehension of losing his way in England or Scotland? Where now are to be met those thrifty men who, mounted on sleek roadsters, with well filled saddle-bags carefully packed behind them, explore their obscure way by means of guide-books and maps from town to town, as in days of yore? If any such there be they will find every thing they can desire in this pocket companion. It differs from all former works of the kind, chiefly by being really portable, and calculated to afford all the information which a traveller requires. The roads are described, not in letter-press, as is generally the case, but are clearly laid down in maps, in a manner which a child may understand. It is, however, a serious omission, that most of the indirect or cross-roads are left out, for, in the present state of things, these are almost the only roads that require a guide. Many of these, indeed, are inserted in the maps, and perhaps the portability of the work would have been injured if any attempt were made to comprehend them all. An index is annexed, which considerably abridges the perplexing references so abundant in works of this nature, and points out every route contained in the maps with great perspicuity.

ART. XIX. *The Stanley Tales, Original and Select,* chiefly collected by the late Ambrose Marten, of Stanley Priory. Part I. 18mo. pp. 180. 2*s*. 6*d*. London. W. Morgan. 1826.

This work is formed upon the plan of the Percy Anecdotes. It is published in monthly parts, and is intended to consist exclusively of tales original and selected. The first number, which is now before us, is decorated with a handsome frontispiece, and is printed in the elegant style of *Watts's Literary Souvenir.* The tales are supposed to have been collected by Mr. Marten, who, after living a while in the world, retired to a priory, where he amused his leisure hours in preparing this miscellany. The greater number of the stories are translated, we observe, from the German, and are sufficiently amusing for a publication of this description.

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ART. I. *A History of the Mahrattas.* By James Grant Duff, Esq. Captain in the First, or Grenadier, Regiment of Bombay Native Infantry, and late Political Resident at Satara. 3 Vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 15*s.* London. Longman and Co. 1826.

IT needed but a single glance at the contents of these volumes to impress us with a high opinion of the importance and novelty of the matter which Captain Duff has here industriously accumulated. The troubled reign of the ancient dynasties of India has ceased; and the last revolutions, which completed the overthrow of the great native powers of the country, have been the recent work of our own times. The extinction of those governments, and the seizure of their capitals, have thrown all the records of their fortunes, and all the state papers—such as they are—of their intriguing cabinets, into the hands of our countrymen; and now, if ever, the materials are to be collected for the past history of Hindostan.

On the magnitude, the singular character, and the various interest of that subject, it would be useless to dilate; and it is obvious that the eager pursuit of historical research has left us few unbeaten paths to explore, which can in an equal degree attract and reward our freshened curiosity. If we regard only the peculiar constitution of its oriental society, if we contrast only the changeless and immutable character of its people, throughout all ages, with the incessant and violent changes of its ephemeral empires, the history of India offers, even in its mere native vicissitudes, a theme for lasting wonder and endless reflection. But to every European, perhaps, and certainly to every Englishman, the Indian annals of the last two centuries are gifted with yet deeper attraction. They exhibit the rise, progress, and consummation, of the most extraordinary empire which the world has ever seen: of an empire established by a mere company of traders upon the vast ruins of a hundred despotisms; founded in humble obscurity, and built up from most unimportant beginnings; joined together piece-meal and

by stealth; cemented by stratagem and encroachment; at first slow, feeble, and insecure in its enlargement, and then on a sudden, with most gigantic and fearful labour, extended and elevated, until it has towered in magnificence over the fairest regions of the eastern world—an empire of the mind, the most stupendous illustration of the axiom that knowledge is power! For this is the spectacle of a few thousands of the men of Europe ruling more millions of Asiatics by the mere force of cultivated intellect; of a handful of the natives of a northern island coercing nations many times more populous, and countries infinitely more wealthy than their own; maintaining, for the security of their dominion, armies of the conquered races far greater than the whole military forces of their own state; and fearlessly disregarding their inferiority to the myriads of their vassals in numerical strength, in local information, in the power of contending with a tropical climate, in all but in daring hardihood, in vigour, and in intelligence of spirit.

And yet in another respect, and more honourably, is this empire distinguished from almost all others, which like it have been founded in usurpation and won by the sword. Our power in India has not even a shadow of right to rest upon; it is palpably and confessedly the fruit of injustice and violence. Yet it possesses a redeeming quality which has rarely attended in the train of eastern conquest:—it has unquestionably been followed by increased happiness, and security for the subjugated people. This result is placed beyond the possibility of doubt, by the concurrent testimony of all well-informed writers, and by the agreement of every traveller in India who at this day passes alternately through the British provinces, and the districts still suffered to remain under native princes. The contrast between the smiling aspect of the Company's dependencies and the desolation of the native territories, between the easy situation of the ryot or cultivator in the one and his misery and penury in the other, has forced itself even upon the most careless observer; and no one, who is at all acquainted with the history of India in past centuries, and regards the comparative tranquillity which it has enjoyed for the last twenty-five years, can possibly refuse to believe that its settlement under the universal domination of the British has signally ameliorated the condition of the whole native population. In a country so totally incapable of freedom, the gentle operation of a beneficent despotism, the careful protection of a defenceless people, the introduction of useful institutions, equitable taxation, good laws, and upright administration of them;—all these blessings, which the east has never before known, and for which it is indebted to its British rulers, may form the atonement and the apology for the original wrong of usurpation and rapine.

Whatever may be the fate reserved for this immense and wonderful empire, its existence has already become one of the most remarkable phenomena in history; and whether it be doomed to

perish or to endure, the causes and manner of its grandeur will form an equally interesting problem for all posterity. Future ages will demand of these times the story of our Indian fortunes, of which we have lived to see the crowning greatness and the consummation; and it will naturally be expected of some of the actors in and contemporaries with the final subversion of the native Indian dynasties, that they should not only describe these scenes of their own times, but labour to preserve every curious memorial and record of ancient and extinguished power.

As if in anticipation of such a demand, several of our countrymen in the east have already, indeed, displayed the same energetic and intelligent spirit in historical research, which has marked their career in the cabinet and the field; and it is a circumstance most creditable to the members of the Company's service, that we owe to the gratuitous literary zeal and talents of its officers, civil and military, and to their patient study of the oriental languages, almost all that we know of the antiquities, laws, learning, religion, and political history of India. Of late years especially, the historical part of their enquiries has been very successfully pursued; and it is scarcely necessary to refer to the names of Malcolm, Wilks, and several others, in proof of the valuable illustration which the annals of Hindostan have received from such praiseworthy labours.

It has, however, so occurred, that while the course of all the Mussulman dynasties of India, as well also as of some of the Hindoo states, has been carefully traced up with very satisfactory precision, the early annals of the most remarkable and the greatest native people of the country were very little decyphered by the European scholar, until the commencement of the undertaking of which the result is before us. The origin and growth, the rapid extension and the sudden decline of the Mahratta power, have remained among the circumstances connected with our Indian possessions which were least comprehended in this country; and yet the whole course of Mahratta affairs is so intimately blended with the formation of our own empire, that some acquaintance with both subjects is absolutely necessary for the right understanding of either. But the fact is that until Satara and Poona, the ancient and modern Mahratta capitals, fell into our hands on the subversion of the Peishwa's government in 1819, and with them many Mahratta MSS. of state, the materials for a history of that people, particularly at its most interesting epoch of their emerging f m obscurity, were not accessible to Europeans; and as Captain] ff justly observes, the imperfect fragments left by the indefati- g ble Orme, and the subsequent attempt of Scott Waring, sufficie tly attest the difficulties in which such enquiries were until lately e veloped.

Happily for the completion of Indian history, these difficulties l ve been now in a great measure removed; and most fortunate

it may be considered, that at the critical epoch when the chief Mahratta state was annihilated,—while its records were still in full preservation, its institutions fresh in remembrance, and the best oral testimony on the important events of the last fifty years yet within reach,—the opportunity and leisure of consulting documents and gathering information should have fallen to a mind gifted with so much patient industry, ardour of investigation, and plain sound judgment, as Captain Duff has here proved himself to possess. Viewed, indeed, with critical severity as a great historical work, his composition would not bear the slightest comparison with any of our masterpieces. His style does not aspire to elegance; and though in general clear and simple, seldom warms into animation, and never rises to vigour or dignity. It bears perpetual traces of a pen unused to composition; and too frequent marks also of slovenly haste and neglected correction.

These errors of the press, and orthographical ommissions—these little indications of carelessness, so curiously contrasted with the author's industrious research, are the only inaccuracies of which we have any right to complain; and we notice them solely because they might easily have been avoided. Whatever deficiencies of style in other respects might be detected, it would be ungenerous not to admit to the fullest extent the manly and candid apology of a writer who is 'sensible that he appears before the public under great disadvantages, as indeed every one must do who, having quitted school at sixteen, has been constantly occupied, nearly nine-tenths of the next twenty-one years of his life in the most active duties of the civil and military services of India.' Captain Duff justly adds, that however well such a life may fit us for acquiring some kinds of information, it is in other respects ill calculated for preparing us for the task of the historian. 'Yet,' he pertinently asks, 'unless some of the members of his service undertake such works, whence are the materials for the future historian to be acquired, or how is England to become acquainted with India?'

Though, therefore, we are not called upon to blind ourselves to the defects of any work produced under such circumstances, we are most ready and happy to acknowledge the obligation of the public to any gentleman who laudably occupies his professional opportunities and his time as Captain Duff has here done; and we are decidedly of opinion that his work has rendered an essential service to the cause of historical literature. We do not fear to predict, that the book will maintain a high rank and a lasting reputation among the best authorities for past Indian transactions, certainly not from any attraction of style or composition, but in despite of the superficial defects to which we have pointed, and independently of all considerations of manner and method. For its intrinsic worth consists in the means which have been zealously employed for its compilation; and considering the mass of au-

thentic native records and testimony with which it abounds, it is really invaluable as a complete storehouse of materials towards the history of Hindostan.

We confess that we were by no means prepared to expect that the native MSS. extant in all India could furnish such an amount of information as Captain Duff's researches have gleaned from Mahratta records, to illustrate the history of the Deccan alone; and we have been agreeably surprised to find that his discoveries have enabled him to trace the condition and vicissitudes of the Mahratta country in uninterrupted succession, and almost without any remarkable obscurity, for nearly five centuries. During the last half of this long period he has evidently been perplexed rather with the superabundance than the poverty of his materials; and the reader will find his attention encumbered by the variety and minuteness of the details which he has copied from the native chronicles. Remembering that the condition of India has always been much more unfavourable to the preservation of letters than that of Europe before the invention of printing, the number and completeness of the Mahratta records is very remarkable; for the annals of that people for several centuries are here quite as distinctly filled up, and as thickly crowded with circumstance, as those of many of the turbulent European communities of the middle ages, which indeed they closely resemble in many points of view.

The account given by Captain Duff of the various sources from whence his materials have been extracted, is highly interesting and worth repetition in this place. He informs us that, on the subversion of the government of the Peishwas, the most important portions of their state papers and of their public and private correspondence were made over to him by Mr. Elphinstone, who had then the supreme authority in the Deccan, as commissioner for the settlement of the conquered territory. Under that gentleman, who is not better known in India by great political talents and services than for his amiable private character, our author had previously held a civil appointment at Poona; and he seems to have been fortunate enough to win his friendship and confidence; for it was by Mr. Elphinstone's nomination that Captain Duff became, after the downfal of the Peishwas, political resident at the court of the liberated Raja of Satara; and in this important office he obtained the charge of all the ancient records of the Mahratta empire. By Mr. Elphinstone's authority also, at a subsequent period, the archives of the Bombay government were freely opened to his inspection; and he appears to have experienced liberality and facilities where he might less have hoped for those advantages:—at Goa, where the Portuguese viceroy furnished him with extracts from the records of his government; and at the India House, where the directors permitted him a *partial* access to old papers and correspondence, which enabled him to authenti-

cate a variety of facts originally obtained from Mahratta authorities. It is, however, the number and extent of the native Mahratta MSS. which Captain Duff found means to consult, that have constituted the curiosity and value of his researches; and the labour which appears to have been readily encountered by his friends and himself, for this voluntary undertaking, must have been prodigious.

'In regard to native authorities, besides the important papers already mentioned, records of temples and private repositories were searched at my request; family legends, imperial and royal deeds, public and private correspondence, and state papers in possession of the descendants of men once high in authority; law suits and law decisions; and manuscripts of every description in Persian and Mahratta, which had any reference to my subject, were procured from all quarters, cost what they might. Upwards of one hundred of these manuscripts, some of them histories at least as voluminous as my whole work, were translated purposely for it. My intimate personal acquaintance with many of the Mahratta chiefs, and with several of the great Bramin families in the country, some of the members of which were actors in the events which I have attempted to record, afforded advantages which few Europeans could have enjoyed, especially as a great deal of the information was obtained during the last revolution in Maharashtra, when numerous old papers, which at any other period would not have been so readily produced, were brought forward for the purpose of substantiating just claims, or setting up unfounded pretensions. Latterly, however, I have to acknowledge many instances of disinterested liberality both from Bramins and Mahrattas, who of their own accord presented me with many valuable documents, and frequently communicated their opinions with much kindness and candour.'—Preface, pp. 9, 10.

Captain Duff is very candid in his acknowledgements of the assistance which he has received from the zeal of his friends. One gentleman, Mr. Romer, political agent at Surat, 'not only read and at his own expense extracted the whole of the records of the old Surat factory, but sent him an important MS. history in the Persian language.' Two other friends, Captain H. Adams, revenue surveyor to the Raja of Satara, and Mr. W. R. Morris of the Bombay civil service, 'translated many hundreds of deeds and letters, numerous treatises, and several voluminous histories, and for years together were ever ready at all hours, after the transaction of public business, to give up their time in furtherance of his object.'

That the reader may form some estimate of the nature of the works thus used by Captain Duff, we may just refer to a few of those which he most frequently cites. For the Mahomedan annals of the Deccan generally to the beginning of the seventeenth century, he has referred chiefly to the celebrated chronicle of Ferishta; and for fifty years afterwards to the equally well known work of Khafee Khan. But at Beejapoor, once the splendid capital of a Musulman kingdom of the Deccan, Captain Duff collected several MS. chronicles of that state, and one historical poem of the reign of

Ali Adil Shah II. The Mahratta MSS., on which he has principally relied, are both of greater importance and more novelty. Among them are—Lives of the Rajas and History of the Mahratta Empire, from the earliest period to the present times, compiled by Mulhar Ram Rao Chitnees, from original memoranda and authentic papers, written or translated by his ancestors, who were all persons highly distinguished at the courts of Raigurh, Ginjee, and Satara:—A History of the Mahrattas, by another hand, including an account of the Kings of Beejapoor:—and several Lives of the great Sivajee, the founder of the dynasty of Satara, and indeed of the whole Mahratta power. Besides all these, Captain Duff has perused upwards of twenty Histories of the Peishwas and Bhouslays, Rajas of Nagpoor. And all these MSS. are over and above the immense number of original state papers and letters which were placed at his command at Poona and Satara.

From this enumeration, a sufficient idea may be formed of the advantages under which Captain Duff has composed his work, and of the consequent value of its contents. Of course we cannot here adopt the same plan which we ordinarily pursue with every historical writer who comes under our notice, of instituting a rigid comparison between his authorities and deductions; nor can we determine positively whether Captain Duff has well weighed, rightly understood, and accurately followed the original chronicles and papers. But, as far as a book can do so, his work contains the strongest internal evidence of fidelity, consistency, and judgment, and, after an attentive study of his volumes, in conjunction with those of the former labours of our countrymen in Indian history, the result has led us to feel no difficulty in taking his accuracy for granted, when we cannot prove his correctness by our own investigation.

On the obvious interest and importance of the facts which have thus been collected, we shall say no more, therefore, than to repeat, that the spirit of enquiry and the industry evinced by Captain Duff and his associates, are above all commendation. The general arrangement of his matter, and conduct of his narrative, we cannot equally applaud. Throughout the work, after the two first chapters, he has embarrassed himself very unnecessarily, as it seems to us at least, by entering into a variety of details regarding the families of the minor Mahratta princes or chieftains, and following out their shifting fortunes through a thick labyrinth of dark intrigues, predatory warfare, and domestic atrocities. This is as if e historian of any of the European monarchies of the middle ges should occupy himself with intricate narrations of the sanguiary quarrels, the private wars, and lawless spoliations of the feudal bility; or as if he should endeavour to penetrate into the interior their castles, to lay bare every secret deed of blood and cruelty, id every horrid tale of domestic guilt, which might have exercised e tyranny of those ferocious chieftains, or polluted the annals of

their houses. But such particularities are worthy only of being recorded and left in the pages of garrulous chroniclers: it is rather the business of philosophical history to trace with minuteness no more than the great leading course of national affairs, to reject all but general views of the internal condition of society, and to deduce from the whole study those enlarged conclusions and reflections which are the only invaluable lessons of experience.

Captain Duff has not well understood or sufficiently regarded all this higher province of history; and therefore it is that his volumes have proved—what he fears they will be considered—mere annals. He complains, indeed, that the inherent difficulties of the subject have forced his undertaking to assume this form:—that 'the rise of the Mahrattas was chiefly attributable to the confusion of other states, and that it was generally an object of their policy to render every thing as intricate as possible, and to destroy records of rightful possession; that, as their armies overran the country, their history becomes blended with that of every other state in India, and may seem to partake of the disorder which they spread.' He therefore pleads that, 'as the only method of preserving regularity, he has been sometimes obliged, when the confusion becomes extreme, rather to observe the chronological series of events, than to follow out the connection of the subjects.' Now we are convinced that this fancied necessity has multiplied the confusion which he sought to avoid. The chain of events is constantly interrupted to keep his matter in trim chronological order, and the reader, in pursuing one broken series, is obliged to take up the link again whenever he may chance to find it, in the midst of some other train of narrative which is equally disjointed in its own continuity. Captain Duff has entered too much into detail in some parts of his subject, and generalized too little in all; and notwithstanding his plausible reasoning, we suspect the day will arrive when some more skilful compiler, with not perhaps half his industry or merit, will without difficulty transform the mass of his materials, simply by discarding the inferior part of them, into the more lucid shape of general and unbroken narrative and enlarged deduction.

The work is judiciously prefaced by a chapter of observations respecting the geography, chief features, climate, people, religion, learning, early history, and institutions of the Mahratta country. Every line in this opening dissertation is pregnant with interest; and here, at the outset, we are compelled to regret that the author did not devote a great deal of that space and detail to the introduction which he might well have spared from the body of the work. His notice of the geographical limits and features of the country is most clear and satisfactory; his sketch of the religious tenets of the Hindoos is sufficient for the purpose; and though the few words which he devotes to Mahratta learning might have been advantageously and agreeably extended into as many pages, yet Mahratta or Hindoo literature generally can scarcely be demanded

of him as a necessary part of his subject. But it is when he proceeds to describe the internal institutions of the Mahratta policy, that we have most cause to lament the brevity of his introduction. The reader who is at all conversant with Hindoo law and antiquities, or inquisitive for information on the political condition of the natives under their own governments, will share our disappointment on finding the whole question of landed tenures overlooked, or at least dismissed with a few passing observations. Captain Duff has not thought it worth his attention, as it unquestionably was, to enter minutely, in the outset of his history, into the precise nature of that division of lands, into *jagheer* and *enam*, which affected the whole law of Hindoo property, and which so often has, however inaccurately, been likened to the distinction of beneficiary and allodial tenures in the feudal system. Even the existence of such a distinction of lands is omitted in the introduction, and only referred to without explanation in the subsequent history.

This omission is the more extraordinary, because the whole political constitution of the Mahratta states was at once military and agricultural; and it was therefore absolutely necessary to the elucidation of the early history of that people, to determine as far as possible the precise obligations of their landed tenures. *Enams* were simply lands originally bestowed as gifts, saddled with no rent —in a word, literally, freehold: but *jagheers* would appear to have been always subject to some service. Though, however, a considerable proportion of the whole Mahratta territory was thus bestowed, we are to guard against the misapprehension of supposing that the system of jagheers and enams obtained universally. It is, as Captain Duff has observed, one of the most striking features of the Mahratta government, that the whole country was divided into villages, each a distinct community in itself. Over several of these villages were placed two officers, the Deshmookh and Deshpandya, who held jurisdiction over the peasantry, and levied their land rents (the principal business of Mahratta administration) for the government. In process of time, these officers appear to have established a hereditary right to their stations. They held of the sovereign; and paid their revenue collections into his treasury, either deducting a per-centage, or enjoying a portion of the lands of the district for their own maintenance. The districts so managed immediately under the government of the sovereign differed, perhaps, from lands given in jagheer, as much as crown domains might differ from fiefs.

'he system of bestowing lands in jagheer stood quite independently
c this general administration of territory, and may well deserve en-
c ry. We know that some jagheers were assigned for the support
c oldiery for the defence of the state, and that others were be-
s wed on chieftains and families, occasionally perhaps for their
c n benefit only, but certainly, as the more usual practice, upon the
c ndition of maintaining their military followers in readiness for

the service of the sovereign donor. In fact, it was an essential feature of the Mahratta policy, that the military strength of the country was distributed under various chieftains, each with his horde of mounted followers more or less numerous; and it was a principle of their sovereigns in conquest to divide the lands of the subjugated districts among these leaders or jagheerdars, who, with their bands, became thus interested in the defence of the new territory. But with the internal regulations of the jagheer system we are little acquainted; and as the mass of Mahratta papers examined by Captain Duff must surely contain some incidental matter to explain them, it is much to be regretted that he should not have directed some part of his attention to such points of enquiry. They were certainly closely connected with his historical subject; for any new light which he could have thrown on the jagheer system must have tended much to illustrate the early condition and progress of the Mahratta communities.

Having thought it essential to make so careful a report of the general character and value of Captain Duff's important work, we have necessarily the less space for any notice even of the heads of its contents. Nor shall we attempt the task—impossible within our limits—of following his narrative regularly; but shall confine ourselves to a rapid survey of those great leading features in the earlier periods of Mahratta history, which have hitherto been least known. We may do well to commence by giving the reader, unversed in Indian geography, a hint or two on the local situation of the Mahratta country. Captain Duff judiciously follows the divisions assumed by Colonel Wilks for the peninsula of southern India, by tracing their boundaries, in the absence of more positive evidence, according to the space over which each language prevails. According to this rule, Maharashtra, the country of the Mahrattas, or the great province over which the Mahratta language is spoken, extends from north to south almost from the Nerbuddah to the Kistna river; its western boundary is the sea as far south as Goa; and its extreme eastern limit is Nagpoor, from whence an irregular waving line may be drawn to Goa to complete the circuit. Of this region the present population is perhaps over estimated at six millions.

We are aware the boundaries which we have here given are not exactly correct; but they are nearly so; and we choose them as the readiest which any common map can explain. In like manner we may give a loose designation to the *Deccan*, a name for a great tract of country, often read of among us without one person in a thousand being able to define its extent. The Deccan, in the ancient Hindoo geography, comprehended the whole peninsula south of the Nerbuddah to Cape Comorin; but its modern acceptation may be understood as confined, north and south between the Nerbuddah and Kistna, and east and west between about the eighty-second degree of longitude and the great western range of

Ghauts. The Deccan therefore, in its most limited sense, contains all that greater portion of Maharashtra which is above the Ghauts, and about an equal extent more of other country to the south and east.

The remote history of Maharashtra is involved in very great obscurity; and Captain Duff, although he repeats the fabulous legends of the Hindoos, does not attempt to deduce its authentic annals from any period higher than about the tenth century. He inclines to the opinion, which is now pretty general among our antiquarian countrymen in the east, and which is perhaps established by sufficient-proof, that, at that epoch, and long antecedent, not only the Mahratta country but all India was divided into many small Hindoo states, more or less independent. Though the Mahomedan conquerors had established themselves in northern India before the end of the tenth century, it was not until three hundred years later that they carried their arms across the Nerbuddah. In the thirteenth century they penetrated to Deogurh, the modern Doulatabad, the seat of a Mahratta raja, easily overthrew his feeble power, and converted his city into the capital of the first Musulman sovereignty of the Deccan. The whole country from the Nerbuddah to Cape Comorin was gradually overrun, ravaged, and subdued; and, notwithstanding some insurrections of the Hindoo chieftains and population, the Musulman dominion over the peninsula of southern India was firmly established before the middle of the fourteenth century.

The first Mahomedan possession of the Deccan was originally won as an appendage of the sceptre of Delhi; until a rebellion, in the usual course of oriental conquest, dismembered the southern provinces, and laid the foundation of an independent Musulman empire south of the Nerbuddah. A successful adventurer, Zuffir Khan, seated himself on the throne of Doulatabad, in 1347, and founded the Bahminee dynasty, which was destined to reign over the Deccan for one hundred and fifty years.

The condition of the Hindoo population of Maharashtra, after the first Mahomedan conquest of their country, and throughout the duration of the Bahminee dynasty, is to be gleaned from the *bukers* or legends which are found in possession of most of the descendants of the old Mahratta families. These chronicles, which are numerous, are highly valued and carefully preserved; and it is the curiosity of their contents which has so often betrayed Captain Duff into episodical digression. He has, however, omitted to notice one aterial point illustrative of the general state of the Mahratta peoe after their subjugation. When the Mahomedans extended eir conquests into India, much of the fanatical fury which had pired the first propagators of the Moslem faith had expended elf. Their swords did not extirpate the religion as well as overow the governments of the conquered people. Either from inference, policy, or fear, they did not disturb even the most pecu-

liar institutions of the Hindoos; they persecuted seldom, and made few proselytes; and the Musulman population of India has thus been confined almost exclusively to the descendants of the millions of Persians, Tartars, and Arabians, who, at various periods of the Hegira, quitted their native seats for the enjoyment of the riches of India. The numbers of these Indian Moslems have frequently been recruited by new invasions from the north and west, but very rarely by Hindoo apostacy or conversion.

Passing over these important general facts without notice, Captain Duff has confined himself to remarking that, in Maharashtra, the Musulman conquests appear to have little affected the condition of the Hindoo chieftains and population. Many of the former still enjoyed sovereignty, more or less independent, over their districts and followers. In Zuffir Khan's rebellion against the Delhi empire several of these Hindoo rajas and smaller chieftains joined his standard with their forces; and it is certain, from some Mahratta MSS., that the successful adventurer rewarded their services by bestowing lands in jagheer upon them for the maintenance of two or three hundred horse each. Such lands appear, however, says our historian, to have been always within the jurisdiction of some greater Mahomedan jagheerdar; and the new sultan thus at once conciliated the native population and maintained the Musulman supremacy.

The Bahminee monarchy was fated to succumb under the same inevitable eastern law of excessive extension, gradual corruption, and final dismemberment, which had originally created it, out of the dislocation of the Delhi empire. Before the Bahminee princes had successfully established their sceptre over the whole of southern India, they had already degenerated from the spirit of the founder of their house; and the governors of the five great provinces of their empire, gradually threw off their allegiance, and established as many independent states, which were afterwards swallowed up in three separate monarchies. The extinction of the Bahminee dynasty may be dated in 1526; and in less than half a century more the divided Moslem power in southern India was established in the three kingdoms of Ahmednugur, Beejapoor, and Golcondah. The Mahratta country was embraced in the two first.

The vicissitudes of the Moslem dynasties of India require no farther notice in Mahratta history, than as they are associated with the rise of that people. The descendants of Timour, who, before the middle of the sixteenth century, established the Moghul empire of Delhi, were not restrained by the profession of a common faith from turning their arms against their Moslem brethren of the Deccan. Perpetual internal dissentions and wars between the three kingdoms of Ahmednugur, Beejapoor, and Golcondah, favoured the Moghul invasions of the Deccan; and the great but ambitious Sultan Akber projected the total subversion of all those monarchies. On his death, in 1605, the Moghuls were already in possession of

the capital and great part of the kingdom of Ahmednugur; and before the middle of the seventeenth century, they had extinguished the dynasty of its princes (1637), and shared the whole of their territory with the kings of Beejapoor. Meanwhile, new and more dangerous actors had entered on the theatre of Indian politics, and Europe put forth her first promise of subjugating the East. The appearance of the Portuguese on the coast of Maharashtra had been followed by their capture of Goa and other maritime places; and throughout the whole of the sixteenth century they had engaged the attention of the Mahomedan powers with continual hostilities.

These general circumstances,—the Moghul invasions, the internal dissentions of the luxurious Deccan monarchies, the furious wars among the Moslems, and the attacks of the Portuguese upon them,—all greatly favoured the independence of the Mahrattas. Hitherto, since the first Mahomedan conquest of their country, even the nation of the Mahrattas had been almost without a name; and the Musulman chronicles of three centuries had scarcely recorded a trace of their existence as a people. But they were now to start up from their native hills and plains as a new and unknown race of people: they were suddenly to rise, by the divisions of their conquerors, from the deepest obscurity to signal importance and fame, to strike suddenly and quick for the mastery, and to sweep away the fabric of ages in their headlong career. The whole progress of events had been fortunate for their rise. If the empire of Delhi had not been shaken by the Moghuls, the Bahminee dynasty could not have established their independent reign in the Deccan: if the first Moghul emperors had been in a condition to attempt the conquest of the Deccan while the united Bahminee kingdom existed, the rivalry and the struggle would, perhaps, have exercised the energies, and preserved the exclusive ascendency over all India, of two great Mahomedan empires, for a much longer period than either of them endured. But the Moghuls had just a sufficient preponderance of strength over the divided Deccanee kingdoms to dismember them by slow degrees; and the Moslems, while exhausting themselves, were gradually exciting that turbulent predatory spirit which, though for ages smothered, was inherent in the Hindoo natives of Maharashtra. It was in this manner, to use the words of our author, on the only occasion in his book in which he suffers himself to be warmed into a poetical thought, that 'the contention of their conquerors stirred those latent embers, til, like the parched grass, kindled amidst the forests which crown eir own stupendous ghauts, they burst forth in spreading flame, d men afar off wondered at the conflagration!'

It was about the middle of the seventeenth century, that this preading flame' first arose; and the condition of the Mahrattas, ring the contention which had fostered it, deserves some atten-n. It was little changed under the early reigns of the divided

Deccanee dynasties, and indeed during great part of the sixteenth century, from what it had been under the Bahminee empire; though it is worthy of remark that, so early as 1529, one of the Ahmednugur kings chose a Mahratta bramin for his *peishwa* or prime minister; and that, in 1555, a sovereign of Beejapoor disbanded his foreign Moslem troops, confided the defence of his state to native Deccan cavalry, and introduced the Mahratta language into all public business. At the same time the jagheer system seems to have extended among the Hindoo chieftains, and many Mahratta families so endowed were gratified with titles from the Deccan sovereigns. These circumstances are curious, as proofs of increasing consequence; and Captain Duff has found abundant accounts of the rise, at that epoch, of a great many houses of Mahratta chieftains, whom he enumerates, and some of which are extant to this day. No where would the pride of pure descent appear to be more fondly cherished than among these freebooting people; and in Maharashtra every ancient family has its verbose and pompous chronicle.

It was from one of the least distinguished of these Hindoo families, the Bhonslays, in the service of the Ahmednugur and Beejapoor monarchs, that the enterprising founder of the Mahratta independence, and the ancestor of the first great Mahratta dynasty, derived his birth. Sivajee Bhonslay, the most renowned adventurer in all Hindoo romance or history, was the son of a chieftain who had himself acted a conspicuous part in the Mahomedan politics and warfare of his times. Sivajee, however, a younger son, was reared in obscurity in one of his father's mountain jagheers in the Ghauts near Poona, and his first enterprises were rather in opposition to the paternal wishes than assisted by their support. He was one of those master spirits who are born to determine the fate of empires; and though his character was sullied by the vices of his nation, perfidy and cruelty, he was not devoid of many heroic qualities. He early conceived the idea of rendering himself, and perhaps his country, independent of the Musulman yoke; and the achievements recorded of him might seem to wear only the wildest features of romance, if their general truth was not confirmed by his astonishing success. From appearing in the outset of his career as the youthful leader of a few banditti of the hills, and gaining possession, by stratagem and violence, of many of the hill forts,—which in the strong country among the Ghauts are perched on the summits of inaccessible rocks,—he raised himself by degrees to be the creator and the sovereign of the Hindoo or Mahratta empire, which endured in the Deccan until our own times.

The distraction of the Musulman monarchies, the national spirit which Sivajee knew how to infuse into a large portion of the Mahratta people, his extraordinary talents in political intrigue, and his heroism in the field, were the secrets of his prodigious success.

We cannot here pretend to follow Captain Duff through the details of his course; but we may remark, that the story of his fortunes, and of the institutions of his kingdom, form by far the most interesting, and, because hitherto little known to Europeans, the most important part of the work before us. On Sivajee's death, in 1680, his Mahratta state already embraced the whole of the maritime country below the western Ghauts, from Goa almost to Surat, (excepting the island of Bombay and the few Portuguese places), and above those mountains it claimed an extent of territory of about two hundred miles in length from north to south, and one hundred in breadth: in which Raigurh, Poona, and Satara, were the places of most note. This was only the compact nucleus of the Mahratta empire which was to overshadow the Deccan; but Sivajee had many extensive detached possessions in the Carnatic, Candeish, Tanjore, &c.; and so vast was the plunder which he had accumulated in the wars wherein he sided alternately with one Moslem state against another, that he certainly left in specie in his treasury a sum equal to several millions of our money.

Such was the rise of the Mahratta power, and such the career of the extraordinary man, who may be said to have given a national feeling, as well as a national existence, to the race of his countrymen, after they had remained for four centuries obscure and unknown even by a name, in unresisting subjection to their Moslem lords. We have endeavoured to trace out at least the mere guiding lines of this first part of Captain Duff's subject, because, as we premised, it is the early part of Mahratta history—'the rise of our immediate predecessors in conquest in India'—which has hitherto been least known among us. In fact, we may say that it has been almost entirely unknown, and that the principal value of this work is to be found in the first volume. Our historian, indeed, has been enabled to explain many circumstances hitherto obscure, to correct numerous errors, and to explain accurately a great variety of transactions which had not been properly understood, in the later Mahratta annals. Doubtless the service which he has performed, even in these respects, cannot be too highly appreciated; but still, as he approaches our own times, he naturally falls into a track which has been already in a great measure explored. Here he follows other enquirers; but his series of satisfactory elucidations of the rise of the Mahratta power may be called his own discoveries.

None of the successors of Sivajee inherited his genius; but the ardour of conquest, which his example had kindled in the Mahratta people, was unquenched for many generations: their predatory warfare nurtured a constant succession of enterprising leaders; and, more than all, the fall of the Deccan kingdoms of Beejapoor and Golcondah to the Moghul arms, under the emperor Aurungzebe, and the rapid dissolution of the Moghul empire itself, after the death of that merciless but active tyrant, removed every barrier to the extension of the Mahratta domination. As a mere province

of the waning empire of Delhi, the Mahomedan power in the Deccan sank from that altitude of strength which it might have opposed to the Mahratta insurgents as long as the kingdoms of Beejapoor and Golcondah survived. The magnificent but deserted ruins of the former of those capitals in particular, its splendid palaces and mosques, its gorgeous domes and cupolas, still remain to attest the pompous grandeur and resources of a dynasty, who, with some exaggeration perhaps, are thought to have maintained, in their days of pride, the enormous force of 80,000 horse and 200,000 regular infantry.

After the death of Aurungzebe, in 1707, the Mahratta territories, or at least their predatory incursions and levies of tribute, were widely extended. About twenty years later, the Musulman government of the Nizams, at Hyderabad, which has been suffered to survive to these days, was formed out of the ruins of the Moghul power in southern India; and from that epoch the Mahrattas shared the whole sovereignty of the Deccan with those revolted viceroys of the Delhi empire; whom, however, they far surpassed in power and extent of territory. About the same time their predatory hordes, crossing the Nerbuddah, permanently established those Mahratta principalities under Sindia, Holkar, and other chieftains in the Malwa country north of that river, from whence the free-booting nation, now victorious from the Ganges to the Kistna, began to give law to Delhi and all Hindostan.

While the Mahratta power was thus attaining its maximum, the recognised government of the nation had undergone a complete and most curious change. The descendants of the great Sivajee had degenerated into such luxurious, slothful, and effeminate beings, as are ordinarily reared in oriental palaces. They shut themselves up in their inaccessible capital, the mountain fortress of Satara, and totally abandoned the direction of affairs to their prime ministers or *peishwas*. These officers shortly reduced their imbecile sovereigns to the same condition to which the maires du palais had once subjected the Merovingian kings of France; or, to choose more appropriately an eastern illustration, as that to which the califs of Bagdad were reduced by their lieutenants. Ballajee Wishwanath, originally an obscure bramin *carcoon* or secretary, but a person of consummate ability, was the first Peishwa who rendered that dignity and power hereditary in his family; and his lineal descendants have been ever since the real sovereigns of the Mahratta nation until the dethronement of the last of them in these times. The rajas of the Sivajee race, first the masters, then the puppets, and at length the prisoners of the Peishwas, have, under all circumstances, been universally recognised, nominally, as by hereditary right, the sovereign lords of Maharashtra; and the Peishwas professed, with insolent mockery, to reign only at Poona, as the vicegerents of the automatons of royalty whom they incarcerated in Satara. Yet, if the Peishwas had formally attempted to de-

throne these pageant kings, all Maharashtra would have arisen to assert the cause of the descendants of Sivajee, the lawful dynasty of their country. A singular qualification of the principles of legitimate succession; because it was generally admitted by the nation as well as the usurping parties; and a distinction equally characteristic of the Mahratta chieftains and people, whose prejudices in favour of hereditary family rights was thus satisfied while the nominal sovereignty of their princes was preserved, although their power and even their personal liberty were openly annihilated.

Yet the dynasty of Satara has been fated to survive the ruin of its insolent servant-princes. When, in the Pindharee war of 1819, the bad faith, the secret perfidy, and the open hostility of the last Peishwa provoked the British government, under the Marquis of Hastings' administration, to dethrone him, to subvert the dynasty, and to dismember and dissolve the empire of Poona, the raja of Satara, who had been the Peishwa's captive, was liberated and replaced on his ancestors' throne in the latter capital. There, under a thraldom at least milder than the yoke of the Peishwas, he is yet permitted to reign. The standard of Sivajee floats impotently over the rock of Satara, and his feeble descendants preserve the idle semblance of greatness.

To return from this little digression.—It was under Bajee Rao, the son of Ballajee, and the second of the hereditary Peishwas,—perhaps the most illustrious, or at least the fairest, character in Hindoo history, that the Mahratta power reached its zenith. "Now is our time," said this oriental hero, at a public council, to his imbecile sovereign, "to drive strangers from the land of the Hindoos, and to acquire immortal renown. By directing our efforts to Hindostan, the Mahratta standard in your reign shall fly from the Kistna to the Attock." Even the degenerate raja caught a spark of his minister's fire, and the Mahratta MS. records his answer,—"You shall plant it on the Himmalya, you are indeed the noble son of a worthy father." The prophetic boast was not literally fulfilled: but the Mahratta power during the life of Bajee Rao was the terror of all India. From the epoch of his death, in 1740, the strength of the predatory empire may be considered to have gradually declined, although the Mahrattas continued to extend their depredations for twenty years longer, until 'their right to tribute was acknowledged on the banks of the Coleroon, and the Deccan horse had quenched their thirst in the waters of the Indus.'

But at this era, the first effectual curb was set upon the wild M hratta ambition. Rendered audacious by the triumph of a h dlong career, the reigning Peishwa impelled the whole immense n nerical force of the Mahratta empire against Delhi, to dispute t possession of that capital and the disposal of the Moghul throne w h the Abdalla dynasty of the Afghans. All the Mahratta c eftains contributed their forces, to the prodigious number of 2 000 fighting men; so immense and so splendid an army of the

nation had never before taken the field; and the whole Hindoo power of southern India was set in array against the Mahomedans of the north. At the great and decisive battle of Panniput, above Delhi, in the year 1761, the Mahratta host was totally overthrown; in the battle, the pursuit, and the cold-blooded slaughter of their prisoners, two hundred thousand men, including the Peishwa's eldest son, cousin, and many other leaders of note, were cut to pieces by the merciless Afghans; and Maharashtra never afterwards thoroughly recovered the shock of this tremendous defeat.

Hitherto the English East India Company had come very little into collision with the Mahratta power; for their establishments on the Bombay coast were yet in their infancy when compared with those in the presidencies of Bengal and Madras. In the latter, they had just at this juncture overcome their rivals the French; and it was an auspicious circumstance for the growth of the British ascendancy in India that they were not forced into a contest with the Mahratta empire, until the violence of its strength was broken, its energies were decayed, and its provinces were torn asunder, by selfish leaders, into independent and discordant military despotisms. The subsequent history of Mahratta politics, in connection with the establishment of our empire, and of the intrigues, and warfare which have terminated in the total downfal of Mahratta sovereignty, is sufficiently known in its general outlines. All the details of that labour, by which courage and policy have built up the glories of a mighty empire, cannot be too closely or too often studied; and we may conclude by assuring our readers that they will nowhere find, in any work hitherto published, so careful, so minute, or so thoroughly satisfactory an exposition as Captain Duff has given in the last half of his annals, of the majestic progress of those events which have led to the subjection of all Maharashtra to the British sceptre.

ART. II. *The Boyne Water*, a Tale, by the O'Hara Family. 3 Vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* London. Simpkin and Marshall. 1826.

'THE Boyne Water,' it is scarcely necessary to say, is a national and historical tale of Ireland, the scene of which is laid in the most eventful epoch in all the annals of that unhappy country:—the great struggle between the partisans of James II. and William III., the fierce and deadly conflict between the men of the old and the new faith. Almost all the most distinguished personages who figured in that memorable epoch and struggle,—the two kings themselves, Schomberg and Tyrconnel, Sarsfield, Hamilton, Ginkle, Walker of Londonderry, 'the Jesuit Petre, and the Jesuit Burnet,' as our author would couple them, even the infamous Galmoy, and the monster Kirke, are all here introduced in their several characters and actions, and frequently even in the sentiments which they have

delivered and recorded for themselves, or in the language which friend and foe have ascribed to their utterance. The work, in short, is less a novel than a highly coloured narrative of the whole course of the civil war in Ireland, from the closing of the gates of Londonderry, to the capitulation of Limerick; and its pages are occupied much less with the fortunes of the wholly fictitious characters of the tale, than with the discussion of the political arguments, the motives of the political parties, and the various public conduct of all the real actors of the times.

The author of these volumes had already earned some reputation for himself, by his first collection of Irish national "Tales by the O'Hara Family;" and he has certainly given very many indications of at least undiminished powers as a novelist in the present work. He shows in many places great mastery in the display of the passions, though he succeeds worst in pathos; he has a shrewd insight into human nature generally, and a perfect acquaintance with the genuine eccentricities of the Irish character in particular; and we know few of his compeers who can imagine and throw off a scene of strife or terror with a bolder or more vigorous pencil. But admitting all these, and some other proofs of talent in the volumes before us, we can, upon the present occasion, commend neither his choice of a subject, nor his manner of treating it. When we recollect the successful execution of his former work, in which both the characters and events were wholly the creations of his fancy, we cannot help regretting that he has abandoned a path of writing equally attractive to his readers, and safe for his own reputation, to possess himself, with very questionable propriety and hazardous enterprise, of the debateable ground which he has here chosen. We should rather have seen another series of his stories, national and characteristic of his countrymen as possible, but not national and historical; not awakening the memory of all that fierce spirit of religious dissention, which near a century and a half, and the gradual influence of more tolerant and charitable principles, have scarcely had power to soothe and to put to rest.

He has, it is true, given us to understand from his preface, that nothing is farther from his design than to perpetuate civil and religious dissentions; that he seeks to conciliate parties by an impartial picture of the memorable struggle which produced them; that he desires only in the historical part of his motley office to substitute truth for popular stories, facts for delusions, and a fair impartial narrative of events for a century of misrepresentations. Moreover we are
sible that the story of that contest has hitherto been received
tirely from the report of the victors; and that, in their own
untry at least, due honour and justice have not always been
dered to the memory of the gallant men who shed their blood,
d sacrificed their possessions and their native land in the cause of
e monarch and the faith to whose support they held themselves
scientiously bound. All this we know: but yet we have found

cause in these volumes to see that, if conciliation was the design of the author, it is far from being the tendency of his book, and that, if some of the events of the times of which he treats have hitherto been ungenerously distorted to the prejudice of a fallen cause, he has now wrested them so violently in an opposite direction, that they are yet wider than ever from the line of impartial truth.

It will scarcely be expected of us that we should gravely follow a mere work of fiction through its fanciful course, to detect and to specify all the latent historical errors and partialities which are insinuated in the web of its story. But we encounter so bold and startling a proposition in the very preface, that we need scarcely go farther to give a general idea of the strong party bias under which it has been written. The reader probably will not be prepared for the assertion, that 'since some late publications, and particularly since that of the "Life of James II. King of England, collected out of memoirs writ of his own hand," edited from the authentic MSS. by the librarian at Carlton House, and published under the auspices of his present gracious majesty, Englishmen have ceased to attribute to the deposed monarch such civil tyranny, and such plotting against their religion, as his hostile contemporaries found it politic to lay at his door.' Our author may, on the contrary, be assured that, if there be any point on which Englishmen are agreed, it is in their judgment against the arbitrary principles of government on which James would have supported his throne, and in the necessity of resistance to those principles. But our author's whole portrait of James is extravagantly partial.

As to the plot of our tale, its structure is very simple and readily explained. It is founded chiefly upon the double attachment between a young protestant gentleman of fortune, Evelyn, and his orphan sister Esther, and Eva and Edmund, the motherless children of M'Donnell, a Roman Catholic chieftain of the noble house of Antrim, who had been dispossessed of great part of his property under the iron tyranny of Cromwell. The scene is of course laid in the north of Ireland, and the tale opens in 1685, on the accession of James II. The first volume, which runs through the three earliest years of that monarch's reign, is occupied with the friendship and loves of the young parties, the gradual approach of their double marriage, and the fearful warnings by which Onagh, a sibyl, half insane, half malignant, but gifted with prophetic powers, seeks to avert the union between M'Donnell and Esther Evelyn. Meanwhile the progress of civil and religious discord in Ireland, the increasing fears and exasperation of the hostile parties, and the preparations for an intestine war, are admirably delineated. The young men, Evelyn and M'Donnell, have at first the good sense to observe and to lament the madness of the opposing factions: but they are at length secretly persuaded, Evelyn by the famous Walker of Londonderry, and M'Donnell by O'Haggerty,

a jesuit, to enrol themselves respectively in the armed associations of the opposing religions; and by a mutual reserve, unnatural in so close an intimacy, they are led to conceal their engagements each from the other. The business of the marriage between the young friends and their sisters, however, still proceeds; and they assemble at the castle of Lord Antrim at the close of the year 1688, under these ominous circumstances, for the celebration of the nuptials. The first volume closes with the following scene.

'The only thing that interfered with the solemn and quiet nature of the place, and of the ceremonies to be solemnized in it, was the continued, and, indeed, increased violence of the weather. It blew a very hurricane; and the rain beat with such force upon the roof, and against the windows, of the solitary little chapel, as filled its interior with unintermitted and almost alarming sound. Through the low windows, nearly on a level with the ground, abroad, the night seemed raven-black.

'Scarce had the brides appeared at the door opposite that through which the bridegrooms and their party entered, when Evelyn, attended by Edmund M'Donnell as his brideman, and by the old Earl of Antrim, to "give him away," advanced to Eva, took her hand, and led her, amid her group of beautiful bridemaids, and while the earl's lady held her other hand, towards the altar. All entered the railed sanctuary; ascended the steps of the altar; stood on the platform; and, in a few moments, Evelyn and Eva M'Donnell—according to the forms of the Roman Catholic church—were married.

'In their turn, Edmund, his brideman, and his old father, advanced to Esther. He took, in his, a cold and shivering hand, and the veil she wore did not hide her raining tears, nor her blanched cheek and ashy lips. Gently, gracefully, and proudly, he led her to the railings of the sanctuary; she stumbled, and had nearly fallen, in the effort to step the single step that elevated it above the floor of the chapel. As she passed close by a side-window, just at the altar, she started—sprung from it, and uttered a low scream. Edmund looked at the window; it was black and blank, and no cause appeared for Esther's terror, though now she shuddered so violently as almost to swoon away. Assisted by her lover, her noble hostess, and her frightened bridemaids, Esther gained at length the platform of the altar. The white-headed and palsied old priest again opened his book, and began the second marriage ceremony: a clattering of horse-hoofs was heard without, and he paused. In a moment after, a small door, at the remote end of the building, through which the peasantry around used to enter to mass, was flung open, and gave ingress to a gust of storm so furious, that it extinguished nearly all the lights in the chapel; and with it came in a man, enveloped in an ample riding-[c]ak, who walked straight up the aisle to the altar, holding an open [l]etter in his hand. As he gained the altar, all recognized the Rev. [G]eorge Walker.

"You are late, Mr. Walker," said Evelyn, who now stood outside the rails.

"Am I *too* late?" asked Walker, eagerly.

"I present you Mrs. Evelyn, sir."

"There has been a clergyman of the established church here?"

'"No, sir; you know we expected but you."

'"All is right, then," said Walker; "it is no marriage."

'"Insolent!" said Lord Antrim;—"proceed in the ceremony, father M'Donnell;"—just then a servant hastily entered the side door, and approached his lord with a packet.

'"Let him," resumed Walker;—"but, first," holding out the open letter—"let all try the effect of this—WILLIAM, THE DELIVERER, HAS LANDED!"

'The whole company, including those on the altar, and even the old priest with his book, started.

'"It is false!" cried the friar.

'"By the holy saints, it is true!" exclaimed Antrim—"the usurper landed at Torbay on the 5th. You were late with your first news, reverend friar; and though you make mysteries of your own despatches—read that," handing him the paper he had himself just perused:—"here, fellow,"—to the servant who was retiring—"let my people know this intelligence instantly—despatch horse and man around—care not for the night—and the signals—the beacons!—fire that on the castle's top, that on the bay's edge, and that on the brow of Little Deer-Park—let them tell it to Ballygelly Head and the Point of Garron—and they to the Fair-Head and Bengore—and round let it flame to old Dunluce—so that, by the morning's dawn, all true men may be stirring for their true king and master!—Meantime on with the ceremony, here—though brides and bridegrooms are like to have a flaming nuptial-torch."

'"Proceed, father M'Donnell," said Edmund.

'"Come down, Edmund M'Donnell," cried O'Haggerty—"dishonour not your name and blood—insult not your holy religion, now in peril—endanger not your life, by taking to your bosom the stranger, the traitoress, and the heretic—come down from the altar, I say—think only of the cause, which, by virtue of the royal commission, you hold—"

'"What, Edmund!"—interrupted Evelyn—"what does this mean?"

'"It means," said Eva, "that my brother is a commissioned officer in the service of his king."

'"It means," said Walker, "that, as I told you, Evelyn, he is one of those traitors to protestant ascendancy, in church and state, commissioned and sworn to cut your throat and mine: even let him come down, as his old counsellor advises, and call you your sister, at the same time—"

'"Eva!" resumed Evelyn, in much agitation, "knew you of such a secret engagement?"

'"I did," she answered—"and if I did?"

'"This is disingenuousness—treachery!"—he exclaimed. "I am betrayed, even at the altar."

'"Treachery!—betrayed, Evelyn!"—Eva repeated, letting go his arm, and stepping back.

'"You are," said Walker, catching his arm—"even as I foretold it would be;—rouse yourself like a man and a Christian, and at last act as becomes you;—Robert Evelyn," he continued, in a loud and impressive voice, "I command you, in the name of your church, and of him who is come as your king, to rescue your father's daughter from the pollution of a traitor's arms, and lead her, after me, from this idolatrous roof!—Think of the pledge you have given to me and to your country—

the pledge that is registered against you, and that you hold in your keeping—"

'"What pledge does he mean?" asked Eva.

'"One which makes him a soldier of the faith, and arms him with a sword against all papists," replied Walker.

'"One destined to be reddened in our blood," said O'Haggerty.

'"What, Evelyn!"—Eva went on—"you talk of, as treacherous, the accepting and holding a lawful commission from a lawful sovereign, and you enter into an unauthorized contract with the deadly foes of that sovereign, and of us all—a contract of God knows what nature—hither, Edmund, hither!"

'"This adds insult to injury—descend, Esther Evelyn, and stand by me," he exclaimed.

'"Sister, obey your brother's voice!" cried Walker; "and—"

'"Let go her hand, and come down!" echoed the friar.

'"Scandalous men!" said the old priest, from the altar, "interrupt not the conferring of a sacrament—tear not asunder those whom God is about to make one—peace, and let the marriage be done."

'"Nay," resumed Eva, still addressing Evelyn, after a most agitated pause—"if thus you proceed, sir—if your own voice be raised to cancel the engagements of my brother with your sister—if here, at the altar, you call us traitors and betrayers—never shall she or you have cause to repeat the words elsewhere."

'"How!" cried Edmund, who had at last descended, leaving Esther supported by her bridemaids—"traitors and betrayers!—who dares speak the words?"

'"Dares!—I spoke them," answered Evelyn.

'"Betrayer and traitor, you!" rejoined Edmund—"you, as it at last appears, a secret plotter against your king, and against the very friends who would take you to their bosom!"

'Evelyn sprung to the altar, and seized his sister's cold hand—"I forbid this marriage!" he said.

'"And I," said Eva, "renounce the former one—your own priest, there, has told you it is invalid—think it so—and farewell, Evelyn, for ever!—Brother, *your* hand."

'"Be that as it may—let us stand how we may stand to each other—this lady shall never be his bride!" Evelyn went on, assisting Esther down the steps.

'"Never!" repeated a screaming discordant voice at the side window, accompanied by loud and frantic clapping of hands;—Esther looked askance, and fell in the arms of her brother. A glare of red light broke through all the windows into the chapel, the late extinguishing of its own tapers having left it in sufficient gloom to favour the effect; and as the roaring of the beacon blaze, abroad, mingled with the beating of the heavy rain, and the continued howling of the hurricane, Onagh's shrill screams, and the wild clapping of her hands, might be heard above every other horrid sound, while her pallid face appeared, now at one window, now at another, and her "never! never!" rising above the roof of the chapel, seemed to be a tongue of the tempest.

'In a few moments after, Evelyn and Walker, bearing between them, on through the fury of such a night, the insensible Esther, left Antrim

castle, to seek an independent shelter in the adjacent hamlet of Glenarm.' —Vol. I. pp. 367—375.

The friends and lovers thus separate in passionate enmity; the civil war commences; and M'Donnell and Evelyn espouse the opposite parties in which they had been enrolled. The scenes of the conflict naturally suggest to the novelist many interesting situations and adventures for his heroes, of which he skilfully avails himself; but through these we of course cannot follow him. We stop only to give one other striking scene as an example of the author's powers. Evelyn, wounded and a fugitive from the field of Hillsborough, in which the Catholics were victorious, is overtaken by M'Donnell and a party of his men: first a scuffle ensues, and then a temporary reconciliation between the friends; Evelyn surrenders himself, M'Donnell refuses to receive him as his captive, and shares his flight, thus provoking the suspicion of treason among his own followers; the friends are afterwards compelled to deliver themselves up to a protestant party; and M'Donnell becomes a prisoner upon parole in the garrison of Londonderry, where Esther had previously taken refuge. On the approach of King James to that fortress, a deputation is sent out to treat of surrender, and the friends are induced from curiosity to accompany the city commissioners: they are discovered by Galmoy, and ordered to be shot as traitors.

' "Murderer!" cried Edmund, as both started at this sudden and unceremonious arrangement, while the blood, first rushing to their cheeks, then retreated to their hearts—"you cannot mean this violence—you cannot assume the power of taking two lives, without inquiry or cause, authority, or the permission of others?"

' "My friend," exclaimed Evelyn, "if at all accountable, is only accountable to his own commanding-officer—as a prisoner, in my charge, he is further protected—and I am protected by the pledge of safe conduct which King James has given to the deputation at my side."

' "I cannot find your name in the list," replied Galmoy. "People of Derry, has Robert Evelyn been appointed one of your number?"

' The commissioners answered in the negative, but reminded him of the understanding which gave equal protection to any who accompanied them.

' "That 's a difference for a counsellor at law, not for a soldier," resumed Lord Galmoy; "and so, here come the musquets. Kneel down, you dear friends, with your faces to that rise—close to it—you will not? —Men! tie them back to back, and place them on the ground."

' "I appeal to King James, or to his officers, against this murther!" exclaimed Evelyn, as the men approached.

' "If there be here a gentleman, a man, or a true soldier," cohoed Edmund, "we appeal to him!"

' "What say you, General De Rosen?" asked Galmoy of the French officer by his side, and who, though not so terribly distinguished as his lordship, yet has left behind him some character for cruelty and tyranny.

' "*Qu'ils meurent*," answered De Rosen.

'"Do your duty," continued Galmoy to the soldiers.

'The young men flew to each other's arms, and then stept, hand in hand, to the place pointed out. They knelt; bandages were tied hard over their eyes; and, still holding hands, they awaited, in silence and darkness, a sudden and miserable death.

'"Fall in!" they heard Galmoy say; and the soldiers got into motion.

'"Ready!"—the musquets clanged as the men brought them into the position required—immediately after the friends heard the sharp click of the locks from half to full cock, and slight as the sound in reality was, it filled their brains with horrid noise.

'"Present!" continued Galmoy's voice, like a burst of thunder—the friends exchanged a desperate pressure of the hands.

'"Recover arms!" was the next command, and their hands dropt by their sides, relaxed and unnerved by the abrupt relief, more than they had been by the immediate prospect of death.

'"On second thoughts, young sirs," Galmoy went on, "this shall be done better. You, Captain M'Donnell, take the bandage off your eyes, get up, and advance hither; Master Evelyn need not be at the trouble of moving."

'Edmund, faint, and almost bewildered, obeyed these orders.

'"In consideration of your late courtesy to me," he resumed, as they stood face to face,—"I ask you, are you willing to do a slight piece of service for your life?"

'"Life is dear to every man—let me hear your terms," answered M'Donnell.

'"Give him a musquet"—a soldier placed one in Edmund's passive hands—"now, to save so dear a friend from common executioners, shoot him yourself," added Galmoy.

'"Do not urge me to this," said Edmund, glaring on Galmoy, though he spoke in a subdued voice.

'"I only command you," replied the torturer.

'"Do not, I entreat you," continued M'Donnell, a terrible energy renerving his frame, although he still spoke slowly and deliberately—"for the sake of manhood and decency—as you love or fear God, do not." Galmoy repeated his word of command.

'"Well, then," said Edmund, bringing the musquet to his shoulder—"yet, once more, do not."

'"Fire!" continued the nobleman.

'"Yes, monster!" screamed poor M'Donnell, turning madly upon him, and pulling the trigger. A soldier just had time to strike aside the muzzle of the piece, so that Galmoy's hair was only singed, although he staggered, and fell.

'"Leap up, Evelyn!" roared Edmund, who thought Galmoy was k"d. His friend was instantly at his side. But both were as instantly s ed by De Rosen, by some of the near soldiers, and by Galmoy hims , who soon started to his feet. The young men, desperate as mad b s, firmly grasped, in turn, the two generals. The soldiers tugged h l to tear away their hands, fearful of injuring Rosen or Galmoy, sl uld they fire on the youths, until both parties stood on separate g und. And thus some short time elapsed since the report of the m quet, when a stir took place all through the camp, particularly near

the royal tent; officers and soldiers stood to their arms; trumpets sounded a salute; kettle-drums rolled; cheers arose; horses in full gallop were heard approaching; there was a rush round the sweep of the eminence on which the struggle went on; a gallant party, splendidly mounted and attired, appeared in view, and "the king!—the king!" cried many officers who rode before—"make way—make way!"

'At these words Edmund and Evelyn readily freed their persecutors, who, in turn, allowed them to stand free; Galmoy making a hasty signal to the soldiers to wheel round, and come to a salute. M'Donnell darted forward, and flinging himself almost under the feet of a proud steed, cried out—

'"My king and master!—where is he?—to him I appeal from an assassin!"

'The rider skilfully checked his prancing horse, and backed him amongst the group by whom he was surrounded. As he sat erect in his saddle, he seemed a man about fifty years of age, above the middle size, well, and rather squarely made; his features large and rigid; but wearing, instead of the mild melancholy his father wore, or the grave voluptuousness of his brother, a somewhat bolder and haughtier expression, with perhaps more enterprise than was at once apparent in the countenance of either. His flowing periwig descended over his shoulders and back; his round grey hat, looped up at front, displayed a red and white plume, that was secured by a brilliant cross; many orders, foreign and national, surrounded the royal star that blazed on his breast; the holsters at his saddle-bow were richly embroidered; his horse nobly caparisoned; his boots furnished with golden spurs; and it was altogether evident that Louis's attention to the outfit of his king-brother, left naked but for him, had been worthy of the respect he always professed for the exiled monarch.'—Vol. ii. pp. 262—268.

The royal interposition rescues the friends from the hands of the bloodthirsty Galmoy; and they are permitted to return with the deputation to Derry. Then we have a long and elaborated narrative of the memorable siege of that city, and the frightful sufferings of the inhabitants, which our author, however, has not we think wrought up to all the intensity of interest that such a subject might admit. During the siege, Edmund M'Donnell makes another effort to render Esther Evelyn his wife; but by the machinations of Onagh, the union is again interrupted, and poor Esther, her mind horror stricken by the re-appearance of the sibyl, and her frame exhausted by anguish and want of sustenance, sinks under her miseries, and dies at the moment that the city is relieved.

After the Catholic army have been compelled to raise the siege, new horrors await the friends from the successes of the protestant party. Eva joins them in Derry, but meanwhile the butchering Kirke has landed with some of William's troops from England, and carried fire and sword through Lord Antrim's country; and when M'Donnell, with Evelyn and Eva, proceeds to revisit his father's house, he finds it burnt to ashes, and the old man and his

faithful servants weltering in their blood. This horrible scene, acting upon a mind already disturbed by his bereavement of Esther, maddens M'Donnell to desperation; and his thirst of vengeance renders him thenceforth the deadly and unsparing foe of the protestants. At this point, the close of the second volume, Evelyn is separated from Edmund and Eva under circumstances which lead them to a dreadful suspicion of his honour. A young peasant girl, Moya Laherty, who is violently enamoured of him, and twice saves his life at the hazard of her own, endeavours, in the wildness of her passion and jealousy, to convert this separation into an irreparable breach between the friends and lovers; and her arts are for some time successful. The M'Donnells sedulously shun all intercourse with Evelyn; Eva is conveyed for safety to the continent, and M'Donnell, degraded from his commission for having suffered the escape of Evelyn as formerly related, disappears from his rank in society, and becomes the captain of a band of Rapparees or freebooters.

In the third volume, Evelyn goes through many adventures in endeavouring to seek an explanation of the M'Donnells, who, on their part, believe him a villain; and this delusion continues until the denouement, which is effected by Onagh. That insane sibyl recovers her reason, and obliges Moya to confess her perfidious practises; and Onagh herself repentently avows her own share of former guilt against the peace of Edmund M'Donnell and Esther. She proves to be a lady, whose honour an elder brother of Edmund had betrayed. Her brothers, after endeavouring to force the unfeeling seducer to marry her, had murdered him and her child before her face, with some horrid aggravation of cruelty; and the spectacle had deprived her of reason. In her insanity, she had imagined herself 'bid to cross the first-love of any brother of his blood whose hard heartedness had withered up her heart;' and hence her hostility to the loves of Edmund and Esther. The confession of Moya produces of course a complete reconciliation between the M'Donnells and Evelyn; but the tale does not end happily. Evelyn and Eva, already united, are indeed restored to each other; but Edmund, being excluded as a Rapparee captain from the benefits of the capitulation of Limerick, is, on the conclusion of the civil war, for ever banished from Ireland.

Such are the outlines of the plot of the novel. But it is manifest that the author has throughout made the mere business of the story quite subordinate to the plan of detailing the public events of the civil war; and his introduction of whole political manifestoes and historical passages, has often the effect of smothering the romantic interest of his piece. There is perhaps less to regret in this, as the incidents of his plot are often improbable and extravagant. His management of his fictitious characters, too, is altogether bad: it is unnatural that M'Donnell and Evelyn, with the conviction of the madness of the hostile parties full upon their

minds, should originally have contracted the political engagements which they did; or that, in the confidence of unreserved friendship, they should not have disclosed those engagements to each other. And it is even more improbable that subsequently, after many trials of each other's fidelity and character, they should so readily have been dupes to the artifices of Moya. The part of Onagh needs no comment: it is in the highest degree ridiculous; and the author here, with a depraved taste for the preternatural, violates all reason and probability, by the introduction of unreal visions of witchcraft, in the very midst of authenticated scenes of real life. Onagh has been driven to madness; but her incantations are obeyed by the powers of darkness, and her forebodings have the truth of prophecy, until she recovers her reason, and with it—for the denouement—her every day mortality. All this is very absurd and inconsistent.

But the author's worst fault, is that palpable and servile imitation of Scott, which seems henceforth doomed to be the besetting sin of the "historical novel;" and it is remarkable that this imitation is almost always unskilful. We pass over the close resemblance of all the fictitious characters to the personages of the Scottish novels; although Eva M'Donnell must be at once identified with the Flora M'Ivors and the Diana Vernons; the inanimate Evelyn with Waverly, and all the doubles of that hero whom Sir Walter has painted; and above all, Onagh of the Cavern, with Norna of the Fitful Head, and all the wildest and most absurd among the northern novelist's creations of the same class. We may pass over all these identities of general character; but we shall find the imitation extend even to the scenes and the contrivances of the plot. To give only two for example: we have a single combat and a death struggle between the reverend champions, Walker and O'Haggerty, an evident copy of that between Bothwell and Burley; and notwithstanding an attempted and feeble disclaimer in the preface, an improbable error, upon which the whole interest of the third volume turns, is a mere repetition of that in the Abbot, where Roland Græme mistakes the brother of Catherine Seyton for herself in male attire. Here Evelyn encounters in disguise, in battle, in many perilous and unbecoming situations for a female, a younger brother of Eva, whom he had never before seen and scarcely heard of, so closely resembling her in countenance and stature, that he is convinced it is herself in the garb of a man.

Art. III. *Travels in Chile and La Plata, including accounts respecting the Geography, Geology, Statistics, Government, Finances, Agriculture, Manners and Customs, and the Mining Operations in Chile; collected during a residence of several years in these countries.* By John Miers. 2 Vols. 8vo. 2*l.* London. Baldwin and Co. 1826.

To persons who may have occasion to proceed to Chile overland by Buenos Ayres, these volumes must prove peculiarly acceptable. They describe the whole of that route with great minuteness and accuracy, and while they state the real difficulties attending it, they dissipate all the imaginary dangers represented as belonging to it by travellers of the last century. Besides an excellent map of the mountainous country between Mendoza and Valparaiso, the work includes a great mass of information as to the seasons most favourable for the passage of the Andes, the most eligible mode of effecting it, the accommodations which the traveller has to expect, and the privations which he must undergo during the journey. Mr. Miers looks at matters generally with an eye to business; and if his descriptions be seldom picturesque they are at least topographical. In this respect his volumes form an "Itinerary;" for the length of the stages, and the expenses attending every practicable mode of performing them, are given, with many other points of useful advice which are not to be found elsewhere. Mr. Procter's narrative of his journey across the Cordillera of the Andes* contains also much information on this subject, but it is by no means so full as that which may be collected from the work before us.

Upon the present condition and the future prospects of the mines in Chile, the progress of our commercial connections with that country, and its capabilities in a financial and an agricultural point of view, Mr. Miers furnishes many details, which appear to us to be for the most part novel, and cannot fail to be interesting to all those who are in any manner concerned for the welfare of South America. Here again he manifestly endeavours to exhibit the facts in their own natural light, without any desire to exaggerate or to diminish their real attractions. It were much to be desired that his volumes had appeared before the public some twelve or eighteen months ago, as they might have contributed to check that wild spirit of adventure which has ingulphed so large a proportion of British wealth in South American speculations. But even at the present moment his details are extremely valuable, as they clearly show the results which a foreign capitalist or merchant has to expect who risks his money or his goods in Chile.

It is not however to be concealed, that the mere general reader who takes up this work as "a book of travels" will be disappointed

* See Vol. cvii. of the Monthly Review, p. 128, former series.

if he expect to meet in it amusing anecdotes of manners, characteristic sketches of the country, or impartial discussions relating to the religious or political condition of the people of whom it treats. Mr. Miers seems not to have been at all aware of the extent of his own prejudices upon the two latter points particularly. With respect to the first of them he makes assertions which show that he is in a great measure unacquainted with the subject, and not unwilling to misrepresent it; as to the second, he writes as a partisan, and his statements must be taken with a liberal measure of allowance. He writes too as a disappointed speculator, and although his example must operate as a salutary warning to others, yet his personal misfortues, naturally enough perhaps, give, here and there, a gloomy and fretful character to his narrative.

It appears that Mr. Miers was induced, in the year 1818, to embark with a friend of his in an enterprise which, like most of those that have so strangely deluded the frequenters of the Stock Exchange, promised, on paper, prospects of a golden harvest. The plan was to erect in Chile an 'extensive train of machinery for refining, rolling, and manufacturing copper into sheathing.' A rapid and immense fortune was to be the result. The material was to be procured from the mines in Chile for half the price which was given for it in the English market: when manufactured it was to be shipped to the East Indies, where it was certain of a speedy sale, or to the coasts of the Pacific, where the demand for it was insatiable! Coal was to be had for nothing, and labour at a fourth of what it cost in England! This splendid dream was found to be but a moderate estimate of the reality on application to the South American deputies and the Chilean ambassadors, then in London; and, upon the strength of their sanction, Mr. Miers forwarded to the land of so much promise one hundred and seventy tons of machinery, together with a number of workmen, engineers, millwrights, and refiners! These were followed by himself and—his wife,—a lady, we doubt not, of the greatest respectability and merit, who occupies a very conspicuous place in these pages. It was her happy fate, on leaving England, to be in that condition in which "ladies wish to be who love their lords;" and if we are to judge of her husband's affection from the frequent allusions which he makes to that circumstance, and, indeed, to every other circumstance connected with her, we must set it down among the most extraordinary instances of conjugal devotion. There is not, we believe, a single chapter in his work in which 'my wife' is not introduced under some pretence or another.

The copper speculation failed of course. The author found, upon arriving in the country, that not one of his calculations could be realized; he compromised with his mechanics in the best manner he could, and in order to employ his leisure time he became a miller. He erected a water wheel at Concon, not far from Valparaiso; a piece of machinery, so perfect in all its parts was never seen in

Chile; the mill flourished, when, behold! one night there came an earthquake, and the building and water-works were tossed about like so much pasteboard. To crown his woes he was plunged into a lawsuit with a widow!—the most indomitable of all litigants—concerning the title to the land on which he erected his mill, and, like some of our Chancery suits, it promises to be interminable. In the mean time he has turned coiner, having, as he informs us, obtained from the government of Buenos Ayres a contract for erecting in that city a national mint! The earthquake and the widow seem to have frightened him from the dominions of the Andes. His remarks, however, have the more value, as they are the result of several years residence in Chile, and of frequent journeys between Valparaiso and Buenos Ayres. He seems, on all occasions, to have entertained a proper abhorrence of Cape Horn.

The Pampa country lying between Buenos Ayres and Mendoza, at the foot of the Andes, has been so often described, that we need not follow our author through that part of his journey. It is worth remarking, that in the course of it deserts are to be encountered, similar to those which fatigue and often exhaust the traveller in Northern Africa. Still more remarkable it is, that in the South American, as well as in the African deserts, saline lakes abound, the margins of which are covered with incrustations of salt, containing portions of the sulphate and carbonate of soda. But although the provinces of Santa Fe, Cordova, and Mendoza, particularly the latter, are composed of a loose and sandy soil, strongly impregnated with saline matter, which in its natural condition is unfriendly to agriculture, yet these deserts afford some of the most striking triumphs of industry, and are made, by the assistance of irrigation, to become fertile. For, as Mr. Miers observes, 'the saline matter in a soil so light, by the assistance of constant moisture, appears the most active stimulant to vegetation, and serves as never-failing manure.'

Our author conspires with almost every traveller who has visited Mendoza in praise of its climate. It is said to be peculiarly salutary for patients afflicted with pulmonary complaints.

'We spent the evening with Doctor Colesberry, a physician from the United States of North America, who had left his native country labouring under a severe pulmonary affection, from which he had entirely recovered in the genial climate of Mendoza. He follows his profession, is one of the most amiable and deserving men I ever met with, and is justly mired by all the inhabitants of Mendoza. To this deserving gentlen I shall ever feel under great obligations for the kind attentions he wed to my wife during her long subsequent sojournment in Mendoza, for the friendly assistance he rendered us at the period of our great barrassment at Villa Vicencio. Doctor Colesberry described the clite of Mendoza as exceedingly salubrious, especially in cases of pulnary affection, instances of which had come under his observation, which have since been confirmed by others. Dr. Gilles, a Scotch

physician of great ability, now resident in Mendoza, has afforded a no less remarkable instance of the efficacy of this climate; he was obliged to leave his native country from a pulmonary affection, from which he was quickly relieved by the air of Mendoza. The population was described by Dr. Colesberry to be very healthy. I inquired particularly respecting the tendency to bronchocele, having noticed two goitres as I entered Mendoza: this affection he assured me was prevalent here, as well as in San Juan*, a town one hundred and fifty miles to the northward, but not so much so as in the more northern districts of Tucuman and Santiago del Estero, which are still farther removed from the elevated Cordillera, and the region of snow. These places are particularly noted for the frequency of bronchocele; these towns are situated in swampy valleys, subjected to insufferable heats, surrounded by forests and stagnant lakes, which render the air extremely insalubrious: he had never observed bronchocele combined with cretenism, as we find in certain alpine districts; he had, indeed, nowhere observed an ideot, nor had he seen an instance of mental derangement. Deformity was seldom met with, and the Mendozinos, from the blessings of their climate, were free from numerous evils to which other countries are much subject.'—Vol. i. pp. 153, 154.

The 'embarrassment at Villa Vicencio' was the premature accouchement of the lady so often alluded to in these volumes. She *would* attempt the passage of the Cordillera, at a time when a quiet residence at Mendoza was better suited to her condition, and it was a miracle that she and her infant did not perish in the mountains. While sojourning in that city, the author became acquainted with General San Martin, who had retired thither on failing to make himself king of Peru. 'What particularly excited my attention,' says our traveller, 'was a large miniature likeness of himself, hung up between prints of Napoleon Buonaparte and Lord Wellington, all three being framed in a corresponding manner.' The general of course flattered himself that they were the fac-similes of the *three* greatest warriors of the age.

Next to the winged bugs, the greatest ministers of torture which the traveller has to encounter in the course of his journey over the Pampas towards Mendoza, are the locusts. Mr. Miers gives a remarkable instance of their ravages in the provinces of Santa Fe and Cordova, where they actually covered the ground on one occasion for a distance of more than two hundred miles. He adds—

'Almost the whole extent of pasture ground for many hundreds of square leagues had been entirely devoured to the very roots, and the bare ground only was visible. All the gardens, consisting of extensive planta-

* How is this assertion to be reconciled with that in a subsequent page (397), which informs us, that 'in Mendoza the goitre is prevalent; but it is singular, that in *San Juan*, a place so near to it, and situated precisely under similar circumstances, *the disease is not known?*'

tions of maize, pumpkins, melons, and water-melons, beans, and other vegetables, had been completely swept off the surface of the earth, not a vestige of them remained; the hard pith of the maize-stalks, like so many bare sticks, only pointed out where extensive gardens had existed; the fruit trees equally fell a prey to the voracity of the insect: not only the fruit was devoured, peaches, apples, plums, oranges, &c.; not only was every leaf devoured, but the very bark, more especially of the younger shoots, was completely eaten off. At many farm-houses there are extensive groves of peach-trees, of considerable value, not only for the fruit they produce, but still more so for fire-wood, it being the only source whence this essential material of domestic necessity is obtained. I passed numbers of these peach-groves, where the leafless trees, deprived of their bark, seemed as if they were covered with snow. This, added to the apparent barrenness of the ground, resembled that of mid winter in England; the insufferable heat of an almost vertical sun alone persuaded me that I was in the midst of summer, in a climate where nature is wont to flourish in all her glory. In a morning, when the heavy dews of night yet remain upon its wings, the locust is unable to fly more than a few yards at a time, and then the ground is covered with them. As we gallop along we see them hopping aside by thousands, to avoid being crushed under the horse's feet; but by the time the sun has attained its meridian height, we find them incessantly on the wing, and in riding along nothing can be conceived more annoying than the manner in which they fly against the face of the traveller; the force with which they strike is considerable; and unless constantly on the guard to close the eyes, the violence of a blow might produce serious consequences to that delicate organ. I rode one afternoon thirteen leagues between the Arroyo de San Josè and the Esquina de Madrino, through one uninterrupted flight of locusts: they were flying at a good pace before the wind, in a contrary direction to our course, which we rode at the rate of twelve miles an hour; they flew in a thick uninterrupted crowd, about twenty feet over our heads, the air appearing as if filled with large flakes of falling snow; but the distance of the level pampas seemed shut in all round by a thick haze, which actually darkened the horizon. The myriads and myriads of insects we must have passed on that afternoon are far beyond all calculation. Next morning the ground was covered by them as before stated, and the day was followed by the interminable flights of these insects.

'The town of Cordova was beset with them, the gardens wholly destroyed, and the white-washed walls were hidden by the swarms that covered them. They entered the houses, devouring food of all kinds—nothing was free from their voracity. Curtains, clothes, and furniture, were more or less attacked; slaves were employed to sweep them off the walls of the rooms, and frighten them away as much as possible. These insects became so ravenous for want of food before they left the place that they began devouring each other, and millions were left dead upon the ground.'—Vol. i. pp. 204—206.

While passing the Andes, Mr. Miers observes, that he has repeatedly seen 'patches of red snow;' he has also, though more rarely, noticed 'green snow.' The fact of coloured snows being found in latitudes so low is curious, and would have justified much

more attention than Mr. Miers has bestowed upon it. It is a gratifying proof of the activity created amid those gigantic mountains by our commerce, that since the establishment of English houses in Chile, 'the passage of travellers and expresses across the Cordillera, in the winter season, has become more frequent.' A courier now passes it, and returns every month; whereas the time is still within memory when it was considered, even in summer, as an almost impassable boundary.

We have seen several accounts of the great earthquake which occurred in Chile in 1822. Mrs. Graham's description relates more to the effects than to the actual progress of that formidable operation. The representation which Mr. Miers gives of the whole scene is worth extracting.

'The great earthquake happened during my residence at Concon, at the mouth of the Quillota, or Concon river. At half-past ten o'clock on the night of Tuesday, the 19th November, 1822, as my family were retiring, the first oscillation was felt. It was very sudden and violent; we were all alarmed, and paused for an instant, when the falling of the glasses from the sideboard, the cracking of the timbers of the roof, and the rattling of the falling tiles, caused us to rush out of the house. The earth was violently convulsed, heaving up and down in a manner hardly conceivable, and as little capable of being accurately described as our feelings. The timbers of a large corridor were breaking in all directions, and flying off in fragments, while the air was filled with dust from the falling roof. The situation of our two children instantaneously occurred to us. I rushed into the falling building, snatched one boy from one of the front rooms, and, carrying him in my arms, ran to the back of the house, where the other boy was in bed; my sensations in this painful situation cannot be imagined. I ran with my two boys to their mother and their aunt; and by the time I joined them the great shock was ended; it continued about two minutes. After a lapse of about three minutes, the agitation returned violently, and continued for about a minute, when several of the strong pillars of the corridor were shivered. During this time there was a loud rumbling noise, like the distant echo of thunder in a mountainous country. The heaving of the ground seemed not only to consist of horizontal oscillations, but also of violent uplifting concussions, as if repeated explosions were exerting their force upon the roof of a hollow cavern under our feet, threatening to burst open the ground, or blow us all into the air. Our sensations were truly horrible. There was nothing remarkable in the appearance or state of the atmosphere; the moon and stars shone with their usual resplendence. Anxious to ascertain the state of my mills, which were on the edge of the river, about fifty yards from the house, I proceeded towards the spot, and was met by my English workmen, who told me the building had been thrown down, that the walls on both sides had been precipitated into the mill-stream, and the roof had fallen in. While making a survey of the damage, another violent shock warned me of my danger; the mill at the time of the first shock was in action; the miller, a young man recently arrived from England, on hearing the first noise of the earthquake, concluded that a nail by some accident had got between the mill-stones: he

therefore shut down the sluice-gate, and raised the running-stone. At this moment the walls of the outer room fell, and caused him precipitately to quit the building. During three quarters of an hour we experienced continual and severe shocks, the intervals between which seldom exceeded five minutes, every time shaking down portions of the buildings.'—Vol. i. pp. 388, 389.

The author proceeds to enumerate the disastrous effects which this earthquake produced at Valparaiso; but these are so well known from Mrs. Graham's account of them that they need not be here repeated. Perhaps the most extraordinary evidence of its force is that still remaining visible along the line of the coast, which, for an extent of fifty miles, was raised nearly three feet above its former level! As usually happens on such perilous occurrences in Chile, this convulsion was speedily followed by the appearance of a luminous meteor, nearly as large as the moon, which, after traversing 'a considerable arch of the heavens, leaving behind it a long train of light, disappeared as if from explosion.'

Mr. Miers devotes five distinct chapters to the geographical description of Chile, and defines the limits between Chile proper and Indian Chile, 'the former being subject to the directional government of Santiago, the latter possessed by the original Indians, who may still be said to be an independent race, subject only to their own chiefs, and governed by their own laws and customs.' His details concerning the climate, the cultivable land, and the gold, silver, and copper mines, in the several districts into which the country is divided, will be found extremely minute, and we have no doubt for the most part accurate.

The second volume begins with a historical sketch of the revolution in Chile, from its commencement in 1810, and carries it on through three successive chapters, to the period when the constitution was set aside by General Freyre. Mr. Miers avows himself the partisan of O'Higgins and of Lord Cochrane, and of course he holds these two individuals up as blameless in all their proceedings, and ungratefully treated by the country which they served. A good deal of information is to be found in the two following chapters upon the system of government and finance now established in Chile, as well as upon the resources of its revenue, and the disastrous consequences of the loan which was lately negotiated by its agents in London. The author next proceeds to describe the customs and manners of the Chilenos, and under this head we regret to find that he estimates their morals at a very low standard indeed.] fering, and that too of the most barefaced description, he men- t is as common to all classes. Then they are the most ungrateful (mankind; they know nothing of education, they spend the] ater part of their time in gaming, smoking, sleeping, debauch- (, and vice of every description. Murders are committed every ('; openly, with impunity; that crime, and its perpetrators too, s protected—of course encouraged—by the church! A part of

this picture is certainly not correct, and when we refer to Captain Basil Hall's journal, and to the works of Mrs. Graham and Mr. Procter, not to mention any others, we can easily perceive that Mr. Miers, in consequence of his private disputes and sufferings, is disposed to exaggerate the faults of the Chilenos, and to conceal their virtues. It is not right to calumniate a nation for the vices of a few individuals; and as he condemns the church, let us hear from himself an anecdote concerning one of its ministers. Lady Cochrane was present at a ball given, we presume, at Santiago, at the house of the American consul.

'On her entrance into the room, she was met by three Chileno ladies of the first respectability, who, with overpowering civilities, embraced her one after the other, according to the fashion of the country on wishing to display great esteem: at this time a valuable diamond brooch was taken from her dress; she quickly missed it on perceiving a part of the dress torn away: a general search was made about the room in vain, the trinket was lost. About a twelvemonth afterwards a clergyman called upon Lady Cochrane, desiring to see her in private, when he delivered to her the lost jewel, saying that, during confession a lady had disclosed to him the criminal act, that he insisted on its restoration to its rightful owner as the first means of atonement. The clergyman of course did not disclose the name of the lady.'—Vol. ii. pp. 244, 245.

Mr. Miers denies to the Chilenos the possession of a single virtue, [p. 223, vol. ii.] and yet we have but to read the three succeeding pages in order to learn that 'they are remarkable for extreme patience;' that 'they can be seldom moved to passion;' that 'there is a considerable degree of attention displayed by the woman towards her husband;' that 'the husband never is known to raise his hand against his wife;' that 'attention is shown by children to their aged parents;' that 'mendicants are very seldom met with in the country;' and that 'there exists among the peasants, towards each other, a degree of hospitality truly admirable.' We must either conclude, therefore, that patience, good temper, conjugal attention, filial affection, industry, and hospitality, are to be erased from the catalogue of virtues, or that Mr. Miers deals in assertions which not only are not supported, but absolutely contradicted, by the evidence of his own words. We leave him to reconcile such inconsistencies—if he can; if he cannot, he must blush for them.

Of the bad faith of the government he has not, perhaps, upon the whole, spoken too harshly. The following instance of their conduct towards an Englishman named Henderson, and a North American named Wooster, we give with the hope that it may be useful to our countrymen who may be tempted to speculate in Chile. It was the object of these two gentlemen to whale for sperm oil, and refine it for exportation to Europe.

'This enterprise offered encouraging prospects, and was founded upon the most rational calculations to ensure success: the government highly applauded the scheme, and assured the individuals, that although its dif-

ficulties would not permit it to follow the example of the British government, in granting a premium upon the whale fishery, still it was disposed to offer every possible assistance; and, as an earnest of this desire, guaranteed that not only all materials required for the purpose might be imported by them free of all duties, but that the export of the oil should be duty free, and that all the local authorities throughout the country should afford them every possible protection. Upon the faith of such prospects the sum of 60,000 dollars was invested in the enterprise, vessels were chartered, equipped, and furnished with proper crews and materials for whaling, and they were sent to sea: the refining establishment was to have been fixed at Coquimbo, whither were sent all the barrels and barrel-staves that could be purchased on shore or afloat. Soon after this was done the grand expedition sailed from Valparaiso; but, as the governor of that port had neglected to procure sufficient water-casks for the use of the transports and ships of war, an order was given to the commissary-general to put into Coquimbo, and there take all the hogsheads prepared for the whaling establishment: in vain did the individuals interested protest against this violation of private property; in vain did they urge the ruin it would cause them on the arrival of the whaling ships, shortly expected to return with sperm oil: all was of no use, the casks were taken for the public service. They collected together all the old whale-oil hogsheads that could be mustered to receive the returns of the first vessel that should come in; but, on its arrival, the governor of Coquimbo claimed the right to levy duties by virtue of an old Spanish law exacting a portion of the produce of the fishery, amounting, I believe, to about one-eighth share of the whole product; and, for acquittance from these duties, application to the supreme government was made in vain. But neither of these arbitrary proceedings could damp the ardour of the speculators, or arrest their operations, until another most violent measure was put in force against them. The want of casks in which to store the oil-blubber was provided against as well as it could be, by sinking a reservoir on the high promontory that overlooks the bay of Coquimbo; this work was stopped by the governor of the town and province, on the plea that it would be injurious to the health of the inhabitants, although the spot is several miles distant from the town: jealousy against foreigners was the motive which produced these proceedings. The want of storage brought on immense charges for demurrage of vessels, which arrived with cargoes of blubber, and this, with other unavoidable expenses, compelled them to abandon the speculation, after losing a very considerable sum of money.'—Vol. ii. pp. 287—289.

Mr. Miers adds two other specimens of conduct equally profligate on the part of the government, which are really too instructive to be omitted.

> Another instance occurred; it was a plan for refining copper, and nufacturing vessels for exportation to Peru. Some such establishments a very small scale exist at Quillota, Melipilla, and Santiago, and will described in their proper place. On this occasion an attempt was to made on a larger scale nearer the copper mines, and the projector ed himself in Coquimbo, where he built his rude refining furnaces after mode of the country, and commenced his operations with every proct of success; but no sooner were his copper pans brought to market

than duties of thirty-three per cent. were laid upon their exportation; this could not be borne, and thus one of the first manufacturing establishments that really promised to be useful to the nation was put down by the iniquitous policy of the government.

'Another instance of folly, on the part of the government toward manufactures, has been displayed since I left Chile. Many attempts have been made to establish breweries, but all have failed, owing to the difficulty of making malt in a country possessing a climate so different from that of England. Lately, a very intelligent Englishman conceived the practicability of brewing of good beer, for which there promised to be a considerable consumption: with the aid of his scientific and mechanical knowledge he succeeded in his attempts, contrary to the expectations of those who had failed to effect the same objects; but no sooner had he completed his first brewings for sale to the shipping, than the government, having previously made many public protestations in favour of manufacturing establishments generally, and promises to the one under consideration in particular, decreed beer and ale to be foreign spirituous liquors, and that the manufacturer was therefore liable to be taxed: they at first charged him with a levy of fifty dollars—where it will stop no one can contemplate; it is not unlikely it may be so heavily increased as to force him to abandon his enterprise.'—Vol. ii. pp. 289, 290.

These examples of perfidy are worthy of old Spain, and we have not the least doubt that Mr. Miers has correctly reported them. They are quite in unison with the system of that wretched kingdom, improved perhaps by the rapacious character of most of those individuals whom the revolution has from year to year raised to the surface of affairs in Chile. It should also be known, that in consequence of many circumstances enumerated by Mr. Miers, 'the trade of Chile is extremely limited,' and that 'throughout all South America there is scarcely any way of employing capital in a large way, more especially so in Chile and Peru.' 'The foreign trade in Chile, he adds, entails in most cases a loss to the home adventurers,' as the system upon which it is carried on is altogether of a petty, retail nature. The trade in national produce must also be a losing concern, on account of the enormous expense incurred by carriage in the interior of that mountainous country. Upon this subject of the commercial capabilities of Chile, Mr. Miers' work may be consulted with safety and advantage. With respect to the mines also, as we have already intimated, a copious mass of information will be found in these volumes, accompanied by very sensible admonitions, which cannot fail to attract the attention, and we hope the respect, of those whom the subject concerns.

There are three engraved maps inserted in these volumes, which the reader of South American history, as well as the traveller who may follow Mr. Miers, will know how to appreciate. Two of these maps are original, and the whole are executed with distinctness, upon as large a scale as the work would allow. Of the lithographic plates which are given to illustrate the text we cannot speak so highly. They perhaps serve their object of explanation sufficiently well, but as specimens of art they are beneath criticism.

ART. IV. *The Political Primer; or the Road to Public Honours.* 12mo. pp. 194. 10*s.* 6*d.* London. Colburn. 1826.

THERE are many subjects connected with the qualifications which fit a man for success in political life in this country, and which, although they are matter of daily observation amongst us, have never yet been brought together in anything like a connected or masterly composition. The materials for a work similar in its plan and objects to that "de oratore," imputed to Cicero, abound nowhere so much as they do in England, and in no other country, ancient or modern, do we find so many peculiarities necessary to the formation of a brilliant public character. We live not under a monarchy, although a great part of the state machinery receives its impulse from a king. We live not under a republic, although the people exercise, in some degree through the House of Commons, but chiefly through the press, and by means of public meetings, an important influence upon the government. We do not yield obedience to a theocracy, and yet "the church" possesses a formidable sway, which may be perverted, as we have seen it very much perverted during the late general election, to party purposes. Neither, strictly speaking, do we recognize the rule of an aristocracy, although, perhaps, this of all the others approaches nearest to the form of government which practically exists amongst us. But, then, it is not a mere aristocracy of birth or wealth; it includes in it the superior orders it is true, but it is not solely composed of these, for it is open to distinguished talent of almost every kind. Highly endowed and cultivated minds, whether they are devoted to public, legal, scientific, or literary pursuits, if they can but make themselves to be felt in the country, are tolerably sure of winning their way, not, perhaps, to stars and ribands, but to that real peerage of influence which converts their opinions into laws, and places them in a situation from which they may assist in directing the energies of the whole community.

Perhaps it is one of the clearest proofs of the peculiarities appertaining to what may be called the political theatre of England, that the species of oratorical eloquence which would have fascinated an Athenian or a Roman audience, or which, at the present day, might delight an assembly of Spaniards or of Frenchmen, would scarcely be listened to in either of our houses of Parliament. We have a style of debate which, like our constitution, is strictly national; it admits of very little ornament; it acknowledges no methodical rules, no exordium, no divisions of argument, no perorations; if ornament be used, it must grow naturally, or rather be struck out like fire, from the subject in hand; if any of the arrangements laid down by the schools be resorted to, they must be completely hidden, for every thing like artifice in eloquence is suspected, and the orator is soon left to address himself to empty benches.

It is not our purpose here to enquire into the causes of these

national peculiarities. It is sufficient for us to know that they exist, and we think that the writer who would enter seriously into the whole of this subject, by comparing together the lives of our eminent statesmen, by fixing justly the degree of renown to which they attained, by pointing out the proper characteristics of their style of speaking, and by tracing the means and the stages of their progress in public life from the time of their setting out until their death, would confer a valuable benefit on the rising generations. If the book were well executed it would be ranked among the most important works in our language.

The little publication before us, though something more than an election jeu d'esprit, we need hardly say falls immeasureably short of the standard which, in our own minds at least, we have fixed for an essay upon such a theme as 'the road to public honours.' We are ready to admit that here and there the author presents us with some observations, evidently the results of a vigilant attention to public life, though not, we should think, of any actual experience in it. A great portion of his work is taken up with admonitions to young members who are about to appear in either house of Parliament, and with suggestions as to the style of elocution which it would be useful for them to cultivate. In the absence of more elaborate rules, these admonitions and suggestions may be read with advantage by the persons for whose guidance they are intended; at the same time it appears to us that their value is considerably diminished by the attempts at wit with which they are intermingled. To reverse the compliment which Pope paid to Longinus, our author is *not* "the great sublime he draws." Some specimens of speeches which he offers to young lords and commoners as examples for imitation, are beneath the notice of a school-boy.

Neither can we commend the system of hypocrisy and fraud which the author lays down for the adoption of an ambitious young man just returned from the university, and setting out upon his first canvass. It may be true that some of the tricks which are here mentioned have been occasionally resorted to in cases of contested elections; but the candidate who should owe his success to such despicable arts, or to any arts inconsistent with the frankness and dignity of a gentleman, would deserve to be set down among those pettifoggers who work their way into the House of Commons by low scheming, and attend there only for the purpose of trading in the property of the public. It is no apology for the introduction of such base resources to say that they have been used, and may still be used by individuals aspiring to represent a borough or a county in Parliament; it was the business of an author who writes at a time when the whole frame of our constitution is undergoing a change, (we trust we may call it an improvement), to explode such paltry subterfuges, to condemn falsehood, and flattery, and fraud, instead of holding them up as sanctioned by a course of practice which no usage can justify.

The maxims laid down by the author for the management of a candidate's wit at an election are dull enough. They are given in a style meant to be epigrammatic, but when they aim at the point they generally overshoot the mark, or fall short of it. Indeed, wherever the author wishes to be lively he becomes particularly verbose. The smile kindled by expectation at the commencement of a sentence perishes before we arrive at its termination.

But notwithstanding these and other objections which we might offer to the general execution of this work, particularly as to the style, which is diffuse and careless, yet we think the author entitled to praise for drawing the attention of the public to the important and interesting subjects of which he treats. It is no small merit that he has given us the first specimen of a 'political primer,' and it is due to him to add that it contains many things with which it would well become many old and all the new Members of Parliament to make themselves acquainted. His sentiments on political affairs lean to the liberal side, and where, as a critic, he discusses the merits of different well-known speakers, we think his opinions unexceptionable. They show that he has paid particular attention to the style of elocution best suited to Parliament, and that he is by no means so destitute of good taste as one would be inclined to conclude from his own rhetorical examples. As an instance of sound criticism we may take his observations on the use of figurative language, than which, by the way, no language can be more hazardous to a speaker addressing a body of Englishmen.

'One of the greatest proofs of wit, is the use of a kind of figurative language precisely adapted to persons, things, times, circumstances, and places, for a fertile fancy is so stored with sensible images, that a speaker possessing it may illustrate, amplify, or enforce his topics by allusions to many different things, all fit for the general purpose of illustration, &c. &c.; but it requires a quick and delicate tact to select, at the instant, the precise image which pleases, and impresses most, the particular set of persons addressed. There could not be produced from the stores of ancient or modern eloquence, a more striking instance of this faculty, than Mr. Canning's allusion to the ships in ordinary at Plymouth, when he wished, in 1823, to prove to the inhabitants of that town, that the pacific attitude of Great Britain was no proof of want of energy or power. It flattered the auditors; was clearly understood by every one of them; and proved invincibly that apparent inertness, and real active power, may coexist in the same subject: the proof did not require a process of the understanding; it struck the mind as light strikes the eye; and the figure so precisely suited the extended view of the statesman, who desired to nvey the sentiments of the British Ministry to the European Cabinets, rough the ears of the unsuspecting inhabitants of Plymouth. But if he d wished to convey his views to foreign ministers, through the channel a speech to his former constituents at Liverpool, he might have used e same figure, and the speech would have been equally admired by a ranger, and his political object would have been equally gained. But r. Canning's taste is too perfect to allow him to say a word about ships

in ordinary in a speech at Liverpool, because his hearers could not feel the full force of the allusion by having had such ships continually before their eyes. If he spoke of ships, he would refer to those which entered the Mersey: and if he made the speech in an inland place, his talent would have supplied some sensible image familiar to his hearers, which would have equally illustrated his argument and conveyed his sentiments to their destination.'—pp. 59—66.

The reader, we dare say, recollects the perfectly beautiful figure here alluded to, which was made use of by Mr. Canning in his speech delivered at a dinner given to him by the corporation of Plymouth. After defending, as well he might have defended, the conduct of the government in abstaining from mixing up this country in the late contest between France and the constitutional party in Spain, he proceeds in the following eloquent strain:—

'"But while we thus control even our feelings by our duty, let it not be said that we cultivate peace, either because we fear, or because we are unprepared for, war; on the contrary, if eight months ago the government did not hesitate to proclaim that the country was prepared for war, if war should unfortunately be necessary;—every month of peace that has since passed, has but made us so much the more capable of exertion. The resources created by peace are means of war. (Applause.) In cherishing those resources, we but accumulate those means. Our present repose is no more a proof of inability to act, than the state of inertness and inactivity in which I have seen those mighty masses that float in the waters above your town, is a proof they are devoid of strength, and incapable of being fitted for action. You well know, gentlemen, how soon one of those stupendous masses, now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness;—how soon, upon any call of patriotism, or of necessity, it would assume the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and motion;—how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swelling plumage;—how quickly it would put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder. (Long and continued thunders of applause.) Such as is one of these magnificent machines when springing from inaction into a display of its might—such is England herself, while apparently passive and motionless she silently concentrates the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion. But God forbid that that occasion should arise. After a war sustained for nearly a quarter of a century—sometimes single-handed, and with all Europe arranged at times against her or at her side, England needs a period of tranquillity, and may enjoy it without fear of misconstruction."'—pp. 64, 65.

Perhaps no individual has ever appeared in Parliament, who has evinced a more elegant imagination in the selection of his figures, or a purer taste in the management of them, than Mr. Canning. It is not often that he introduces them in his speeches, never without deriving from them new strength for his argument. Even where no figure appears, his diction betrays a kindled fancy, and moves along in a sonorous course that equally captivates the ear and the understanding. In his state papers—those master-pieces of

reasoning and of language—he is extremely parsimonious of ornament.

We do not agree with the author in his opinion as to the leading cause of the difference of the style of eloquence adopted by the eminent speakers of our House of Commons, from that of the great masters of the art in Greece and Rome. He explains it thus:—

'The former address themselves indirectly to an absent body, through the medium of the press; and the latter only sought to persuade the assembled multitude, or the assembled senate, who had no mode of communicating their impressions to others, but by words and gestures. The speaker's situation in both cases naturally suggested the style of his oration: for he who depends upon the feelings of his audience only, may safely employ every art of look, gesture, or expression, to excite the passion he requires; he may allow himself to be hurried forward with a warmth and energy, caught from the applause and animation of those around him, and to pour upon the ears of a rapt audience all those fervid images which rush uncalled upon his imagination, explode without reflection from his lips, and light up flames of energetic impulse in the mind of every hearer, that urge him forward as if by an imperious instinct to do the act the speaker wills. But the political declaimer, who knows that all the tongues of men and angels would be unable to wrest a single vote from the predetermination of his hearers,—who sees a file of penmen struggling to note down his winged words to form a subject for the morning criticism of every blockhead in the kingdom,—he must hold those powers in check which give to eloquence its distinctive character, and, like a falcon in a chamber, must fly on timid wings, lest the impulse given by nature to elevate him in the skies, should force him to destruction against the walls of his prison.

'But although these circumstances tend to make the British orator merely a cold reciter of a studied argument, there is a correction to their effect, in the desire he feels to gain a reputation for eloquence from his hearers,—who are sufficiently inclined to applaud a proficiency in this delightful art,—whose judgment is paramount, their approbation a sterling mark to guide the opinion of others,—and who always consider the power of agitating a popular assembly, to be the first claim to public honours.

'From the counter-operation of these two causes, the orator in the British House of Commons is warm, without being impassioned; ardent, though never what the ancients called energetic; his figures are apt, illustrative, and pleasing to the imagination, without approaching the sublime; and his animated looks, graceful gestures, and tuneful modulation of voice, awaken and maintain attention to his argument, instead of rivetting the
:s upon the contortions of a being, who at one time appeared agitated
the spirit of the gods, and at another to be urged forward by a host of
mons.'—pp. 83—86.

It is very true that the eminent speakers in Parliament address
emselves generally to the community at large through the me-
ım of the press; but they feel that in order to be heard with
ention ouside the walls of either house, they must first excite

admiration within them. Nobody reads a long dull speech which at the first glance they perceive not to have been interrupted by a single "Hear." Neither Demosthenes nor Cicero possessed a single energy either of expression or gesture which might not be of advantage to a Member of Parliament, and in point of fact there have been instances, such as those of Sheridan's famous speech in the house upon the impeachment of Warren Hastings, and Mr. Plunkett's first and late speeches on the Catholic question, in which the speakers manifestly yielded to the impetuous tide of their feelings, and never thought, perhaps, of making an impression on any other class of persons in the world than those whom they were at the time immediately addressing. The more animated the speaker is, the more certain he is, provided his matter justifies his animation, of gaining the attention not only of the house, but of that 'file of penmen' whom the author mentions. The real cause of the difference in the style of eloquence which succeeds in the House of Commons from that which influenced the Athenian assemblies and the Roman senate, arises principally from our national character, which, like our national theatre, proceeds wholly from a distinct origin, and has in itself nothing in common with the classical tastes of ancient Greece and Italy. Indeed, the author, in a passage almost immediately following that which we have just quoted, gives some very sensible advice to young members, in the course of which he insists upon this very difference in our national character, without appearing to suspect that it was here also he should have searched for the genius of our oratory.

'When a very young man begins a career in the House of Commons with a view to future distinction, he is exposed to three dangers, which require all his vigilance and self-command to avoid. These are, general views, classical allusions, and figurative language—all most valuable in the hands of the experienced statesman, and practised orator; but they never fail, when adopted by a young man, to subject him to the sneers of his elders, as a declaimer and a school-boy. It is not his business to speak like those amiable philanthropists at mixed assemblies of gentlemen and ladies, whose figures of speech fall detached from the body of their argument, like the brilliant globules of a Roman candle: he wants to be noted in silence by the influential men of parties, as one who only requires experience to become a man of business; an effective instrument of government, or opposition; a powerful supporter of his friends, and a thorn in the sides of his adversaries.

'To obtain this notice in the House of Commons, a young member must abound in facts and materials; he must reason closely,—not like a schoolman, who merely plays upon ideas according to fixed rules,—but like a man of the world, who calculates probabilities and judges of results, according to the common sense of mankind. He must deduce legitimate, and, at the same time, unexpected inferences from the facts relied on by his opponents, and show himself capable of holding within his mental view the whole train of an argument, seizing and exposing the weak points of his adversaries, and simplifying and illustrating the topics relied on by his

friends. His speeches at first will be naturally disjointed, unpolished, and immethodical, and will make but little figure in a newspaper to the cursory reader; but they will bestow upon him more reputation, for the attainment of his leading object, than the most finished oration of an academican.

'To succeed in the course here recommended, he should have the habit of relying upon his own faculties in every emergency, and of drawing upon them alone. If he has not talents, let him never open his lips except in presenting a petition;—but if he has, they will serve him at the instant in a manner beyond his hopes, press matter forward to his lips, and suggest more apt expressions than premeditation could supply him with; and after various failures, necessary to his inexperience, he will gradually acquire ease and self-possession, be capable of speaking extemporaneously with the smoothness and fluency of a sustained conversation, and be furnished almost without reflection with all the figures which a correct taste allows him to employ for ornament or illustration. As he advances, and acquires something like a name, he may unfold his stores of ancient and modern wit, but at all times sparingly; for nothing is more apt to estrange men of business from attending to any subject, than connecting it with that ideal world which they treat with contempt. In their eyes the greatest poets are the children of delusion; and to enforce an argument by quotations from their works, seems to such men as puerile as the Roman method of deciding a question by the state of the entrails, or the flight of birds.'—pp. 86—88.

Better advice than this could not be given to an inexperienced member. He should bear in mind that he is addressing men accustomed to public business, and whose time is, by themselves at least, considered extremely precious. In the House of Peers he should never forget that most commonly he has to address men who are anxious to get home to dinner! Besides, as our author truly observes, it should always be remembered that 'the serious business and the great interests of life compose the subject of every discussion.'

'There is no place for eloquence as a mere art, like poetry or painting;—it is only to be used as an instrument for carrying forward the great objects of the speaker,—therefore, (if it may be said without presumption), that exquisite figure of Burke transcribed in the note,* which is one of the noblest passages of ancient or modern eloquence, was not adapted to the House of Commons, because it was merely a beautiful passage of oratory, and did not illustrate nor strengthen his argument. Its tendency was to draw away the attention from the subject of debate, and fix it upon the beauty of the fignre alone. But when Mr. Canniug said, on the occasion of the battle of Vittoria, (which first gave solid hopes of the subver-

* "The scarcity which you have felt, would have been a desolating pine, if this child of your old age, with a true filial piety, with a Roman rity, had not held the full bosom of her youthful exuberance to the th of her exhausted parent."

sion of revolutionary principles), "I see the towers and battlements of ancient institutions emerging from the mist," &c. &c.,—here he presented a more vivid picture of the benefits of that victory which it was his purpose to extol, than could be done by any argument, description, or explanation. The effect was precisely that of the morning sun-beam falling upon the land, which the seaman has been watching for through a tempestuous night. From the stillest silence, which prevailed in the house, a sudden burst of admiration and applause arose, which rendered the conclusion of the passage unknown to every body but the speaker.

'Mr. Grattan's well-known figure in his panegyric on Lord Chatham, was strictly suited to the House of Commons, "With one hand he smote the House of Bourbon, and with the other wielded the democracy of England;"—but another passage of the same orator, which has been much admired was not suitable. "In his youth he resembled the ocean in a storm, and in his old age he may be compared to the ocean in a calm—and, like the ocean either in a storm or a calm, he was a great production of nature."

'This was rather calculated for a funeral oration, or an academical discourse, than for a speech in a popular assembly.

'On the subject of classical allusion, it may be laid down as a general rule, that every serious argument upon a political question is weakened by it. A young statesman should have his intellectual faculties composed (as it were) of the ideas, arguments, and expressions of the ancient orators and historians, as his blood and bones are formed from the animal food of his daily meals; but he should always keep in mind the maxim of Epictetus.'—pp. 103—105.

The author lays down a few rules by which the student may be enabled to analyse the evidence adduced before committees, and to obtain an accurate knowledge of the business which, on such occasions, he may have to perform. In conclusion, the following considerations are suggested as deserving the attention of every young politician:—

'So long as it was possible to keep the body of a nation in total ignorance, political institutions could be established, overthrown, and modified, according to the pleasure of whomsoever happened to be invested with the power of the sword,—whether legitimate king, popular tribune, or victorious captain; and in the eastern portion of the globe, this is the case in he present time. But since the art of printing, and the commercial intercourse of the European states, have deprived governments of the power of maintaining popular delusion, opinions have taken place of the sword; and whatever struggle may arise from the reluctance of this formidable ruler to yield to its flimsy competitor, it is nevertheless in the nature of things, that opinions will finally triumph, and all the waste of human happiness, and the effusion of blood which must attend the wars maintained in opposition to them, will be "en pure perte."

'If a young man set out in life professing the doctrines of a benighted age, and lending his support to those who delude him into the belief, that what he opposes is an innovation, and will pass away with the season, he will doom himself to that state of suffering which attends the alternative of acting against the judgment and the conscience, or of appearing to be

a renegade by renouncing his early sentiments. He will, in the course of nature, be left by these elder politicans, who now support him by their countenance and example; and he will remain amongst his opponents, an isolated object of sneer and sarcasm, as a disciple of those, whose opinions have disappeared from the political world, as the dreams of the alchemists have from that of science.

'Let him look considerately around him:—What growing and strengthening opinion has ever yet been ultimately extinguished by opposition?—Has the reformed religion yielded to force?—the spirit of colonial independence?—the desire of civil equality?—the wish for representative government?—Do we not observe that the leaders of the opposition to all those latter opinions, are now studying only how to retreat with honour?

'At the period when Napoleon was about to leave Paris for his last Austrian war, he reviewed in the square of the Carousel one of the most brilliant assemblages of troops that had ever been collected in Europe. He spent many hours enjoying the effect of his word, or look, in transforming into its various shapes, this mighty instrument of dominion over the nations opposed to his will. A witness of the scene relates, that a little dry old man in a rusty wig came near him, and whispered in his ear thus:—"Do you see a little bird flitting about the square, and passing in between those columns, and battalions, and squadrons of horse?" "I see no bird," said the man. "But I do, clearly," replied the other, "and it is that little bird which will soon overthrow the columns, and the squadrons, and the mind that now directs them."—"What do you mean?" said his companion—"I mean," replied he, "that public opinion, in the shape of a little bird, is now flitting between all these military masses, and will, before long, be able to subdue both them and their master." After such a speech, he was soon lost in the crowd, and could never be recognised again by his casual acquaintance.

'After the young member has reflected upon the futility of the opposition to the leading opinions of the day, let him observe the changes of the arguments employed by their opponents, from the beginning of their hostility to the present time.—Do the speakers rely upon their former reasons? Do they grow strong by the agreement between their speculations, and the course of events? Do they silence their opponents by referring to the former declarations of both? Or rather, do they not abandon every position in succession, and endeavour to avoid a surrender, by temporary evasions.

'A young man who begins a career of public life, will naturally attach himself to the chariot of him who directs it in the path of fame and glory, and whose progress is cheered by the acclamations and applause of the assembled multitude. It would be as reasonable to prefer the Margate hoy to the steam-boat, as to adhere to the exclusive doctrines of exploded statesmen, when the reason of mankind has declared in favour of their rivals.'—pp. 190—194.

Upon the whole, we have been rather disappointed in the 'Political Primer,' we think we have, nevertheless, given the author sufficient encouragement to try his powers upon another work on the same subject, but more extended in its plan than this, and also more grave and more elaborate in its execution.

ART. V. *Annals of the House of Hanover, collected and arranged* by Sir Andrew Halliday, M.D. F.R.S.E., Domestic Physician to H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence, &c. 2 Vols. Royal 8vo. 2*l.* 2*s.* London. Sams. 1826.

THE high antiquity of the House of Brunswick, the remote period to which its rise may with absolute certainty be traced, and even the degree of splendour which adorned one period of its early fortunes, are all circumstances as clearly established, and as indisputably recognized, as any truths in the whole compass of history. But the vicissitudes which have attended the destiny of this ancient line, are perhaps even more curious, though they may be related by some persons with less complacency and candour, than the mere fact of the remoteness of its origin.

After appearing as the most powerful and brilliant among the sovereign families of Germany, the house of Guelph sank into comparative obscurity and oblivion for nearly five hundred years; its possessions were reduced to a poor and barren duchy, which was often carved out by a tenfold subdivision, to nourish the pride of sovereignty in as many of its petty princess; and the characters of these chieftains, and the laws which regulated their inheritance, might have seemed equally to forbid the second elevation of their house. At length, the fortunate extinction of some of its branches, and an unusual energy of mind in one of its surviving princes, acquired for the family the electoral dignity, and established a decent preparation for the sudden grandeur which awaited it. An illustrious marriage then only remained to raise it to the throne of three kingdoms, and to give birth to the true epoch of its glory:—the glory of being invited to reign over a mighty empire and a free people, not by priority of hereditary claim, but against it, and by solemn compact and national preference; not by any false assumption of indefeasible right, but by the spontaneous election and the suffrages of the states of these realms. By a remarkable chance, it was reserved for a junior branch of the ancient Guelphic family to attain this elevation and glory, for the elder line of the house remains in its German seats, and has never emerged from its insignificant dominion over a scanty principality.

The shifting fortunes of so ancient a house would naturally, under any circumstances, be invested with some curiosity; and in this country the subject must of course possess a peculiar degree of attraction. We listen with respectful attention to the history of the royal lineage, whose covenant with our own ancestors has entailed upon us the obligations of allegiance, in return for the just administration of limited authority. We are disposed to regard the long descent of our princes from a noble stock with pleasing interest, perhaps even with some admixture of pride; and there may be minds disposed to derive a satisfaction from reflecting that we are governed by a constitutional monarch who can count up

more generations of noble forefathers than the imperial despots of the continent. But, for our own parts, we are not the more inclined to concur in any idle exaggeration of the fame which mere antiquity can bestow. We are neither prepared with Rimius to agree in the repetition of the absurd fable which would deduce the origin of our dynasty from the Roman family of the Actii, nor yet to believe, with Sir Andrew Halliday, that his present most excellent majesty, George the Fourth, is the forty-first in pure, clear, and undoubted descent from Edico, King of the Heruli, and father of the barbarian Odoacer, who overthrew the Western Empire.

It might be imagined that the authentic annals of the House of Brunswick were quite of sufficient antiquity and early lustre to satisfy the zeal of its most eager champions. But in the language of Gibbon, "an illustrious race must always be crowned with its proper mythology;" and it would be contrary to all experience, if the genealogists of the Guelphs had been contented to limit their flatteries within the bounds of truth, or even of probability. It was towards the close of the seventeenth century that the first elector of the house, Ernest Augustus, with very natural and even laudable anxiety, made the earliest attempts to illustrate the remote history of his line. He employed the famous Leibnitz in the task, the completion of which devolved upon the successors of the great librarian; and the *Origines Guelficæ*, of which Scheidius was the final editor, contained the fruits of their genealogical researches.

The ancient annals of a reigning dynasty, thus compiled within the precincts of their own palace, cannot be considered to form the least suspicious among the labours of history. To exalt the pedigree and embellish the renown of the royal house which they serve, is the least effort to be expected from the industry of courtly genealogists. Much will naturally be required by the pride of illustrious patrons; and much will be freely rendered to their honour by devotion or zeal, by gratitude or hope. Leibnitz and his successors were the first, both to imagine the derivation of the Guelphs from the brother of Odoacer, and to manufacture another hypothesis—to which we shall presently refer—for the completion of the chain of pedigree.

The examination of the Origines Guelficæ, however, was destined to devolve upon a historian, whose critical acumen rendered him of all men the best qualified to weigh the evidence and detect the
urdities of the genealogists. When Gibbon undertook his
atise on the Antiquities of the House of Brunswick, he made
Origines Guelficæ his text book. He certainly entered on his
untary labour with the desire of offering a pleasing homage to
reigning family; and the political bias of his mind sufficiently
lined him to minister to its honour. So strongly is this dispo-
on perceptible, that, when he depicts the vices of an ancient

Guelph, he thinks it necessary to make a formal apology to his living descendants. But Gibbon had, still, too much respect for the dignity of his own office, or the habit of historical investigation was too powerful with him, to restrain himself from exposing the fables and hypotheses of his precursors; and the obscure visions of Leibnitz dissolve into air before the touch of his masterly criticism.

It has always been a matter of surprise to us, that this essay by Gibbon, on the Antiquities of the House of Brunswick, should be so little familiar to the general reader. It was his last and posthumous work; it is extremely interesting in its subject; and it exhibits in its composition all the unimpaired maturity and vigour of his mind. Not even in the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" has he displayed more acuteness and judgment, more discursive knowledge, or more felicitous reflection; while the later essay is free from several of the blemishes in matter and style which disfigure the earlier and greater monument of his genius.

We are not aware that any farther documents, illustrative of the origin of the House of Brunswick, have been discovered since the publication of the Origines Guelficæ, and of Gibbon's exposure of the hypothetical assumptions contained in that work. Yet Sir Andrew Halliday, in the costly and elaborate volumes before us, has been pleased to adopt, without qualification, the unsubstantial theories of Leibnitz, Eccard, and Scheidius, and entirely to overlook the judicious criticism, and sensible corrections, of the great historian. He has read, we presume, the essay on the Antiquities, for he surprises us by the admission that it gives a just view of the origin of the family; and this admission immediately follows the genealogical table in which he enumerates the perfect series of forty-one generations from Edico to George IV. He adds, indeed, a caveat that 'even Gibbon's memoir is not free from inaccuracies, and his reasoning not always borne out by his assumed facts;' but he omits to particularize the instances to which he may refer. If Gibbon's view of the origin of the family be just, then is Sir Andrew's positive deduction of their pedigree from Edico unwarranted: to his subsequent charge of inaccuracy we shall be excused from attending, until he may publish his reasons for advancing it. Considering the relative weight of the two authorities, it would, perhaps, have been as satisfactory, if Sir Andrew Halliday had taken the trouble to detail the points, on which he conceives Mr. Gibbon to have erred in conclusion and judgment.

That Sir Andrew Halliday has scrupulously followed the authority of the Origines Guelficæ for the first part of his work, we gather from his own statement. That laborious compilation brings down the Guelphic annals no lower than the commencement of the thirteenth century; and so far our genealogist is correct, that 'it canvassess every disputed point in the early history of the family, with a minuteness that renders all farther *research* useless.' It has left to succeeding annalists only the task of determining on the

evidence which it adduces; and Sir Andrew has received it for his infallible guide throughout the whole of his first volume. For the second part of his annals, he has 'trusted chiefly to unpublished records and original charters, and to the most authentic histories of Germany and France.' Here, it is due to him in justice to observe, that we have found little to object to in his facts, and only a few errors to notice in the connection of his narrative with general history. But if his work were of greater importance, it would be a serious blemish in it that he has altogether neglected throughout to authenticate his statement by marginal references to the volumes and pages of his authorities. The custom of making such verifications, we cannot too often repeat, is among the greatest improvements in modern works of history, and should never be omitted by a writer who is desirous of submitting his accuracy to critical examination and proof.

In offering this observation, we have no design to impugn Sir Andrew Halliday's knowledge and accuracy in any degree beyond the instances which we may distinctly specify. We shall only remark farther, of the general composition of his book, that the style is sufficiently correct for the occasion; that the volumes are well and even elegantly printed; and that the work is adorned with some good plates, all portraits of course, and principally of distinguished personages of the House of Brunswick. Sir Andrew, in a dedication to his majesty, very modestly believes 'that he may perhaps fail in acquiring by this work any distinction for his genius, but trusts that he shall be entitled to some commendation for his industry.' That praise of zeal and industry we freely accord to him; and we will add that he has displayed in his undertaking such capacity and compass of mind as the compilation of annals may seem to require.

A former volume of documents, illustrative of the history of the House of Brunswick, which he published, and which he assures us is now out of print, or only to be found in the libraries of the curious, we have not had the good fortune to see; but we have the less reason to regret the privation, as he explains that the substance of these 'valuable documents' has been embodied in the annals before us. He has 'endeavoured to impart to the present work some of that ease and polish necessary to distinguish historical compositions from dry antiquarian researches,' and we cannot doubt the correctness of his assertion, that 'compared with its predecessor, it is much improved in literary merit.' We confess, however, that we do not quite understand his meaning when he speaks of 'supplying the deficiencies in a branch of European history, no less remarkable for the neglect with which it had therto been treated, than for the richness and interest of the aterials in which it abounded.' We are really ignorant what reat historical deficiencies he has supplied, we are at a loss to iscover where are his rich and valuable materials; and we fear

that he has lamentably mistaken the value of his labours, if he confounds the mechanical task of recording the mere genealogy of a royal line, with the higher and philosophical province of delineating any great 'branch of European history.'

In entering on his undertaking, Sir Andrew Halliday has himself, indeed, evinced a very enlarged conception of the extent and antiquity of the subject: for he deduces it from the Flood; and his first volume opens with some account of the proceedings of the common progenitors of the Guelphs and of mankind in general, when they issued from the ark. He is next led to treat of the early inhabitants of Germany, and to distinguish the various tribes who successively invaded the Roman empire. This conducts him to speak of the Scyrri or Heruli, of their history, and of their king, Edico, the ancestor, as he entertains no doubt, of our royal line. From Edico, he proceeds to enumerate confidently ten generations inclusive to Guelph, first Count of Altorf in Bavaria, an undoubted historical personage of the age of Charlemagne; and eight generations more from Guelph to Cunegunda, heiress of Bavaria, whose marriage with Azzo II., Marquis of Este, formed the stem to which the Houses of Brunswick and Este trace up their common origin. In like manner, our genealogist specifies fourteen generations from Edico to Adelbert III., Marquis of Liguria, the undoubted progenitor in the male line of the House of Brunswick; and four more from him to Azzo II., the husband of Cunegunda. This pair, Azzo II. and Cunegunda, are thus gifted with a common descent of eighteen generations from Edico; for it is one of the schemes of Leibnitz, that the Guelphic line, which commenced from that king, through his son Anulfus or Guelph, in Bavaria, acquired the Lombard duchy of Friuli by marriage, and thus separated, in the ninth generation, into two branches: the elder remaining in Bavaria, and preserving the Guelph domains, the younger settling in Italy, and producing the marquisses of Este, until the two lines were again reunited by the marriage of Azzo II. and Cunegunda.

Now, of this pedigree, part is certain, and part apocryphal. It is certain that there was a Guelph, Count of Altorf, in the age of Charlemagne, and tolerably so that Cunegunda was a descendant of his family. And this is all that can safely be affirmed of the old Bavarian stock of the Guelphs. Of the ridiculous attempt, which Sir Andrew Halliday has copied, to deduce the descent of the Count of Altorf from Edico, we shall be contented to speak in the words of Gibbon, and to leave the result of his inquiry to rest upon his great critical authority, until the genealogists are provided with some better evidence than the absurdities which he detected in the Origines Guelficæ. "The conjectures of Leibnitz or his disciple Eccard," says Gibbon, in his peculiar manner, "are follies of a graver kind; they build without materials an edifice of characters and adventures, and grasping some shadowy semblances,

they forcibly derive the Guelphs from a brother of Odoacer," &c. For this derivation, the historian might have added, there is not a tittle of evidence, except that the second son of Edico bore the name of Wlph, Guelph, or Anulfus; and here we may observe a fact which the eager genealogists have been marvellously prone to overlook, that this name of Guelph itself was nothing more than a personal or *Christian* name, the frequent use of which in the same family occasioned it at last to be applied as the general designation for the race. This accidental name of the son of Edico is a goodly foundation for the manufacture of ten generations, to connect him with his namesake, Guelph of Altorf!

If the ascending series of ten generations from Guelph of Altorf is thus destitute of all proof, the descent of eight more from him to Cunegunda is scarcely less uncertain. The nearest approach to contemporary evidence is contained in the chronicle of the monk of the abbey of Weingarten, who, about the end of the twelfth century, wrote, with the avowed design of doing honour to the Guelphs, lords of Altorf, the founders and benefactors of his convent. This curious chronicle, which was copied into the Origines Guelficæ from the Vienna MS., confesses that there is no trace of the family higher than Guelph of Altorf; and it is able to enumerate only five generations from him to Cunegunda—a very insufficient allowance, as Gibbon has observed, for a period of two hundred and fifty years. The imagination of Leibnitz and his followers, however, has easily supplied the chasm with fresh names; and thus is the veracious chain of eight generations to Cunegunda completed!

So much for the pretension of the Bavarian descent of eighteen generations from Edico to Cunegunda: the Bavaro-Italian pedigree, from Edico to Azzo II., her husband, is equally worthy of credit. The whole story of the Guelph origin for its fourteen first generations is quite apocryphal: but even supposing it so far to be well founded, there is nothing to *prove* that the Marquis Adelbert of Liguria, who has been numbered III., was descended at all from the dukes of Friuli and Tuscany. We admit it *probable*, with Gibbon, that he was descended from a younger branch of the Tuscan family; but the fact cannot be authenticated, and still less is there good evidence that that family itself had issued from the Guelphs. The value of the whole argument may be studied by the curious reader in the masterly dissertation of Gibbon; but we are ourselves satisfied with the conclusion, that there is not together a shadow of good authority for the confident assurance which has deduced Azzo II. from the Bavarian Guelphs, and pronounced his marriage with Cunegunda to have been only the union of two branches of the same illustrious stock.

Having dismissed this troublesome and idle discussion of an hypothetical pedigree, we begin to stand on the sure ground of authentic history. That Adelbert III., Marquis of Liguria at the

close of the tenth century, was the common progenitor in the direct male line of the kindred Houses of Brunswick and Este, is universally acknowledged. From the person of that feudal chieftain to the birth of the fourth George of Great Britain, the legal male descent in unbroken succession is beyond all question. So far as the records of marriages and births can ever avail, the evidence is here perfect, the proofs are undeniable; but higher than this in the ascent of the Guelph pedigree we must hold it impossible to venture with any satisfactory result. Having no object to serve by exaggerating or depreciating the antiquity of the royal line of these kingdoms, we are soberly persuaded that just fourteen generations are to be deducted from the forty-one adopted by Sir Andrew Halliday from the calculation of Leibnitz and others, before we can cut down the genealogy to the standard of truth.

Whatever was their origin, the Marquisses Adelbert III. and his descendants, were numbered among the most powerful of the feudal nobility of Italy. In the third generation they became known as Marquisses of Este, from the castle and domain in the Trevisan March, in which their residence was now established; and it was Azzo II. of that title, and the fourth in descent from Adelbert, who concluded the famous marriage with Cunegunda, heiress (after her brother's death) of the Guelphs of Altorf. However impossible to determine their earlier pedigree, it is certain that these Guelphs were already a powerful, noble, and ancient family of Bavaria. They ruled over feudal and allodial territories of vast extent in Bavaria and Swabia; and the ducal title, which they already enjoyed, was perhaps the least mark of their independence and grandeur. On the failure of the male line in 1055, Guelph, the eldest son of Azzo II. by Cunegunda, succeeded, in right of his mother, to all their dignities and possessions.

It is then from this marriage, which united the families of Este and Guelph, that we are to deduce the house of Este-Guelph, the line of the princes of Brunswick and the kings of Great Britain; and 'the venerable tree which has since overshadowed Germany and Britain was planted in an Italian soil.' By a second marriage Azzo II. had other children, who perpetuated the house of Este in its native seats, and became the progenitors of the dukes of Ferrara and Modena. Of the two branches which 'sprang from the same primitive stem, the elder was transplanted to the Danube and the Elbe, the younger more humbly adhered to the neighbourhood of the Adriatic.'

Sir Andrew Halliday has not deemed it within his province to pursue the fortunes of the Italian branch of the house of Este. The princes of that race have obtained a celebrity far beyond their deserts; and the brilliant associations of learning and song have shed an undying lustre upon their memory, which may excite the lasting envy of more powerful and worthy dynasties. In their

pride of place, the inspiration of Boiardo, Ariosto, Tasso, ministered to their glory; in later times, the erudition of Tiraboschi and Muratori—the most learned of the modern Italians—repaid their patronage with an humble tribute; and the world has echoed with their unmerited renown. They have been lauded as the patrons of genius—they were only its task-masters: tyrannical in their exactions, niggard in their rewards, basely ungrateful and even malignantly cruel to the gifted spirits which immortalized them. Even Gibbon has eulogized their splendid protection of letters, the clemency of their government, and their hereditary personal virtues; but the student of Italian history can only separate them by a lighter shade of guilt from the Scala, the Gonzago, the Visconti, the Medici, the monster-tyrants and the scourges of Italy. Their domestic annals were defiled by paternal hatred and unnatural revenge, by blood, incest, parricide. Their early lineage was confessedly transmitted through bastards, and their latter princes had Lucretia Borgia for their mother.

The German dynasty of Este-Guelph may well boast of a fairer generic character, and a far purer descent. In migrating to their northern seats they might seem to have avoided the deadly contagion of that guilt, which filled the courts of the Italian princes with the foulest tragedies of the middle ages. The German annals of the house of Este-Guelph are unsullied by a single enormity. For some generations after Guelph, the son of Cunegunda, took possession of his mother's inheritance, the grandeur of the house advanced with rapid strides; and during the eleventh and twelfth centuries it produced some of the greatest princes of Germany. Henry the Black, the son of Guelph by his marriage with the heiress of Magnus Biliung, the last duke of Saxony of that ancient house, acquired a joint interest in its patrimonial domains on the Elbe; his son Henry the Proud, by another marriage, succeeded to the duchies of Saxony, Brunswick, and Luneburg; and all these vast possessions descended in the next generation upon HENRY THE LION, the great grandson of Guelph of Este.

This was the epoch of the meridian grandeur of the house in Germany. Besides some Italian domains, Henry the Lion held the great feudal duchies of Bavaria and Saxony, with those of Brunswick, Luneburg, Mecklenburg, and several other allodial principalities of inferior extent. These possessions filled a considerable portion of the territory between the Rhine and the Elbe, between the shores of the Baltic sea and the southern base of the Italian Alps. For a hundred and fifty years the Guelph princes had been rising in power, until they had become the most conspicuous actors in the revolutions of the empire; and it is a sufficient mark of their directing influence, that one of the contending parties of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, by which Germany was so long convulsed, received its appellation from their family name, and transmitted it to Italy, there to become, with ominous vitality,

the watchword of faction during three centuries of blood. Henry the Lion, whose valour and majesty justified the title, was the greatest and most powerful of his race: but he was also the last of the proud Guelphic dukes of Bavaria. In the empire he was second in power only to its chief; but his ambition aspired yet a step higher. He engaged in a fatal contest with the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, and shipwrecked the fortunes of his race for five hundred years. After a gallant struggle on his part, his great ducal fiefs of Bavaria and Saxony were confiscated by the imperial sentence, and greedily seized by the rivals to whom the profitable execution was entrusted; and, for the last fifteen years of his life, Henry was reduced to the state of a culprit, an exile, and a suppliant. His *feudal* patrimony was for ever alienated from his descendants; and it was only by the clemency of Barbarossa that he obtained the restitution of a part of the *allodial* possessions of his house in northern Germany, which were thus in process of time to form the duchy of Brunswick and electorate of Hanover.

The splendour that had attended the reign of Henry the Lion before his downfal was enhanced by a royal marriage, the story of which will have some interest for the British reader. After living for many years in conjugal happiness with his first wife, a virtuous princess, he chose to repudiate her, either from some caprice or ambition, or, as Sir Andrew Halliday in courtly and political phrase veils this ungrateful desertion, because 'the welfare of his extended dominions required that he should have a son to succeed him, of which there were no hopes from his existing union.' In the second marriage which he therefore formed, he received the hand of the Princess Matilda, eldest daughter of Henry II. of England. She bore him a numerous family, and the Guelph princes, who already boasted their maternal descent from the ancient dukes and the emperors of the Saxon line, might now farther, says Gibbon, "number among their ancestors the Plantagenets of Anjou, the dukes of Normandy, the kings of Scotland, whose origin is lost in a Highland mist, and the kings of England, the descendants of the Saxon conquerors, who drew their fabulous pedigree from the God Woden." A friendly intercourse was long maintained between the houses of Guelph and Plantagenet; and it is curious that, in a few years, William, the son of Henry the Lion, who was born at Winchester during his father's exile in England, stood next heir, after the precarious life of one boy (Henry III.), to the British crown. Thus, according to the probable order of events, the children of Henry the Lion should have reigned over us five centuries before the accession of the Hanover family.

After the misfortunes and death of Henry the Lion, the Guelph star was dimmed in its lustre for a long series of ages. One of his sons, indeed, obtained the imperial crown by the chances of faction under the title of Otho IV.: but his reign was memorable only by his loss of the great battle of Bovines against the French under

Philip Augustus; and when, after his death, all the Guelph possessions which remained centered in his nephew Otho, son of his brother William of Winchester, they consisted only of the poor allodial domains of Brunswick to which we have referred. It was this William's son Otho, ridiculously surnamed the *Child*, though he lived to the age of fifty years, that gave its permanent form to the new ducal state of his house. In the year 1235 he submitted—apparently with the view of cementing a reconciliation with Frederic II.—to the humiliation of formally surrendering into the hands of that emperor the free allodial, and sovereign patrimonial domains, which had been saved from the ruin of the more splendid fortunes of his house; and he consented to receive back their investiture as imperial fiefs, under the title of the duchies of Brunswick and Luneburg. This change of tenure might increase the security of Otho; it entailed, however, at least, the nominal degradation of becoming a feudal vassal, where he had been a sovereign allodial proprietor. But he had the example before him, not only of his ancestors, who in their days of pride had held the Bavarian and Saxon duchies as feudal fiefs, but of all the other contemporary princes of Germany.

From the period at which the princes of the house of Este-Guelph became thus the mere vassals of the empire, until their elevation to the electoral dignity—that is, from the middle of the thirteenth to the close of the seventeenth century—it is an endless and unprofitable task to follow out the perplexity and intricate combinations of their inconsequential annals. Their fortunes were obscure, and their lives and characters corresponded with their fortunes. A pernicious custom of partition, formed upon the obligations of the civil law, prevailed in their states, and aggravated and multiplied the causes of their obscurity. Whenever a reigning prince of the house died, his possessions were regularly divided among all his sons; and this subdivision, of course, was as manifold as the number of males who bore the family name. At one epoch (A.D. 1416) the original duchies of Brunswick and Luneburg were parcelled out into no less than eight principalities; and two centuries later the same territories would have been split into thirteen dukedoms, if seven brothers had not agreed to reign in common over one! The dissensions and petty civil wars, which ensued among the members of the house of Brunswick, were as numerous and are as uninteresting as the partitions which produced them; —d no reader will willingly plunge into the confusion of these nily annals.

Sir Andrew Halliday has toiled through this wearisome labyrinth the genealogy of the Brunswick dukes with unfainting solicitude d zeal; and he has laboriously recorded the names of a host of inces, the sum of whose history is comprised in the fact that they re born and that they died. If we were to imitate his example, would only be to repeat his pious regret that their unobtrusive

fortunes have left us no more to record. It is amusing to observe how a nearer inspection of the unimportance and indifferent interest of their history damped the original ardour of Gibbon. One of his published letters shows "that the design of his work was to follow their fortunes" through "the four hundred and fifty years which elapsed between the first duke of Brunswick and the first elector of that family;" and in the outset of his essay he evidently intended to have traced the course of their whole German reign. Yet he had finished his treatise before his death; and so uninviting and undistinguished had he found the story of their long sovereignty over the Brunswick duchies, that he adroitly omitted it altogether, and sprang, at a single leap, from the death of Henry the Lion to the accession of George the First to the British throne!

There were, however, some auspicious interruptions which prevented the majestic current of the Guelph blood from being lost in the division of a thousand degenerating rills. All the diverging branches were gradually and fortunately dried up or returned into the original stream; and, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, the representation of the whole family, and the possession of all its estates, devolved upon the two dynasties. In the same age, the seven sons of the Duke of Brunswick-Luneburg, with very honourable self-denial, were influenced, by their father's dying injunction, and the memory of the weakness which the law of partition had entailed upon their house, to abstain from dividing their inheritance. They drew lots to determine which of their number should marry; the other six condemned themselves to a life of celibacy; and the fortunate seventh was left to perpetuate the race, and to transmit the undivided duchy to his heir.

Before this singular compact, however, the last and the still existing division of the family of Brunswick had already commenced. About the close of the sixteenth century, Henry and William, the only surviving sons of Duke Ernest the Confessor, divided his estates between them. Henry, the eldest, is the ancestor of the present dukes of Brunswick proper, and William, the younger, is the progenitor of the dukes of Brunswick-Luneburg, who were to become electors of Hanover and kings of Great Britain. Brunswick remained the capital of the elder branch: the court of the younger was established in the middle of the seventeenth century at Hanover.

It was Ernest Augustus, grandson of this William of Luneburg, who procured the elevation of his branch of the house of Guelph to the electoral dignity in the year 1692: much to the dissatisfaction of the elder line of Brunswick, who justly considered their claim as preferable to an hereditary pretension, which was founded upon a common descent from the old Saxon princes. The first elector of Hanover, however, was really indebted more to his personal character and influence, than to any obsolete title of his house, for the creation which he acquired and maintained; and he was

certainly a prince of great ability. We need scarcely add, that it was his illustrious marriage with Sophia, grand-daughter of James I. through Elizabeth, princess-royal of England, the celebrated and unfortunate queen of Bohemia, which led to the establishment of his son, George I., on the British throne.

The Electress Sophia, a noble and high-spirited woman, was worthy of being the daughter and the mother of a long line of kings. She had a true British feeling, and was justly proud of her descent from the royal blood of our nation. From the time when she was declared, by the act of succession of 1701, heiress of the British crown, it seems, notwithstanding her advanced age, to have been the passionate and exclusive hope of her existence that she should survive to ascend the British throne. There can be little doubt that she would have wielded a sceptre with vigour and glory. She is represented by contemporaries as a woman of commanding beauty and great personal dignity; and the portrait which Sir Andrew Halliday has given of her from a medal certainly justifies the report. It is curious, if the engraving be faithful, how strongly the family resemblance of her male descendants may be traced up to her.—As a specimen of Sir Andrew's manner, we shall give his character of this princess, which, making a certain allowance for his high colouring of the virtues of all her line, appears sufficiently authentic.

'She was a woman of uncommon beauty, and of a masculine understanding. A contemporary writer relates, that at the age of seventy-three she possessed all the beauty and vigour of youth, stept as firm and erect as a young lady, and had not a wrinkle in her face, nor one tooth out of her head; she read without spectacles, and was constantly employed. The chairs of the presence chamber were all embroidered with her own hands, as also the ornaments for the altar of the electoral chapel. She was a great walker, and generally spent two or three hours daily in perambulating the garden and pleasure grounds about Herrnhausen. She possessed great general knowledge, and was the firm friend and protector of the learned men of her day. She was the first to discover the genius of the immortal Leibnitz; and her munificence and condescension attached that philosopher to her court during the greater part of his life. Her most happy hours were spent in his society; and she took a warm interest in the success of his discoveries in science, and in the promulgation of his well-merited fame. She spoke five languages so well, that, by her accent, it was doubtful which of them was her native tongue. The low Dutch, the German, the Italian, French, and English, were all equally familiar; and she would discourse in the last with an ease and fluency that few foreigners have ever attained. She made the laws and constitution of England per peculiar study, from the moment it became probable that she might be called to the throne, and none understood them better.

'She had a genius, says her biographer, equally turned for conversation and business, that rendered her not only the delight and ornament of a court, but able to manage and support its highest interests. The greatness of her soul bore equal proportion to her illustrious birth, and

the exalted station which she filled; but withal was tempered with so much sweetness and affability, that the duty of those below her became all one with their pleasure. The knowledge of her virtues added to the lustre of her titles, and respect grew upon familiarity. No one ever gave liberties with a better grace, or could act without reserve to greater advantage; and she acted her part to admiration, as a daughter of England and mother of Germany.

'Her wit was sprightly, curious, and surprising; her judgment solid and penetrating, founded upon the best maxims of reading and study, and corrected by observation and experience. Nothing could exceed the brilliancy and beauty of her conversation but her letters; and both were easy, entertaining, and instructive. She had a fund of happiness within herself which made retirement pleasant; but her care in her domestic economy, and in the general government of the country, showed that she had a just sense of her being born for the good of others.

'Her piety was exemplary, without affectation; and her religious sentiments were neither perplexed with doubts nor enslaved by superstition. She was studious to prevent, sedulous to oppose, and active to suppress, every little quarrel or party intrigue, that grew up or ripened where she had any influence. No one had a higher idea of what was due to birth and majesty, or maintained better the dignity of the royal lineage from which she was descended. She had experienced, when young, the misfortunes of her own and her mother's house; and no temptations could weaken her attachment to the blood of the Stuarts.

'It may be objected to this princess, that ambition made her prefer her own aggrandizement to the claims of her exiled relations; but when we find that the children forgot their duty to their father and their sovereign, we have a sufficient excuse for the conduct of the Electress Sophia in urging her claims to the throne which they had forfeited.'—Vol. ii. pp. 542—546.

Our author has avoided to dwell upon a far less excusable transaction in her life than this. Her conduct in the business of her son's marriage was prompted by interested motives at the expense of every better feeling; and, for the insignificant ambition of reuniting the dominions of Luneburg, it was her influence with her husband and brother-in-law which forced her son and his cousin into a marriage that was mutually odious to them. The affections both of George I. (as he afterwards became), and of the unfortunate heiress of Brunswick-Celle, had been fixed upon other objects; and this miserable union embittered their subsequent years. The part of the electress Sophia, in effecting that marriage, was obdurate and unnatural: and *this* is the least creditable action of her life. Her son never forgave it to her; and the indifference evinced by him for the splendid succession, which was the exclusive object of her thoughts, formed another source of alienation between them. George was attached to his native country, and his phlegm was satisfied with his electoral rank: his mother was, to her last hour, bent on securing the British crown. She was very anxious to establish the residence of her grandson (afterwards George II.) in

England during queen Anne's life; and that princess, who equally detested Sophia and all her race, was violently outraged by the attempt.

Having sufficiently noticed the main subject, and recorded our opinion of the merits of Sir Andrew Halliday's volumes, we shall not add much observation on the collateral matter which he has thought fit to introduce. We shall merely remark, that he appears to us to have entered into the general history of Europe much more than his undertaking required; and that, as he has neither refreshed the subject with novelty, nor, by his treatment of it, been very successful in sustaining the interest of details which were already universally known, this unnecessary enlargement of his labour has had no better effect than to eke out his matter into two ponderous volumes, where it might readily have been compressed into one. But, perhaps, he has had no objection to swell the importance with the bulk of his 'Annals.'

It is scarcely worth while to criticise the fidelity of these commonplace abstracts from European history; but we shall just glance at a few inaccuracies, which Sir Andrew Halliday may as well correct, if the opportunity be given to him.

Vol. I. p. 25. In the story of Narses he spoils the point of the insulting mandate of the empress Sophia, "that he should leave to *men* the exercise of arms, and return to his proper station among the maidens of the palace, where a distaff should be again placed in the hands of the *eunuch*." He absolutely omits to acquaint his reader, either directly or by implication, with the misfortune which exposed the mutilated hero to this taunt. He leaves us to suppose him a man, and drops altogether the antithesis of the message which contained the sting. But what has Narses to do at all with the 'Annals of the House of Hanover?'

P. 24.—In what 'Latin chronicles' did the author find the Lombards called Longobar*bi*? In Tacitus, Procopius, Paulus, Deaconus, &c. the name is equally Lan*g*obar*di*, and equally expresses their custom of wearing long beards.

P. 21.—A certain Gunoald of the Guelphic family (at the end of the sixth century) is stated to have 'remained in the service of the king of the Lombards, and to have been *rewarded with the duchy of Este*.' A duchy of Este, and a Guelphic one, in the sixth century! Where did Sir Andrew discover this? Here, indeed, a marginal reference to authority would have been marvellously desirable.

P. 49.—Our genealogist appears not to have known that in the Merovingian dynasty of France, long hair was the symbol of royalty. In here mentioning that 'it was proposed that Childeric should be *shaved*,' he gives no explanation, and puts the last word in italics, as if the singularity of the punishment had excited his risibility. The proposal of degradation was twofold: the shaving of the unhappy king in itself uncrowned him; and the forced adop-

tion of the monastic tonsure farther precluded his return, after this deposition, to the temporal business of the world.

P. 58.—Sir Andrew declares of Charlemagne that he 'acquired a considerable degree of knowledge in every branch of *polite literature*.' The form of expression is in itself absurd as applied to an age of gross ignorance and darkness: but, such as its 'polite literature' was, Charlemagne had but an indifferent portion of it, since even Eginhard, his secretary, and the eulogist of his learning, expressly declares (p. 119, c. xxv.) that the endeavour to acquire the elements of writing was the painful labour of the emperor's old age.

P. 164.—What does Sir Andrew Halliday mean by the assertion that the wars which the famous countess Matilda of Tuscany 'supported and carried on, were the beginning of those contests which so long ravaged Italy, under the name of the Guelph and Ghibelline factions'? He cannot, we presume, be ignorant that these terms originated in Germany, as distinctions of faction, only in the middle of the twelfth century, and were certainly not heard in Italy until the beginning of the thirteenth:—that is, full a hundred years after Matilda and her wars were at rest.

But we have done: for it would be a fatiguing labour to take minute notes of all our author's historical inaccuracies. All that we have mentioned are contained in the first half of the first volume. *Ex pede Herculem.*

ART. VI. *Continental Adventures, a Novel.* In 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* London. Hurst, Robinson, and Co. 1826.

THE writer of 'Continental Adventures,' with a modesty very rare in a successful author, has withheld from the public, in the present novel, any indication of its having been written by the learned, ingenious and delightful lady, to whom we owe "Rome in the Nineteenth Century." That work—written upon certainly the most *usé* of all possible subjects—presented us with a view of Rome by far the most able, original, and amusing, with which we are acquainted. Libraries, churches, palaces, pictures, statues, ruins, and all other kinds of antiquities; modern matters, including balls in the Coliseum, blue stockings, artists, tourists, and sketchers, fashionable and unfashionable, the Mr. Browns and the Mrs. Smiths who go to Rome;—in short, every thing had been described so often that we were alarmed at the first sight of three thick volumes on Rome, by a young lady; but, on reading the work, we not only did not wish it to be shorter, but, from the brief specimen she afforded us of her talent for description in the sketch of her journey to Rome from Sienna, and a day spent at Florence, we wished for three volumes more, equally thick, detailing the whole of her travels. We confess we should have been better pleased

with the authoress's own continental adventuers, than with those of the fictitious personages who figure in her novel: but as the book, in some measure, supplies the want which we regretted in her "Rome," we have no right to be discontented.

'Continental Adventures' consist of the wanderings, loves, meetings, and separations, of a great many personages, all of whom are, of course, finally united at the end of the book. Indeed, we do not know any work—except Tom Thumb—of which the close is so theatrical, and the fates of the dramatis personæ so uniform. In the play, all the characters are killed—in the novel, they are all married. The novel, however, notwithstanding a certain exaggeration of sentiment—which in a lady may be easily pardoned—is, like the authoress's "Rome," full of originality, poetry, and eloquence. There is not, of course, so much learning in the novel as in "Rome:" but there is the same acuteness, the same fine sense of the ridiculous, the same rich and fervid imagination, and the same display of versatility of talent. We must say, however, that we do not like all her styles equally well. We prefer her pathos to her humour, and her descriptions of scenery to both. Sketches in prose are generally very tiresome—but her sketches are not of this kind: they are striking and picturesque.

These volumes consist principally of extracts from the supposed letters of a Miss Caroline St. Clair to her sister, Mrs. Balcarris, relating the sights she saw, and the adventures and people she encountered, on a journey into Italy. Of course the carriage is overturned, and Miss St. Clair's first adventure is breaking her collar bone, and her salvation by a certain Lord Lumbercourt, a peer about fifty, who, according to the usual mode of things, falls in love with her, proposes marriage, and is rejected. In return for the lady's want of affection for the peer Miss St. Clair is doomed to fall in love with his supposed nephew, Horace Lindsay, who was, moreover, the supposed son of Lord Montford, and who, at the end of the novel, turns out to be the son and heir of a certain Lord Setoun, whose estates had been confiscated in consequence of his family's attachment to the cause of the Stuarts. Horace Lindsay, in return, falls in love with Miss St. Clair, but he cannot tell his love, because he is betrothed to a Miss Hamilton, whom he cares nothing about, and who is beloved, unknown to him, by his most intimate friend, Heathcote. This convenient friend is made to act very like a scoundrel, for he marries Miss Hamilton while Lindsay is botanizing among the Alps: Lindsay is delighted, and ıtends to propose immediately; but he is shocked to find that Miss t. Clair has been waiting for weeks, in disguise, by the bedside of young man of fortune, a Mr. Bredalbane, who had rescued her om destruction at the hazard of his own life, and who had, like ll the other unmarried gentlemen in the novel, fallen desperately ı love with her, and offered her marriage, believing her to be a wiss *fille de chambre*. A great many other incidents and situa-

tions occur, in which the heroine, in the eyes of her lover, stands in a very questionable light; but, at length, every thing is cleared up, and the marriage is about to take place, when the young lady's mother, Lady St. Clair, arrives in great horror and a post chaise to forbid the union. It seems that this virtuous matron had been in love with Lord Montford, and, in the absence of her husband, Miss St. Clair was born. She fancies, of course, that Lindsay and Miss St. Clair are brother and sister, but this mistake is rectified by the appearance of Lord Setoun, who, after wandering about the Alps some years, like a madman, spouting bad poetry in prose, and lamenting the loss of his son and estate, succeeds in regaining both. The marriage of Miss St. Clair and Lindsay now takes place: Lord Montford marries a Lady Hunlocke; Breadalbane, a sister of Miss St. Clair; and a dozen other people, whose names we have not had time to mention, marry a dozen other people.

We shall quote one or two pictures at random.

'As Mrs. Cleveland and Lord Lumbercourt had not been able to make any of these mountainous excursions, and had spent the preceding day in driving a char á banc to the upper end of the valley—and in visiting such of the glaciers and views as were accessible to them—the rest of the party accompanied them, this morning, to the Arveiron, perhaps one of the most sublime spectacles of nature. Ascending gradually through a wood of pine and larch trees, which, like a verdant screen, conceals the scene you are approaching, it suddenly bursts upon you, and you behold the stupendous towers and pinnacles, and icy pyramids of the great Glacier des Bois, which forms the lower part of the Mer de Glace, flanked by tremendous peaked and naked rocks, and reaching far up into the wild and impenetrable recesses of the Alps. From its utmost summit, which is many thousand feet above the vale of Chamouni, shoots up into heaven the tremendous Aiguille de Dru, one solid spiral pyramid of naked granite —four thousand feet in height. Inaccessible wholly, even to the storm-driven eagle, its smooth and naked sides, untouched from creation, never have afforded footing to any living thing. No summit in the whole range of the mighty Alps is so striking and so isolated as this wonderful monument of nature. Extending far to the right and left behind it, rises the Aiguille Vert, not much inferior to the giant summit of Mont Blanc itself in height.

'Immediately before your eyes, a sight still more sublime chains the soul in wonder and admiration. At the base of this immense glacier yawns a tremendous cavern of ice, hollowed out by the furious source of the Arveiron, and supported by columns and buttresses of ice, through which its struggling waters work out their impetuous way, bursting down into the valley at once a mighty foaming torrent. The vast vault or dome of ice which the raging waters form above them, before their fury has worn away the props and pillars that support it—and which their own force has made—often reaches to one hundred and fifty feet in height, and its concussion, at last, when it falls, is heard and felt through the valley like the crash of overthrown mountains. Instances have been known of men—led by curiosity too near this awful spectacle—being

swallowed up in a moment by the masses of ice which are furiously swept onward. Continually, as they stood viewing it, huge rocks of ice were disengaged from its lofty cavity, and fell with awful reverberation.'—Vol i. pp. 248—250.

There is considerable spirit in the following description of an excursion to the Lake of Thun:—

'After dinner we embarked in a pleasure boat, to row twelve miles to the head of the beautiful lake of Thun, in ancient times called the lake of the Vandals. If, as is said, it derived its appellation from the Vandals having settled on its borders, I must say they were persons of much taste, and little deserved that their names should become a proverbial epithet of reproach for the want of it. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the sail. Behind the rocky shores, richly wooded with pine and birch, tower on one side, the sublime forms of the Stockhorn, the Gros Eiger, the Blümlis Alp, and the Jungfrau, covered with eternal snows, and rearing their mighty summits far above the clouds. Lower down rises from the lake, the lofty and picturesque pyramidal mountain of the Niesen. At its base, your eye penetrates far up the beautiful vale, down which the Kander pours its wild torrent into the lake. The ruins of Gothic castles, to which tradition attaches many a romantic legend—the abandoned walls of 'the Golden Court'—where the proud Counts of Strätlingen once held their magnificent reign—the mysterious dungeons and subterranean passages said still to remain half unexplored around its shattered tower,—and the mouldering vestiges of the castle of Spietz,—awake remembrances of those feudal times of wild warfare and romance, which throw a charm so powerful and undefinable over every scene to which they are attached; more especially over scenes of secluded beauty and grandeur such as this. On the opposite side of the lake, our boatmen pointed out a mountain cave, the inmost recesses of which cannot be penetrated,—where, according to tradition, in the sixth century, St. Beat, a British hermit, and the first Christian in Helvetia, lived and died. A fine stream of pure, and of course holy, water, from some hidden subterranean source, flows from the cave. Near this spot, at Merlingen, vines and spreading Spanish chesnuts gives [give] a richer air to the banks of the lake—while the rural dwellings, the cultivated fields, the picturesque villages, the beautiful vales or *thals* opening into the bosom of the mountains—the rocks and wild woods on the banks of the lake—and the towering mountains and glaciers far above, beaming with silver lines in the summer sun, presented so enchanting a scene, as our little gaily painted bark glided over the bright blue sparkling bosom of the lake, that it was with regret we approached the head—where the snowy Alps disappeared below the lower but nearer elevation, and the prospect l[ost] much of its grandeur and its charm. Landing at the little hamlet of *[Un]terhaus*, we got into a common char, or long cart, furnished with slung s[eat]s, the sole vehicle of this part of the country, in which we trotted a[way] through Unterseen, and all the bustle of its fair, which was crowded w[ith] sheep and cattle, and stalls, and busy peasants in their gayest holiday c[os]tume. Crossing the wooden bridge, one of the most beautiful scenes i[mag]inable struck our delighted sight. We beheld the wide clear blue s[tre]am of the Aar, sweeping round a majestic precipice of rock;—and

its depth, its expanse, its beautiful cerulean hue, the rushing rapidity of its course, broken into foaming falls by crossing wears, its sides, edged with mills and picturesque wooden cottages—the beautiful valley of Interlachen, through which it wanders, covered with the bright emerald verdure of spring, shaded with gigantic trees, now tinged with the first tints of autumn, and bounded with high rocks, covered to their very summits with woods of noble pine trees,—the snowy heights of the sublime Wetterhorn and Jungfrau, caught through the deep narrow vales opening to the right, amidst the Alps—altogether presented a scene of such varied beauty, as we rode up this enchanting valley, that the most vivid imagination can picture nothing approaching to the reality. It is a spot which must remain for ever engraven on the remembrance.'—Vol. i. pp. 315—319.

The fair writer is too merciful to visit us with any new infliction of catalogues of pictures, statues, &c. when her heroine arrives in Italy: but the expression of her first feelings on beholding that beautiful country, and her impressions on touching its glorious soil, are too eloquent and real to be withheld from our readers.

'The scenery, the whole way on the Italian descent, is incomparably finer than on the Swiss side of the mountain. I could not have conceived the possibility of such a union of the sublime and beautiful as it displays. Much did we regret the rapidity with which we descended through it. But who can describe the effect of our arrival at Duomo D'Ossola—of the luxuriant richness and beauty of the country, teeming with wine, and oil, and corn, and fruits, and flowers;—resounding with the joy of the vintage; overflowing with population; covered with villas, and villages, and *poderes*, and especially with churches; every living thing beaming beneath the bright blue sky, sporting in the soft summer air, and melting beneath the fervid sun-beams? Who can describe the effect of the changed appearance of every object—of the whole face of nature and the human face divine? Who can describe the effect of the first view of Italy? It is like a new existenee—another world! Yes! Italy—Italy is before us! We are standing on its rich and glorious plains! Three hours have sufficed to transport us from the regions of eternal ice and snow, and the wild deserts of a polar region, to the climes of the sun, the garden of the world, the land of beauty, and luxuriance, and seduction; —of classic remembrance, of taste, of imagination, and of song;—of all that can captivate the senses, or charm the soul!

'There is a luxuriance of life in Italy, which breathes and floats around you, and inspires a feeling wholly unimaginable, if you have not experienced it. You seem placed in the very garden of nature, amidst inexhaustible redundance and unsatiating pleasures. Earth and air, and heaven itself, seem dressed in smiles. Every thing breathes of joy, and laughs in beauty. You cannot speak the transport that swells in your own bosom, and dances through your veins. It is worth while to come to Italy to feel the delicious sensations with which the mere consciousness of existence and the sight of nature, fill the heart.

'We journeyed along by the beautiful shores of the Lago Maggiore, admiring the variety of new productions that met our astonished sight; —the fields of ripened maize, the vines twining their luxuriant branches,

loaded with rich clusters, round the supporting poplar,—the spreading fig-tree, covered with its bursting fruit,—the lofty chesnuts, dropping their large kernels,—nay, even the rich pomegranate, flourishing in the open air. From the woody hills and jutting promontories which rose from the calm waters of the lake, we turned our eyes back to the long line of mighty Alps, rising from the rich platform of the plains of Lombardy, and towering into the blue heavens with unspeakable majesty;—and such was the splendour and the novelty of the scene—that we really could not find words to speak to each other our delight and admiration.' —Vol. iii. pp. 22, 23: 27, 28.

We must now say a word of the characters. Miss St. Clair is well imagined, though we think the writer has needlessly violated the respectability of her character, and injured our opinion of her love of truth, by allowing her to conceal from her intended husband the fact of her adulterous birth, especially as concealment was no longer necessary after the *denouement*. Horace Lindsay is the insipid hero of every novel. Lady Hunlocke is lively and clever; and almost all the rest are mere novel characters, in which there is no novelty. The Cockney family among the Alps is a complete failure.

The Rev. Saunders M'Muckleman is a violent and vulgar caricature—as are the blue stocking young ladies who are introduced. It is impossible—much as we dislike blue stockings—that any one of *the set* could talk in the way Miss Bellairs is made to do in vol. iii. pp. 169—171. We dare not quote the passage.

There are many violations of grammar—and some of decency—in the three volumes before us. A young lady of Miss St. Clair's opportunities should not have written in this fashion:—*It was no use—The very identical—Rousseau made such a phrase—hum'd and ha'd—this is fact*—&c. We presume that these phrases are Scotticisms, and the authoress may perhaps excuse herself on the ground of her heroine's Scotch extraction: but of the following expressions, peculiar we believe to English ladies' maids, she is also guilty; *high dudgeon—out of hand—fixing up—she never bet*, &c. &c. The authoress affects the perpetual use of French and Italian expressions, but we are sorry to say that there is scarcely one sentence rightly given, and very few words rightly spelled in either language throughout the novel. We must, however, do the lady the justice to say, while we condemn her French and Italian, that her Latin is very respectable; which perhaps she may consent to receive as an apology.

Her jokes on the blunders made by the English in speaking ench and Italian, are scarcely worthy of Matthews. We have r example an elaborate jest about mistaking *eau poissoneux* for isonous water; and we have the old story about Gibbon and adame Necker related of other people, with the assurance that it *'fact!'* In vol. iii. pp. 162, 163, there is a long string of pretended

blunders in Italian, which it is quite impossible any Englishman could ever have made.

We are sorry to have any objection to make to 'Continental Adventures' on the ground of freedom of language, or impropriety of allusion. We have before referred to one gross example of this, and we must say that Miss St. Clair's disquisition on the 'honour' of Italian women, might as well have been omitted—that her researches into the duties of the *serventi* of the late Queen Caroline (who were not *cavalieri)* are rather too curious for a modest young lady of eighteen—and that her 'constant attendance on the accouchement of her friend Mrs. Cleveland,' might have been resigned to her sister, Mrs. Balcarris. Miss St. Clair, however, seems to have been fond of studying delicate matters, of which her story of Guglielmina (vol. iii. p. 47), and her display of reading in the scene of the Garden Masquerade, are rather afflicting examples.

We are grieved to learn from the Preface that the present work has passed through the press under circumstances of a melancholy nature. If the authoress had been able to read the proofs, we are convinced that many passages of which we have been compelled to complain, would have been rescinded.

ART. VII. *Adventures of a French Serjeant, during his Campaigns in Italy, Spain, Germany, Russia, &c. from* 1805 *to* 1823. Written by himself. 8vo. pp. 345. 9*s.* 6*d.* London. Colburn. 1826.

STERNE, we think it was, who said that every thing which can possibly interest a reader, falls in the way of a sentimental traveller. If Mr. Robert Guillemard be worthy of credit, a military traveller, and above all others, a French serjeant, is at least equally fortunate, for to him it happens to be present at almost every great battle that has been fought by Napoleon, and to undergo every vicissitude of felicity and wretchedness to which a soldier's life is liable. We own that upon the first glance at the title, we expected to find some portion of romance in the adventures of such a veteran as this, who spent, according to his own account, eighteen years in the French army, without rising beyond the rank of a non-commissioned officer. His adverse destiny was at least productive of this benefit to him, that the obscurity of his station afforded him the greatest facilities for setting down many incidents, which, though, perhaps, true in themselves, never belonged to his personal history; and also for adorning them with descriptions and narratives, which are the mere creations of his fancy. Guillemard may have been a serjeant, or a captain, for aught that we know; we have no doubt that he served in the army under Napoleon; but we are disposed to be incredulous as to the fact that he was

himself a partaker or a witness of all the adventures which he relates.

There is a paragraph in page 277 which, in a great degree, justifies the suspicions suggested by the title of this work. 'I have not mentioned,' says our serjeant, 'the regiment which I entered in 1805, though it has often been honourably mentioned in our military annals. Neither shall I give the name of the regiment which I entered after the disbanding of the departmental legions; the memoirs I am giving are personal, and I have no right to extend to others the responsibility of the facts I relate.' The conclusion betrays too much. The merely personal character of his memoirs absolutely restricted the responsibility as to the facts which they contain to the individual who relates them, and even if he had the right, he had no practicable means by which he could extend that responsibility to others. Nor could he have made the whole or any member of the regiments to which he belonged, answerable for his assertions, by simply mentioning their names. The truth seems to be, that the serjeant did not choose to have his own responsibility tried by a test too convenient to those who might be disposed to question his veracity. Had he given the names of his regiments, it would have been no difficult matter, in France at least, to trace his real career, and as he has concealed those names, we must infer that his 'adventures' required a certain degree of cautious reserve upon this point, which tells by no means in favour of their authenticity.

Luckily upon one portion of his narrative, and that too upon the romantic interest of which he plumes himself not the least, we have before us the means of ascertaining the degree of credit to which he is entitled. He informs us that in the year 1815, he was one of those Frenchmen who accompanied Murat in his flight from the neighbourhood of Toulon to Corsica, and that he subsequently proceeded with the ex-king to the Calabrian coast, though he did not land with him. The whole story of Murat's death, and of the circumstances which preceded it, is really worked up with a good deal of dramatic effect, and in some respects we believe it to be sufficiently accurate, at least so far as it agrees with the "Memoir of the events connected with the death of Joachim," which has been lately published by General Francheschetti, and of which we intend to give our readers some account in our next appendix. The general is acknowledged on all hands to have been in Murat's confidence, and as he scarcely left the ex-king's presence from the time of his arrival in Corsica, until very short time before his death, it may be presumed that he had the best possible opportunities of collecting the information which he has laid before the world.

Guillemard commences this episode with the tact of an experienced novelist. Having returned to Toulon after the battle of Waterloo, where, by some extraordinary interposition of con-

science, he was not present, though he had transferred his allegiance to Napoleon during the hundred days, he was walking one evening in the Champ de Bataille (a square at Toulon), and chanced to meet an officer who addressed him in the following mysterious manner:—

'"Guillemard, you are known to be a man that can be depended on, will you assist in an undertaking that requires courage and generosity?—Follow me."—"Captain," said I, "I am ready to follow you any where; I have seen you at Wagram and other places; but in the situation in which things are placed, I will not do it till you give me a formal order, well assured that whatever the consequence be, you will never deny the transaction." "Very well," said he, "I order you—follow me."'—p. 236.

The narrative thus proceeds:—

'We then walked towards the gate of Italy, and left Toulon. We climbed over the hill of La Malque, and reached a spot where we found a boat moored on the shore; M. Don ..... entered it, examined it for a moment, came out, walked up and down the shore, and looked every now and then in the direction by which we had come down. In about half an hour, when it had become quite dark, we heard the steps of some persons coming towards us. My officer listened for a moment, got upon a rock, and said, "Is it you, Ang—?" "Yes," replied an officer I had not yet seen, and who arrived quite out of breath. "He is coming this moment," he continued, "is that your non-commissioned officer?" "Yes," said M. Don ....." and you may depend upon him. Let us get every thing ready." He made me a signal to come into the boat, and came in after me, while M. Ang— walked up and down on the shore, and seemed to examine every thing round him. We hoisted the sail, prepared the oars, and put into a box some provisions they had no doubt brought here beforehand.

'After waiting some time, during which we remained in the deepest silence, M. Ang— said, "Are you ready?—here he comes." We got upon one of the seats of the boat, and looked in the direction pointed out by M. Ang—, and heard the steps of several men. M. Ang— moved quickly out of the way, and knelt down as if to conceal himself; we did the same, and soon saw a body of men going along the shore, and marching towards the big tower. They were doubtless fishermen, who passed by us without noticing us. M. Ang— returned, and we walked up and down the shore, and waited in silence till daybreak.

'By the frequent and rapid movements of both officers, it was very evident that they were burning with impatience. For myself, I had for some time witnessed so many strange and unaccountable events, and had felt so many powerful emotions, that nothing could henceforth astonish me, and I remained almost indifferent about every event that took place round me. I imagined that the service required was to save some naval officer of rank, who was proscribed by the government of the moment, from the captivity that awaited him, and to put him on board a merchant vessel.

'When we heard the cannon that announced the opening of the gates of Toulon, one of the officers said to the other, "Something extraordinary

must have taken place. Let us hawl down the yard; go into the country, and see what can be the cause of this delay, and I shall return to Toulon with the serjeant; you know where to find me, and if there are no new orders, we meet this evening at the usual hour." '—pp. 236, 237.

The following evening M. Don . . . . . and the serjeant were at the beach again:

'After drinking a bottle of beer together, we walked towards the spot where we had left the boat, which we found in the same state as before. We waited several hours. The night was very dark, and we walked quietly up and down the shore, listening to every noise we heard; at length, about half past eleven, we heard some footsteps, and saw four persons coming forward with great precaution. M. Don .... made a signal, which they answered, and immediately came forward. "Is every thing ready?" said M. Ang .... whom I then recognised. "Yes," we replied. "Come, prince, let us embark," said he to a person who was wrapped up in a large cloak. "But who are these men?" said he, in a tone of alarm, and pointing to us. "Friends."—"But—Do you know the coast well?" "It's of no consequence. We run the same danger as you do." "Very well, let us go." He then turned towards a little thin man who held his arm, and said to him: "Adieu, generous Mar .... whether fortune be favourable to me or otherwise, I shall never forget your conduct," and he embraced him. "Prince," replied the latter with emotion, "I have only done my duty; I wish it were in my power to do as much for every member of your family, for all in misfortune." As he said these words on retiring, the person to whom they were addressed put one foot on the gunwale of the boat. He was a man of high stature and majestic aspect. He seemed to hesitate for a moment, but M. Ang .... took hold of his arm, and said: "Come on, every thing is settled: let us depart;" and he entered the boat along with him. We pushed off from the shore without a moment's delay, and sailed with great caution, to avoid being hailed by the boats cruizing off the harbour, and at dawn of day found ourselves beyond Cape Cepet. Our passenger was seated in the stern, took no share in the management of the boat, and had not yet uttered a single word. So much mystery made me very desirous of learning who he was, and I saw the approach of daylight with pleasure; but his cloak was crossed over his shoulder, and completely concealed his face, leaving nothing to be seen but the tassels and a part of his velvet cap.

'We moved about till sun-rise. He then rose up all at once, and cast his cloak back to look at the horizon arounds us. The oar I had fell from my hands, I rose almost involuntarily, and put my hand to my forehead, to give him the usual military salute. It was the *King of Naples.* Without noticing my astonishment, he said with an air of satisfaction: 'We are now out of reach. But you surely do not mean to go with this boat to Corsica?" "No, sire," replied one of the officers; "we are going to beat about, without going far from the entrance of the roads. In a few hours, the schooner that conveys the mail from Toulon to Corsica will come out; our intention is to put your majesty on board; and the captain will be forced to sail to any port you point out to him: this has seemed to us the safest plan; but whatever plan you may adopt, we

are ready to obey your orders; and to sacrifice our lives, if necessary, in your defence; but the captain shall obey you." "I shall not ask him to do anything," replied the king, "but to continue his voyage; I shall find plenty of opportunities in Corsica to go to Trieste or elsewhere.'—pp. 240—242.

After beating about for three days they at length perceived the post-office packet sailing towards them, and on its nearing them they were permitted by the captain to go on board, and were landed safely at Bastia on the *twenty-sixth* of August. 'Here,' says our author, 'we remained *one day!* We then marched to Vescovato, a village about fifteen leagues south of Bastia. Here we found Colonel Franceschetti, who had long and frequent conferences with the king.' This is the Franceschetti already mentioned, whose testimony we must now compare with that of the serjeant.

In a note appended to his "Memoir" (page 7) he affirms that "the serjeant was never, for a moment, in presence of the king, at least after his departure from Toulon." "The king," he adds, "landed at Bastia at day-break on the *twenty-fifth*, accompanied only by the officers Donnadieu, Langlade, and Blancard, and *immediately* set out for Vescovato, where he arrived at noon." The contradictions here are material. According to the serjeant, Murat landed on the 26th, remained a day at Bastia, and, of course, arrived at Vescovata on the 27th. The general asserts that the king landed on the 25th, and set out, without any delay, for Vescovato, not without good reason, as he observes that "by remaining a single hour at Bastia the king would have been seriously compromised, for that on the 26th (while at Vescovato) thirty gen-d'armes came to arrest him." Had Murat rested a day at Bastia, he would certainly have been apprehended there at once. At Vescovato Franceschetti persuaded the gen-d'armes to forego their mission, upon giving a pledge that his guest had no intentions hostile to the tranquillity of the island—intentions which it was at first strongly suspected that he entertained. In the next place, the number of the officers who accompanied Murat corresponds with that stated by Guillemard, with the exception of himself, and with this difference that only the name of one of them (Donnadieu) corresponds with the initials which he has given. Upon the former of these two latter points, the evidence of the general is decisive. "It was my duty," he observes, "to provide for the faithful companions of the king every thing which they wanted: I found only the three individuals above-mentioned who stood in need of my services. The serjeant, if he had been there, would have been received with the same cordiality as the others. Did he prefer to remain incognito? The king would not have permitted it. I myself was interested in knowing all those who surrounded us, as I called them over every day. Besides, the post-office packet received only four persons on board, including the king, and not five," as the serjeant asserts.

If these contradictions be not sufficient to prove that the serjeant

invented the whole story of the passage to Bastia, at least so far as his personal share in it is concerned, there remains one other piece of evidence against him which it is impossible for him to get over. He states that he was embarked in the same vessel with the king on his approach to the Calabrian coast, and that just as he was preparing to disembark he called our author into the *cabin*, and thus addressed him:—

'"I wish I could take you with me; but your intelligence, and the confidence you have inspired me with, incite me to send you on a mission which I consider of the very highest importance. As soon as I inform Captain Barbara that I am going to march to Naples, you will set out as speedily as possible, and convey to the queen the despatches I now put into your hands. Captain Barbara has funds for the purpose at your disposal. If I fall, I require your word of honour that you will destroy them." He then put a sealed pacquet into my hands, and I promised, though with regret, to execute an order which prevented me from following him in his hazardous enterprise.

'I was retiring, when he called me back, and gave me another parcel. "These are papers," said he, "which in case of misfortune you will transmit to my family."'—p. 262.

Franceschetti affirms that "the vessel had no cabin at all; from its size there was no room for a chamber." With respect to the papers of which the serjeant speaks, Franceschetti says, that they remained in the hands of the king's aides-de-camp on board a vessel that was hired for him at Toulon, but which, together with those trust-worthy persons, abandoned him in his hour of danger. How those documents came into the serjeant's hands the general leaves it to the public to conjecture.

We have thought it right thus far to compare the narrative of our author with that supplied by Franceschetti, in order to afford our readers the means of judging as to the extent to which they may rely upon the authenticity of these 'Adventures.' Our own opinion is, that the author has collected from various sources, from works already published, as well as from the reports of some of his veteran companions in arms, and not from his own experience, a great portion of the details which he has given in this work. We have seen him, in one instance, attempting to introduce himself as an actor in an interesting scene, at which it is evident he never was present. How much oftener this occurs in the course of his story, we have no means, at this moment, of determining. Having, however, detected him in one glaring fabrication, we must look at the other parts of his production with great distrust. For instance, we doubt whether he was, as he states, present at the battle of Trafalgar; still more do we doubt that he was the person who shot our lamented Nelson, though he has the hardihood to make claim to that distinction—a claim which, if it had been founded in truth, must at once have secured his promotion. Yet his description of that formidable scene is worth extracting.

'When I reached the top, my first movement was to take a view of the prospect presented by the hostile fleets. For more than a league, extended a thick cloud of smoke, above which were discernible a forest of masts and rigging, and the flags, the pendants, and the fire of the three nations. Thousands of flashes, more or less near, continually penetrated this cloud, and a rolling noise pretty similar to the sound of continued thunder, but much stronger, arose from its bosom. The sea was calm; the wind light, and not very favourable for the execution of manœuvres.

'When the English top-men, who were only a few yards distant from us, saw us appear, they directed a sharp fire upon us, which we returned. A soldier of my company and a sailor were killed quite close to me; two others who were wounded, were able to go below by the shrouds. Our opponents were, it seems, still worse handled than we, for I soon saw the English tops deserted, and none sent to supply the place of those who must have been killed or wounded by our balls. I then looked to the English vessel and our own. The smoke enveloped them, was dissipated for a moment, and returned thicker at each broadside. The two decks were covered with dead bodies, which they had not time to throw overboard. I perceived Captain Lucas motionless at his post, and several wounded officers still giving orders. On the poop of the English vessel was an officer covered with orders, and with only one arm. From what I had heard of Nelson, I had no doubt that it was he. He was surrounded by several officers, to whom he seemed to be giving orders. At the moment I first perceived him, several of his sailors were wounded beside him, by the fire of the Redoubtable. As I had received no orders to go down, and saw myself forgotten in the tops, I thought it my duty to fire on the poop of the English vessel, which I saw quite exposed and close to me. I could even have taken aim at the men I saw, but I fired at hazard among the groups I saw of sailors and officers. All at once I saw great confusion on board the Victory, the men crowded round the officer whom I had taken for Nelson. He had just fallen, and was taken below covered with a cloak. The agitation shown at this moment left me no doubt that I had judged rightly, and that it really was the English admiral. An instant afterwards the Victory ceased from firing; the deck was abandoned by all those who occupied it; and I presumed that the consternation produced by the admiral's fall was the cause of this sudden change. I hurried below to inform the captain of what I had seen of the enemy's situation. He believed me the more readily, as the slackening of the fire indicated that an event of the highest importance occupied the attention of the English ship's crew, and prevented them from continuing the action. He gave immediate orders for boarding, and everything was prepared for it in a moment. It is even said that young Fontaine, a midshipman belonging to the Redoubtable, passed by the ports into the lower deck of the English vessel, found it abandoned, and returned to notify that the ship had surrendered. As Fontaine was killed a few moments afterwards, these particulars were obtained from a sailor, who said he had witnessed the transaction.

'However, as a part of our crew, commanded by two officers, were ready to spring upon the enemy's deck, the fire recommenced with a fury it never had had from the beginning of the action. Meanwhile, an English eighty gun ship placed herself alongside of the Redoubtable to put it

between two fires; and a French ship of the same force placed itself abreast of the Victory, to put it in the same situation. There was then seen a sight hitherto unexampled in naval warfare, and not since repeated —four vessels, all in the same direction, touching each other, dashing one against another, intermingling their yards, and fighting with a fury which no language can adequately express. The rigging was abandoned, and every sailor and soldier put to the guns; the officers themselves had nothing to provide for, nothing to order, in this horrible conflict, and came likewise to the guns. Amidst nearly four hundred pieces of large cannon all firing at one time in a confined space—amidst the noise of the balls, which made furious breaches in the sides of the Redoutable—amongst the splinters which flew in every direction with the speed of projectiles, and the dashing of the vessels, which were driven by the waves against each other, not a soul thought of anything but destroying the enemy, and the cries of the wounded and the dying were no longer heard. The men fell, and if they were any impediment to the action of the gun they had just been working, one of their companions pushed them aside with his foot to the middle of the deck, and without uttering a word, placed himself with concentrated fury at the same post, where he soon experienced a similar fate.

'In less than half an hour our vessel, without having hauled down her colours, had in fact surrendered. Her fire had gradually slackened, and then ceased altogether. The mutilated bodies of our companions encumbered the two decks, which were covered with shot, broken cannon, matches still smoaking, and shattered timbers. One of our thirty-six pounders had burst towards the close of the contest. The thirteen men placed at it had been killed by the splinters, and were heaped together round its broken carriage. The ladders that led between the different decks were shattered and destroyed; the mizen-mast and main-mast had fallen, and encumbered the deck with blocks and pieces of rigging. Of the boats placed forward, or hung on the sides of our vessel, there remained nothing but some shattered planks. Not more than a hundred and fifty men survived out of a crew of about eight hundred, and almost all these were more or less severely wounded. Captain Lucas was one of the number.

'It was five o'clock when the action ceased. I went over the ship, where everything presented a prospect of desolation. Calm despair was painted on the countenances of those who had escaped from this terrible scene, where I had just made my military debut.'—pp. 20—24.

It is no difficult matter for our author, as we have seen, to describe transactions which he never witnessed. Much of what he here states may be found in our naval histories, and in those of rance. But if, as he says, the admiral's vessel and the Redoubtble were 'enveloped in smoke, which was dissipated only for a oment, and returned thicker at each broad-side,' we should be lad to know by what peculiarity of vision he was able to distinuish Nelson on the poop of his ship, surrounded, as he was, by is officers, and canopied, as they were, by an atmosphere conantly increasing in its density. 'At any rate,' our serjeant, boldly ncludes, 'from the moment in which he (Nelson) received his

wound, and the position of the wound itself, I could not doubt, for a moment, that I was the author; and I have, ever since, been fully convinced of it.' Admirable reasons truly! The serjeant may next entertain 'no doubt' that he sailed with Murat to Corsica and Rizzo; he has then only to 'convince' himself of it, and all mankind are bound to believe him.

The next extraordinary scene which he relates is the assassination of the French admiral Villeneuve, who, according to other and much more credible accounts, fell by his own hand. It may be recollected, that upon his defeat at Trafalgar Villeneuve was made prisoner, and after residing on his parole for some time in England, was permitted, on certain conditions, to return to France, in order to demand a trial. It was the fortune of our most fortunate author to have been raised, from his station as a rude conscript, to be the private secretary of the French admiral, and he of course obtained permission to accompany that officer to his native country. They landed at Morlaix, and proceeded to Rennes, whence Villeneuve addressed a pretty long letter to Rear-Admiral Lucas. This letter our author gives from *memory*. He had 'not forgotten a single expression of it,' though he acknowledges that 'his attention was called back to its language by several events of a later date!' The letter may be authentic; we suspect, however, that our author came by the possession of it in some other way than that which he mentions. But we hasten to his account of the assassination.

'The admiral intended to remain only two days in Rennes, and to set out on the third day for Paris, where I was to accompany him. These two days were passed without any incident occurring worthy of notice. The admiral went out little, reflected a great deal, and I scarcely ever left him. The few arrangements required for our journey were made, the trunks were put on a post-chaise the admiral had bought, and at day-break the next morning we were to set out.

'On the afternoon of the same day there arrived at the hotel four individuals with mustachoes, in very decent plain clothes, which they did not seem accustomed to wear; in other respects their accent and manners, and above all their copper complexion, did not allow me to think for a moment that they were Frenchmen. One of them asked me a host of questions, of an indifferent nature at first, and then connected with the admiral. He seemed greatly surprised when I said that we were to set out next morning, and inquired very minutely about the admiral's habits, and the arrangements of his apartment. This circumstance struck me afterwards; at the moment I saw nothing in his inquiries but the natural curiosity which makes a man desirous of learning the smallest particulars connected with an individual whose actions have been distinguished; and I answered all his questions, which, as I said before, I thought wholly without consequence.

'When this individual had no more questions to ask me, he left me immediately, returned to the hotel about half an hour afterwards, and brought with him an individual whose appearance struck me forcibly. The latter was a Frenchman; at least a strongly marked pronunciation

indicated that he belonged to our southern provinces, and I even thought I could distinguish the accent of Ronergue. He seemed to be about forty-five; short, rough, with a grey powdered head, a short and pointed queue, mean features, a sharp and piercing look, a complexion indicative of the habit of drinking to excess, and spindle legs—such was the man whom I saw afterwards, but whose repulsive and vulgar look I should, independent of other circumstances, never have forgotten. He surveyed me at first from top to toe, then asked me, in a commanding tone, the same questions put to me by the first individual, and added a number of his own. He asked me if I was very sure that the admiral would set out next day? I said I was. He then left me, walked for a moment with the man who had brought him, and spoke to him in a low tone with much gesticulation. They were joined by the other three, who all showed him the utmost deference and respect. They left the hotel together, returned in an hour after, went up to their rooms, had long conferences, and finally separated.

'As the admiral was to rise at day-break, he went to bed at ten o'clock. Prieur slept at the post-house where the carriage was, and he was to come for us in the morning, so as to prevent delay. I assisted the admiral in undressing; he retained me a few minutes, and finally dismissed me, by telling me to keep a light in my room, to draw the door on me only, and call him in the morning as soon as Prieur came. I retired to a chamber in the story above, where I was lodged, and ten minutes afterwards was in a profound sleep.

'I was suddenly awakened by a loud noise, which I thought came from the admiral's apartment. It increased, the noise of voices was heard, and then came cries of pain, that left no doubt of the occurrence of some catastrophe. I sprung from my bed, and only taking time to snatch the light, and a sabre the admiral had bought me at Morlaix, I rushed in a moment along the staircase that led to his room, and heard very distinctly the precipitate steps of several persons running off. I doubled my speed, and immediately under me perceived the individual who had spoken to me the evening before skulking off towards the ground floor. I have since reflected that there was no change in his dress, and that he had not been in bed. Something urged me to pursue him, but my first impulse led me to the admiral's room, the door of which I found open. I advanced a few steps, and saw the unfortunate man whom the balls of Trafalgar had respected stretched pale and bloody on his bed, with the coverlets scattered on the floor. He was pale and livid, breathed hard, and struggled with the agonies of death. He recognised me, attempted in vain to rise, tried to speak some broken phrases, but the only words I could make out were those of *commissary* or *secretary;* and he breathed his last before I could even think of procuring him the smallest assist-
a e. Five deep wounds pierced his breast; yet no weapon, no arms of
a kind were near him. I called, and rung the bell with all my force.
I a moment the master of the hotel and the travellers who occupied it
fi ed the apartment; the confusion was very great, and the first, the only
i a entertained was that the admiral had been assassinated. Yet the
s e day I saw, with as much surprise as sorrow, the admiral interred
w ont pomp or ceremony; and, what was strangely inconsistent with
tl language of the night before, I heard every one say that he had him-

self shortened his days, and terminated his life by five stabs of a poignard. Every time that I wished to express what I thought on the subject they refused to listen to me, or talked of something else. I could not obtain any intelligence when I inquired about the little man and his four attendants. The people of the house refused to give me any information concerning them, and would never pay the smallest attention to my suspicions.'—pp. 32—36.

The secretary of course did not let the matter rest quietly here. Remembering the particular inquiries that had been made of him by a stranger, who appeared to be associated with other unknown persons residing at the same hotel with the admiral; and to these adding the observations which struck him on going towards the admiral's bed-room in the morning, we suppose he lost not a moment in informing the civil authorities of Rennes of what had taken place. No such thing. He adds, with great naiveté—'I have myself been much astonished since that I did not push my inquiries further, and that I did not attempt to give notice to the public magistrate.' Here we require the assistance of Franceschetti again, as we much doubt whether the said Robert was at Rennes at all at the time he mentions.

In this doubt we are rather confirmed by the sequel. We are told that the day after the admiral's death—for whose assassination, by the way, no sort of motive is assigned—Guillemard was ordered to join the depôt of his (anonymous) regiment, which, very conveniently for his love of the marvellous, 'happened to be at Paris.' He no sooner arrives there than he is sent for by the Emperor!

'Some days after my arrival, at the roll-call at ten o'clock, the serjeant-major ordered me to leave the ranks and go with him to the major's. I saw there a colonel, who, after ascertaining that my name was Guillemard, told me to follow him. He entered a very handsome carriage at the gate of the barracks, but he found it necessary to give me a formal order, as well as to make me a sign, before I mounted also. I was not without anxiety about the consequences of an adventure that began in such an extraordinary manner, and the rigorous silence which the officer observed was not fitted to tranquillize me. The rapidity of our motion increased my agitation still more, for, to tell the truth, this was the first time in my life I had been in such a splendid carriage, and I did not even know the conveniences of a hackney coach except by report. But I had no time to make long reflections. After traversing a spacious square, we stopped in front of a vast palace, guarded by several military posts. This was the Tuileries, which I did not yet know. We alighted, and the colonel made me enter into a guard-house, where he told me to stay. The vague fears I had felt at first increased every moment. I waited in this way for more than two hours, not knowing whether I was free or under the charge of the post, consisting of soldiers belonging to the guards, who in fact paid very little attention to me. At last a young colonel of engineers entered hastily, and cried out "Guillemard;" I replied "here," and followed him. After passing through various apartments; we entered a hall, where my guide told me to wait. In about

half an hour (I am not very certain of the exact time, for I confess I was quite out of my element) he half opened the door by which he had disappeared, made me a sign, and I entered a cabinet, where he remained standing and uncovered, a few paces behind another individual busily writing. I was also standing, and much embarrassed with my looks, but nobody thought of these but myself. After several minutes, the person who was seated rose abruptly, and said to the officer, "Leave us." He retired with a profound bow. This word, and the gesture that accompanied it, with the respect shown by the officer, instantly struck me with the idea that I was in the emperor's presence. He turned towards me, and, notwithstanding my confusion, I recognized a countenance whose features and expression were then deeply engraved in every soldier's thoughts. After casting a rapid glance at me, "What is your name," said he. At the moment I had almost forgotten my own name, and was so confounded that I opened my mouth without being able to articulate a word. He repeated his question in a tone of kindness that gave me the force of stammering out—"Robert Guillemard." "Were you at Rennes with Admiral Villeneuve?"—"Yes, general." I did not then know that he was styled sire. "What do you know about his death?"—"A great deal," replied I, with a confidence that increased every moment. He was struck with surprise, and ordered me to relate all the particulars of that event. The account I gave was doubtless not very eloquent, but it was authentic and very circumstantial. Whilst I spoke the emperor walked slowly up and down the cabinet, with his arms folded. He several times stopped to listen to me with more attention; but he stopped abruptly when I spoke of the five individuals whom I thought guilty of the admiral's death; and when I attempted to describe the man who seemed to be their director, he suddenly stopped me, and inquired—"Should you be able to know him again?"—"Yes, general." The emperor stamped on the floor, and walked over the room with an angry aspect. He rung the bell, and said to the officer who came, "Call Decrés." I was then taken to the hall in front of the emperor's cabinet. In about a quarter of an hour I saw a rear-admiral enter, who was immediately introduced. I was soon after introduced myself, and saw that it was the minister of the marine.

'The emperor, whose physiognomy had assumed a more sombre expression, ordered me to repeat my account; the moment I had finished he turned to the minister and said—"You have heard what he says—let an inquiry be instantly made; see Fouché, and let these men be tried." The minister began to urge that official documents proved that I was mistaken. But the emperor would not let him conclude, and said to him—"It is enough—do as I tell you." The minister withdrew, and the emperor made me a sign that I might retire. When I reached the door he said—"From what part of the country are you?" I stopped and answered—"From Sixfour." "Near Toulon?"—"Yes, sire," said I this time, for I had heard the minister. "Ah—ah, I went there during the siege to observe the English positions. It is quite a signal post—a complete eagle's nest. What is your father?"—"He is the notary and mayor of the village," said I, assuming a look of importance. "How long have you been in the service?"—"Thirteen months." "That is not much—but it 's no matter—you may go." '—pp. 36—39.

Upon the face of this narrative it looks artificial. The author's reflections on his ignorance of the conveniences of a hackney-coach, his affected nicety as to the measurement of the time he was going to the Tuileries, and the confession that he was quite out of his element, together with his observation that when first questioned he had almost forgotten his own name, and 'opened his mouth without being able to articulate a word,' indicate the pen of an author anxious rather to make out a probable scene than to relate one that had really taken place. Besides is it probable that he, a private soldier, should be taken from the gate of the barracks by a colonel in his own carriage to the Tuileries?—But were any measures adopted to secure his testimony? No.—Was he raised a single step, was he made even a corporal, for his information? No.—Was any attempt made to purchase his silence? No.—Did Napoleon believe him? No; for he always held, and Dr. O'Meara relates the fact, that Villeneuve perished by his own hand. Guillemard adds, that 'three or four days after this examination, he met on the Boulevards the individual of Rennes.' We next expected to find that he posted at once to the minister of marine, and denounced the assassin; but, instead of this, we learn that he was undecided the whole day whether he should mention it to one of his officers. 'Next day,' he adds, 'I went to the mayor's, but he was not at home; I went again, but he had company and could not see me.' The issue of the whole affair was the same as that which had already occurred at Rennes. 'Perhaps my good genius inspired me with the idea of not pushing any farther my inquiries into the subject.' On this point we fully agree with him. His 'genius' would perhaps have been still more propitious to him, if it had induced him not to touch upon the subject at all.

We do not mean to deny that there are some parts of these 'adventures' which may probably enough have happened to Guillemard. Such, for instance, are some of those which seem to have occurred to him in Italy and Germany, though we think that he borrows a decoration for them here and there from his fancy. He also describes the manners of Spain, and the reception which the French army met there, accurately enough, and we are inclined to believe that he really was sent a prisoner to the island of Cabrera, the prison depôt of the Spaniards, and certainly one of the most wretched spots on the face of the globe. The prisoners were for the most part quite naked, 'and as black as mulattos; some had pieces of clothing, but they had no shoes, or their legs, thighs, and parts of their bodies were bare.' Among these our author, at last, with great difficulty, recognized a former companion of his, named Ricaud.

'He had no shirt, and wore pantaloons of sail cloth, cut off at the knees, and leaving his legs bare; a piece of a very scanty waistcoat, and shoes made from a collection of soles, tied round the ancle with strings—somewhat like the sandals worn by the ancients—completed his costume.

'Ricaud took me by the hand, and led me to a sort of a hut about three feet high, which he occupied along with three others, and invited me to sleep there till I had procured a place for myself. We took supper in front of the hut: I gave Ricaud and his companions the provisions I had brought, which we partook of along with a part of what they had received. We conversed for a long time; night came on, and we lay down on a small spot of dry grass that formed the floor of our dwelling, into which we could only enter one after another, with great difficulty, by creeping on our bellies.

'I was very tired, and soon fell into a sound sleep, but it did not last long. Towards midnight torrents of cold water poured down on my face and body, and made me start up with alarm. A storm prevailed over the island; the thunder rolled without intermission, and a heavy rain, mingled with hail, poured upon us, while a furious hurricane blew over the island. The roof of our hut was made of grass and reeds, and could not hold out long against such an attck; it was soon pierced through in every direction, and the hut itself became a puddle, in which we lay ingulphed. The oaths of my companions were soon added to the war of the elements. To our infinite misfortune, the hut had been made to hold no more than four, and we were now five in number, and could not move without hurting each other. When discontent prevails, any pretext is laid hold of; one of my hosts abused Ricaud, and reproached him for having invited a stranger, who had increased the inconvenience of their situation. The latter gave him a sharp reply, and tried to make him hold his tongue. They swore at each other for a while, and would not have stopped there had they been able; but the hut was not high enough for any one to rise up, even on his knees, and it was impossible to get out till the man nearest the hole had crept out. After a great deal of noise, it was settled that they were to fight next day. The rain ceased, and we again fell asleep.'—pp. 91—93.

Will it be believed that the first thing these wretched companions in misery thought of in the morning was to make arrangements for a duel? Swords, sabres, guns, or pistols, they had none. One would have thought that their only alternative was a regular boxing match; but no, they must have edged weapons. Ricaud, the challenger, resolved to fight with *scissors!* His antagonist, Lambert, declared that he was unacquainted with the point, and that if they were to fight on equal terms they ought to draw the *razor!* It appeared that on such occasions the French prisoners at Cabrera 'sometimes fixed the halves of razors at the end of long sticks, and used them as swords; at other times they used knife blades, and even awls and sail-makers' needles!' So relentless was their spirit of revenge that their ingenuity was frequently taxed in order to discover the best mode of satiating their unhallowed anger. The account of this duel is too singular to be passed over.

'We took two sticks about an inch thick, and three feet long, and proceeded to fix the razors on them; but as we had not what was necessary for the purpose, we went to the bazaar to buy some articles. This was the market for the prisoners. It was situated at a spot honoured with

the name of Palais Royal, surrounded by ten or twelve huts, and containing as many stalls, some in the open air, others with a slight covering, with one end fixed to the ground, and the other supported by two poles. Here were sold bread, some salt fish, scraps of cloth, thread, needles, wooden forks, and spoons; the various produce of the industry of the prisoners: pepper, twine, and other articles in the smallest quantity, for one could buy a single thread, a scrap of cloth no bigger than one's hand, and even a pinch of snuff, three of which cost a sous. I remember a Polish officer who owed nine pinches, and the shop-keeper refused to give him any more credit.

'We bought two bits of twine, and, after fixing on the weapons, we hastened to the cemetary. It was on a hill about a quarter of an hour's walk from the Palais Royal. Since the arrival of the prisoners at Cabrera, they had uniformly chosen this spot as a place of rest for those who had sank under their misery, or who had fallen by the hands of their companions; it was there that they also met to settle their differences in single combat.

'When we reached the ground, I again, for form's sake, spoke about making the matter up. When I saw they were determined on fighting, I told them that as I was the first cause of the quarrel, it was for me to uphold it, and take Ricaud's place. Neither he nor his adversary would agree to this, and I saw myself forced at last to give them up the weapons, which I had carried till now. Ricaud threw off his waistcoat; and as Lamber had nothing but pantaloons on, he was soon ready. They put themselves in a fighting attitude, and both displayed great coolness and courage. Lambert was much the stronger of the two, and my friend required all his skill to parry the thrusts that were aimed at him; the razor flourished round his head and shoulders without intermission, and struck him at last on the chin. He made a furious thrust in return, but fortunately it did not reach its object fully, though it made a pretty scratch on Lambert's nose. We rushed between them when blood began to flow; we separated them and made them shake hands; as their wounds were not of much consequence, we all returned to breakfast together in front of our hut.'—pp. 95, 96.

Guillemard's next care was to erect for himself a hut. Upon looking out for tools, he found that the whole colony had but one hatchet, and one saw made out of an old iron hoop. These he hired at the rate of three sous a day, and in little more than a week he built a hut, which, when completed, astonished everybody. 'One could stand up in it!' He was scarcely established in his new habitation when he conceived the project of making his escape from the island, which, however, he was not able to effect for seven or eight months. It is amusing, if one can for a moment forget their deplorable misery, to observe the manner in which these half-starved Frenchmen endeavoured to occupy their time.

'We had tailors, shoemakers, public criers, artisans in hair, bones, and tortoise-shell, and some who cut out with their knives little figures of animals in wood; and about two hundred men, the wreck of a dragoon regiment, raised in Auvergne, were quartered in a cave, and made spoons of box wood. The latter had only one pantaloon and one uniform among

the whole corps, and these articles seemed ready to leave them very speedily, and were delivered successively to one of their number appointed to receive their provisions. All the articles I have enumerated were sold at low prices, to the crews of the brig and gun-boats, and to some Spaniards, whom our singular mode of life, or the hope of making a good speculation, attracted to our settlement.

'But the most abundant articles with us were professors of all kinds. One half of the prisoners gave lessons to the other half. Nothing was seen on all sides but teachers of music, mathematics, languages, drawing, fencing, above all, dancing and single-stick. In fine weather, all these professors gave their lessons at the Palais Royal, quite close to each other. It was quite common to see a poor devil half naked, and who had often not partaken of food for twenty-four hours before, singing a very gay air of a country dance, and interrupting it from time to time for the purpose of saying, with infinite seriousness of demeanour, to his pupil dressed in the remains of a pair of drawers—"That 's right, keep time with your partner, wheel round, hold yourselves gracefully." A little farther on, a teacher of single-stick was showing off his acquirements, and endeavoured to excite the emulation of his pupil by such phrases as —"That will do; I am satisfied with you; if you go on with the same success, in less than a fortnight you may show yourself in company." A scrap of paper, about as large as one's hand, was placed as a sign, and the most eminent of all our professors had no better.'—pp. 106—108.

Our author, amidst so much bustle, could not remain idle. He resolved to set up a theatre! He knew well the genius of his countrymen, who would spend their last sous to see a comedy, even though they were to be without a meal the next day. Luckily for his purpose, he found a large cistern that was falling to ruin. He emptied it of its mud and water with great labour, seasoned it with fires of pine-wood, made an elevation for the stage of sand and stones, daubed the walls with ochre and red lead, hung all round garlands of leaves, which served as a screen between the stage and the spectaors; and to crown his work, wrote, not on the curtain for he had none, but on the back of the stage, the motto, *Castigat ridendo mores.* All went on gaily for some time. Guillemard, if he is indeed in this part of his narrative to be believed, wrote out several plays from *memory!* which were enacted with marvellous skill. Their first performance was the Philoctète of Laharpe.

'About three hundred persons could find room in my cistern, and as I had put the places at two sous it was completely crowded; the company descended into it by the ladder I had made; and a confidential man was ıced on the first step to receive the money, which he put into a little ɔth bag that was tied round his neck. The theatre was lighted up by -ches of pine wood, borne at different distances by the attendants of the ɜtre, and they lighted fresh ones in proportion as the others were conned. All the allusions to our situation in the tragedy were noticed ih a tact that would have done honour to the taste of a more brilliant ɛmbly. At the début'—

"Nous voici dans Lemnos, dans cette île sauvage,
Dont jamais nul mortel n'aborda le rivage,"

we were covered with shouts of applause; and I thought they would bring down the roof of the cistern when I pronounced this line:—

"Ils m'ont fait tous ces maux; que les dieux le leur rendent."

I was obliged to repeat it, and to stop for some time, to allow the agitation of the audience to be calmed.'—pp. 109, 110.

All their amusements were suspended on one occasion by a dreadful calamity which befel the island. Provisions did not arrive for some days. The prisoners perished in great numbers from famine. The only ass which was upon the island, and which had been found extremely serviceable for the carrying of wood and other burthens, was condemned to die, and divided in small portions among the survivors. At length the provision brig appeared, and after the unfortunate prisoners recovered from their privations the cistern was again opened for dramatic performances, and the professors resumed their various avocations. Guillemard, after spending more than eight months in this island, effected his escape to Spain, where he rejoined the French army, and for his services was made a serjeant. He soon after went with the grand army to Russia, was taken prisoner very shortly after he was created an *ensign* on the field by Napoleon—a rank, however, which was never confirmed to him—was sent to Siberia, which he considers by no means so desolate as is generally supposed; is sent home after the peace, and becomes a royalist until he hears of Napoleon's return from Elba; joins the emperor's standard during the hundred days, and after his downfal skulks homeward as well as he can. His adventures with Murat we have already touched upon. His next step was to join the army which marched into Spain under the Duke d'Angouleme; there it was his fate to be wounded, when he was sent home and discharged.

It must be admitted, that whether this book be in a great measure fictitious or not, it is well calculated to amuse an idle hour. It is too apocryphal to serve as a document for history, yet it presents a sufficiently probable sketch of the vicissitudes attendant upon the life of a French soldier during the imperial regime. We have not seen the original work; the translation is, as the reader must have observed, very indifferent.

ART. VIII. *A Selection of Popular National Airs, with Symphonies and Accompaniments.* By Henry Bishop. The words by Thomas Moore, Esq. Fifth number, pp. 66. 12*s*. London. Power. 1826.

THERE is scarcely any part of literature which owes so little to criticism as that which most probably once constituted the whole

literature of every people,—poetry adapted to music. Upon every other species of composition learning has pouted out its redundant stores, and ingenuity has been tortured in devising rules, intended to shorten the labours, or supply the deficiencies of genius. Critics though we profess ourselves to be, we are not of the number of those who yield implicit faith to the canons of the commentators. They have been, somewhere or other, called "the crutches of genius." But they have their use, if not in giving speed to a true poet, at least in deterring those whom nature never designed for any place upon Parnassus, from vainly endeavouring to mount the sacred hill. Perhaps it may be partly owing to the want in this department of the hints, not always the gentlest, which criticism will occasionally bestow upon the efforts of an untoward muse, that the twin sisters, Poetry and Music, sometimes agree so ill together as hardly to seem kindred. Be this as it may, certain it is, that although the numbers of those in all nations who have tried their hands at adapting verse to melody, have been countless as the sands of the sea, the productions of such as have succeeded might easily find a place within a very portable volume.

Before the writings of Mr. Moore there were few successful compositions of this kind in our language. The songs of Burns must not, in this view, be considered as belonging to English literature. The tendency, in the Scottish dialect, to the elision of consonants, and to the ending of words with open sounds, affords facilities to an extent unknown in the English tongue, which the exquisite ear of Burns taught him how to use and appreciate. Some examples almost perfect might be selected from his writings, of all the requisites of poetry written for music. We shall here take occasion to say something of what these requisites are.

They may be said to consist—in selecting, for connection with the principal notes of the melody, words or syllables sounded with those vowels which give full developement to the human voice; in suiting the quantity, or, in our language, the accent, of the syllables, to the quantity (if we may so term it) of the notes; in adapting the pauses in the verse to the pauses in the expression of the music, usually marked by the key-note of the piece; and in choosing for the poetry those subjects, sentiments, and images, which are in accordance with the general character and expression of the melody.

These considerations are so plain and obvious, that one is inclined t attribute to caprice or indolence the failure of some of our best ets in their endeavours to write poetry for music. The finest ic effusion in our language, and that too composed with this press design (the Ode for St. Cecilia's day), is in a very great t of it remarkably defficient in those vowels, and those termi- ions of words, which give effect to vocal melody; yet who ever sessed a greater mastery of English than Dryden?

The truth is, that the English tongue is fitted for any thing

better than for music, and a poet of the nicest ear and the finest genius will be often put to the most awkward shifts, in endeavours to employ such terms as may mar neither the melody nor the stanza. We do not think that this arises in any great degree from a cause, to which the want of euphony in our language is frequently ascribed—the multitude of its monosyllables. There is among these a pretty fair proportion of long and short sounds; and the writings of Milton alone (especially his shorter pieces), abound with instances of the smoothest versification, composed almost entirely with words of single syllables. The pests of our language are the paucity of open sounds, and the great number of double consonants, and of words with nasal, or with sibillated, endings. Any one who has attended to the utterance of even our best singers, must have perceived, that we have but one sound (the open *a* as in *all*), which allows the full exercise of the voice, consistently with correct pronunciation. The only other sounds which do not very materially and perceptibly abridge the freedom of the voice, are the long *o*, and the diphthong *ai*, *ay*, or the vowel *i*, as in *smile*, which in singing receives a pronunciation apparently compounded of the dipthongs *ai* and *oi*. It is impossible to give any of the other vowels or diphthongs its due utterance, without so confining the voice, that a song would appear to be executed by the alternate performance of different vocal organs.

The prevalence of double consonants, as in net*t*ing, run*n*ing, mi*ss*ing, sto*pp*ing, &c. are scarcely manageable in verse composed for music. They chop the note before it is half drawn out, and never fail to blemish the most abrupt and rapid movements.

But we doubt if any part of the language gives, both to singers, and to those writers and composers who seek in vocal music something better than a succession of melodious but unmeaning sounds, so much trouble as words ending with *s*, *ss*, *st*, and *ng*. These form a very large portion of our stock of words, and (especially those of the last, which is the participial termination) comprise many terms that cannot be dispensed with, and that are among the most nervous and expressive in the language.

These defects in our tongue have been long felt and acknowledged. The difficulties which they present were deemed so formidable, that until of late years few poets of much reputation amongst us have applied themselves to the union of poetry with music. A very rare combination of qualities was indeed required in the writer who should seriously engage in the task. A fine ear and a fertile fancy, joined to a thorough acquaintance with all the sweetest and simplest modes of expression in the language, were not his only requisites. He must have been somewhat of an enthusiast in his art. To some of the highest powers and attainments of a poet, he must have united a musical genius of no common order. For we are strongly inclined to believe, that none but those who have tried the work of musical composition, and have

made some proficiency in its execution, can be fully aware of those little details in the adaptation of the verse, in which the language and the music of even an old melody may, by slight and hardly perceptible alterations in the air, be accommodated to each other. And all these endowments were required to be united in a mind warmly susceptible of those peculiar modes of feeling to which, from Anacreon down to his accomplished translator, the lyre has been ever devoted.

Such were some of the qualities that Mr. Moore brought to the task, commenced in the very earliest of his juvenile productions, of proving that the English language is not wholly incapable of those achievements in melodious verse, which long before Rousseau's celebrated panegyric on the Italian, were deemed almost the exclusive prerogative of that various and mellifluous tongue. He has since, with hardly the intermission of a year, poured forth a succession of lyrical effusions, which, as a whole, and considered as poetry only, are not exceeded by anything in the brightest pages of our literature; but which, as a part of vocal music, are wholly without parallel, and have produced a very perceptible change in the essays of all the writers of our time at this species of composition. Our poets of a higher order have no longer disdained those minute and in some degree mechanical labours at which he has been so eminently successful, of fitting their thoughts to such modes of speech as are suited to aid the singer, and satisfy the hearer, of the song, as well as to please the reader of the poem; and in compositions of an inferior kind, even those of the poet's corner in a newspaper or magazine, it is easy to discover on what model their authors have wrought them. When the highest excellences of a popular poet are copied by some, and when others less gifted seek to imitate even the most wayward and irregular gambols of his fitful muse, he must exert an extensive influence upon the literature of his country.

The attention to every word, syllable, vowel, and consonant of even a short poem, which is absolutely indispensable in suiting it to music, must doubtless be felt as a very disheartening drudgery by many a youthful and impassioned rhymer, when composing his amatory lines. But in endeavouring to make propitious, ears that have been accustomed to poetic strains such as those of the Irish and National Melodies, our young amatory bards will in future find it necessary, not only to be very sparing of the Damons and Daphnes, the Cupids and Venuses, the flames, darts, arrows, and a the rest of the old armoury of lovelorn sonnetteers, but must b content patiently to measure quantity and accent, and account t themselves for every syllable they indite, as carefully and as c ully as they had ever conned their prosody at school. The con- s uence of this may be, that the fair songstresses of Britain will l wooed less often in verses which they cannot sing; but the

consequence will also certainly be, that we shall have a larger and a better selection for vocal music.

We cannot better illustrate the carelessness of some of our most admired writers, and at the same time show the striking effect of art and management in these lower but essential parts of poetical composition, than by comparing the lines of Sheridan and of Moore in two of their most popular songs, written to the same popular melody. We shall select the second of the two beautiful verses in the Duenna, beginning, "Had I a heart for falsehood framed," and the first of Mr. Moore's verses to the same air, in the first number of the Irish melodies. The air is so universally known that, even without giving the notes, our remarks can scarcely fail to be intelligible to the musical reader.

But when they learn that you have *blĕssed*
The harp that once through Ta—ra's *hălls*

An --*ŏ*--ther with your heart,
The *sōul* of mu—sic shed,

They'll bid as—pi—ring *păs-sions* rest,
Now hangs as mute on *Tā--ra's* walls,

And act a *brŏ-ther's* part;
As if that *sōul* were fled.

Then la—dy *drĕad nŏt* here de--ceit,
So sleeps the *prīde ōf* for-mer days,

Nor fear to *sŭf--fer wrong*,
So glo-ry's *thrīll* is *o'er*,

For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And hearts that once beat high for praise,

And *lŏ--ver's* in the *young*.
Now *fēēl* that pulse no *more!*

The faults in the structure of Sheridan's lines, and the skill with which they have been avoided in those of Mr. Moore, will be at once perceived by a reference to the words printed in Italics. The three principal notes in the melody correspond, in the verse of the former, to three of the worst sounds in our language,—*blessed, wrong,* and *young*. The first has the triple disadvantage of being a short syllable, of being strongly sibillated, and of ending with the sound of double consonants. The open sound of the vowel *e,* when it is not followed by a hard consonant, and does not require a short and emphatic pronunciation, is not very unfavourable to the singer's voice: for by a license constantly used, it is uttered with a tone somewhat approaching that of the *o* or open *a*. This is apparent in the words *shed* and *fled,* which make two pauses in Mr. Moore's lines, and may be dwelt on without much difficulty, as they end with a consonant that admits of closing the note gently. But the greatest art in a singer can hardly give, in conjunction with the

term *blessed*, due utterance to a note requiring, as in the present instance, a full and swelling enunciation. Mr. Moore, well aware of the import of this note to the whole character of the air, has connected with it a word that can hardly be pronounced without giving full effect to the tone which it is employed to enunciate.

It would be scarcely possible to select terms more calculated to destroy the melody of the bars in which they are placed, than 'wrong' and 'young.' Many a graceful set of verses has been banished for ever from the company of good music, for a lighter trespass than the intrusion of these unmusical sounds. The last of them, especially, is formed of one of our closest vowels; and each of them has (with the exception of *unk*) one of our worst terminations. Mr. Moore has given to the same notes *o'er* and *more*; sounds which, though not so open as *halls*, are almost equally susceptible of a full and prolonged enunciation.

Sheridan's lines present examples of errors in quantity and accent, as injurious to the melody as his injudicious distribution of consonants and vowels. In the second bar, the first note, regularly, should be long, and the second short; or, if the first note be short, to suit a short syllable, the second should be a long one, and be connected with a long syllable in the poetry. But it is impossible so to marshal the two last syllables of the word here employed—*another*, as to suit either disposition of the notes. The *o* of this word is well enough adapted to the shortest note that a singer could well pronounce; but we know not how any management can smother the abrupt and snarling syllable that follows. The blemish appears the more glaring by a constrast with the two soft and melodious sounds, which Mr. Moore has employed in this passage.

A single attempt thus to force music into the irregular and halting movements of rugged language, might be excused, and the reluctance to sacrifice a fine thought, because it cannot be uttered with perfect melody, must be now and then pardoned in the "irritable race." But *five* such liberties with a short air, constitute no venial transgression against the sister muse; and this transgression Sheridan has committed. We have *anŏther*, *păssions*, *brŏther's*, *sŭffer*, and *lŏvers*, short syllables being in them all applied to notes that ought regularly to be long. One of these, *păssions*, might be considered as rather aiding than marring the melody, if it stood alone; for the short note corresponding to the first syllable, succeeded by a long note, to which the second syllable is sufficiently adapted, would throw a degree of motion into the passage, well suited to the sense of the poetry, and agreeably varying the character of the air. But the repetition here committed, (to use the old phrase in morals, politics, and criticism,) is "not licence, but licentiousness;" and the effect of the freedom in the present instance will show, we think, to any one who will attentively listen to the performance of this exquisite melody, first

with Sheridan's words, and then with Moore's, how dangerous it is to wanton with a thing so delicate as music.

We need scarcely observe, that we are here dealing with the mere verbalisms of verse, and that the strictures which we have ventured to pass upon one of the most admired productions of

"——— the minstrel who ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all,"—

have no relation to the poetry, as such, of the lines whose structure we have examined. Indeed, they possess all the requisites for the purpose for which they were composed, that mere genius could supply. They breathe a pensive tenderness, perfectly suited to the character and expression of the melody. And the pauses in the verse, (as, indeed, must have happened without much management in the measure in which they are written), are strictly accommodated to the pauses in the music. As to mechanical details of structure, and arrangement of words and syllables, an attention to these was hardly to be expected from a writer so habitually careless as Sheridan. Whether from design, or by accident, he has, however, in some of his songs, escaped the blemishes which we have above noticed. His words to the Duchess of Devonshire's beautiful melody, "I have a silent sorrow here," considered as the poetry of vocal music, are nearly perfect.

We must not forget, in all our hostility to unmusical versification, that there is an opposite extreme and another kind of careless composition, to which there is, at the present day, but too great a tendency. This is a total disregard of sense, sentiment, or imagery in the words, or, at least, a very general sacrifice of these to obtain a succession of soft vocal sounds, with however little meaning. Of this practice there will always be a sufficient number of advocates, among both writers and composers. It affords abundant excuse for the poverty of a meagre muse, and it saves musicians the trouble of fitting their notes to words, too stubborn to accommodate themselves to more than one mode of melody. Besides, there will always be some popular singers, too elate with their own execution upon the human instrument,—too fond of astonishing their gaping auditory by difficulties overcome,—to undertake the easier task of delighting them with the language of poetry breathed through music. We do not care to conceal, that we would infinitely prefer the most careless versification, conveying appropriate emotion, and sung as if it was felt and understood, to the most wonderful *bravura*, elaborated by means of articulate sounds that, *as language*, impart no more distinct ideas, and do not excite as pleasurable associations as the warbling of birds or the lowing of cattle.

When something is wrong either in the taste of any portion of the public, or in the practice of those who administer to its gratification, the best means of amendment are to be found in the appearance and popularity of pure models. We, therefore, cannot but consider each successive musical publication of Mr. Moore, not

only as affording an addition to the enjoyments of all who relish the union of melody with poetry, but as furnishing another record of what can be achieved in this path of literature,—with us so little trodden but by him,—and another copy for future imitation.

The work now before us is one of a series too well known in the musical world to require any farther account of its origin and purpose, than a mere reference to the title. The choice of the melodies, as well as the composition of the poetry, are understood to be the province of Mr. Moore; and as it is to these points that our remarks are directed, we shall only say of the symphonies and accompaniments that they are generally allowed to do much credit to the eminent composer who has adapted and arranged them.

The idea of selecting, for the adaptation of poetry, the popular airs of various nations, must we think have occurred to Mr. Moore, even if it had not been suggested by his successful labours in the national music of his own country. Popular melodies are, unfortunately, too often so constructed, that, whatever delight they may afford by means of early associations to those to whom they have been familiar from childhood, they are incapable of the harmonies and arrangements without which the finest poetry could not give them currency with cultivated ears. But those which are composed of more tractable materials are likely, as well from the manner of their birth as from the long preservation of their existence, richly to reward the poet who may snatch them from the low and vulgar company among which their true character remains frequently unknown, and raise them to a marriage with immortal verse. To speak plainer prose, what are termed national melodies, if not so constructed as to offend against the laws of harmony, are usually well suited for poetry, because they have been for the most part composed under the influence of actual emotion, or, at all events, have grown into favour on acconnt of being expressive of some emotion with which the lovers of simple melody are found to sympathise. And we own we cannot but think, that a person sitting down deliberately to a piano-forte, with the determination of not rising until he has wrought an air, is not likely to produce what can make

> "Each secret winding,—each inmost feeling
> Of the soul echo to the spell,"—

as one who first sings, in solitude and sorrow, his lament of broken vows, outcast poverty, or hopeless patriotism,—and whose strain is afterwards caught up by some casual hearer, unknown or disregarded by its author. There can be no doubt that such was the origin, in every country that possesses a national music, of many of its most popular melodies. But, whatever be the origin of such compositions, Mr. Moore has displayed great skill in the selections which he has made of them. Very few instances can be found among the large number of these stray airs, which he has made a part of our musical literature, that would not, if the truth were told,

be very gladly owned by the best modern composers. The felicity with which he catches the character of the melody, and gives it the language that speaks what the music has often made us feel, has been again and again acknowledged over, we verily believe, more than half the piano-fortes in the kingdom. We do not believe that the present volume will afford any opportunities for similar discoveries. To us the airs have all the charms of novelty. We should like, however, were it possible, to collect the suffrages of some who have been a little practised in this sort of divining, and ascertain what they deem the meaning of the short, wild, but beautiful Hindoo air, which is the second in this collection. We think it hardly possible to hear it twice over, or attend to its simple structure, its limited compass, the frequent repetition of the same cadence, and, above all, to the impression left on the ear by the concluding note, without fancying a single voice, singing to a full chorus of bells, ringing in complete harmony. How Mr. Moore has expressed its character may appear from the first verse, supposed to be sung by a Hindoo lover, on the approach of his fair one's gazelle, bearing in his month a wreath of flowers, a love-offering from his mistress.

'Dost thou not hear the silver bell,
Thro' yonder lime-trees ringing?
'Tis my lady's light gazelle,
To me her love-thoughts bringing;
All the while that silver bell
Around his dark neck ringing.

The words of this air afford another example of Mr. Moore's skill in that mechanical part of his poetical labours on which we have already remarked. The word *bell* is placed precisely at the notes which can give it the fullest emphasis, and thus call the hearer's attention at once to what seems to us the very peculiar character of the melody. And the seventh and eighth bars afford one of the very few instances in which the termination *ng*, usually so unmusical, may be employed, not only injuriously, but with great advantage. The short, marked, and equal pauses that occur on the two notes forming these bars, give to the word *ringing* the same force in illustrating the character of the air, which the word before noticed imparts to the cadence to which it is applied. This air is arranged for one or two voices, and the harmonies are admirably managed.

There is another melody, also arranged for one or two voices, (marked "unknown") and belonging to a class of compositions to which Mr. Moore has always appeared to us extremely happy in his adaptation of poetry. It is of that cast of wild indefinite pensiveness, which so distinguishes many of the national strains of Scotland and Ireland; and reminds one of the old Scotch plaint, "Open the door Lord Gregory," or of "The twisting of the rope," and "No not more welcome the fairy numbers," of the Irish Me-

lodies. The following are the words of the air to which we are now alluding. The second verse, especially the close of it, is peculiarly characteristic of the melody.

'Where are the visions that round me once hover'd,
Forms that had grace in their shadows alone,
Looks fresh as light from a star just discovered,
And voices that music might take for her own?

'Time, while I spoke, with his wings resting o'er me,
Heard me say "Where are those visions, oh! where?"
And pointing his wand to the sun-set before me,
Said, with a voice like the hollow wind, "There!"

'Fondly I looked, when the wizard had spoken,
On to the dim shining ruins of day,
And there, in the light, like a talisman broken,
Saw the bright fragments of Hope melt away.

'"Oh! lend me thy wings, Time," I hastily uttered,
Impatient to catch the last glimmer that shone;
But scarcely again had the dark wizard fluttered
His wing o'er my head, ere the light all was gone.'

"Wind thy horn my hunter boy," a German air, arranged for four voices, is a bold and lively harmony: and there is a full and plaintive tenderness in "Too plain, alas, my doom is spoken," which we own we were not quite prepared to expect from its title "a French air." We shall close our remarks upon the music of this very interesting collection, by venturing to say, that notwithstanding "Oh! guard our affection," makes a very sweet duet, we have not been able altogether to persuade ourselves of its pure Scottish origin.

But we cannot dismiss the work without noticing a somewhat singular announcement with which the volume opens. It is curious enough to find dealers in music appealing to law as the composer of discord.

'In consequence of the attempts which have been repeatedly and recently made to pirate compositions, the copyright of which is vested exclusively in *the publisher of this collection*, he is reluctantly compelled to adopt this method of declaring his fixed resolution of taking, in every instance, the most prompt and effectual means which the laws afford him, for the protection of his property.

'It is now clearly established, that any alterations or embellishments introduced into an old melody, cause the whole composition, containing such alterations or embellishments, to be as much the property of the person who makes them, or his assignee, as if the entire had been originally his own; that the words of a song are as much the property of an author, or his assignee, as the music; and that any colourable use of the air of any such song, or musical piece, is as decidedly a piracy as if the whole piece were copied.

'In each of these points the publisher has suffered most severely by invasions of his property; and in his endeavours to check such attempts,

(which seem to have lately increased in number and boldness), he confidently trusts that he will receive the support, not only of the liberal portion of the trade, but of all who respect the rights of authors, and the interests of literature.'

That these complaints are well-founded, we can easily believe. Defective laws are said to be a temptation to plunder; and it would be difficult to point out instances of grosser absurdities in jurisprudence, than are supplied by the whole law of copyright in this country. Acts of Parliament have been passed, from time to time, with the professed aim of securing to authors and publishers their literary property, by imposing certain penalties on pirates. Can there be a greater practical reproach to the legislature, than the fact, that the aggrieved party scarcely ever thinks of availing himself of these statutes, for recovering the penalties? Again, it is impossible that *one* lawsuit can afford complete redress. The proprietor of copyright may bring an action in some of the courts of law, prove his wrongs, and get his verdict. But there the remedy ceases. If he seek to prevent *future* robbery by the same person, he must commence operations against the enemy anew in another quarter, and encounter the vexations and miseries of a suit in Chancery: and all this, probably, against some bold and perverse pauper! But these are hardships which press equally against authors and publishers of all kinds of literary productions. It would be easy to show that the very nature of the property in which the publishers of music (especially of vocal music) deal, renders them peculiarly liable to losses from piracy, while it leaves them without anything approaching to adequate redress, in the present state of the law. The owner of musical copyright, as to the value of his property, seems rather to resemble a *marchande de modes*, than a bookseller. The caprice of fashion, or some accident giving publicity to a production of real merit, may enhance, almost instantaneously, the worth of a musical piece one hundred or one thousand fold. And this increased value may endure but for a season; for the popularity suddenly gained, may as suddenly yield to the pretensions of a newer favourite. It is absurd to expect that, in such a case as this, the slow and cumbrous machinery, which the law at present employs to pursue and punish the pirate, can overtake and arrest him during the short period in which his plunder is most destructive to the rightful owner. At no very distant time the general interests of literature must demand from the legislature a revision of the whole law of copyright in this country, of which no class of persons, engaged in the business of publication, have so much reason to complain, as the authors and publishers of vocal music.

ART. IX. *Notes of a Tour through France and Italy.* 8vo. pp. 416. 14*s*. Hunt and Clarke. 1826.

THERE is no distress more ludicrous than that of a man of thorough mediocrity employed on a subject essentially requiring taste, intelligence, and knowledge. If it be new he is undone by its novelty; his first step plunges him into endless perplexity. If the subject has been tried by others, the distress may be less, but the result is not less amusing. Incapable of forcing a path for himself, he must take the beaten track of all his predecessors; he is the follower in a procession of which the first ranks carry off all the brilliancy, and move before mankind in the fresh costumes and smiling honours of the pageant; while he who cannot get beyond the tail is the inheritor of nothing but the dust. To make himself noticed, he is under the necessity of becoming absurd, and can catch the public eye only through the aid of some prominent foolery.

The man of thorough mediocrity has no conception that any knowledge is necessary for the traveller, beyond the communications of M. Reichard, whose Road-book has been the prolific parent of such a host of degenerate children. Armed with this, a passport, and a common-place book, he is ready to commence his tour, and, pen in hand, commit the most unfeeling depredations on the reading world. His course is so unalterable, that we could lay it down with the clearness of a chart. He is sure to pursue the radical principle of dulness, that the same thing cannot be repeated too often. If his route should lead through Paris, we shall unquestionably have "Pere la Chaise" fully described; a catalogue and criticism of the Louvre; anecdotes of Napoleon, and a theory of the French stage. If he wanders towards the Low Countries, Rubens and the Flemish school, bells and burgomasters, are our inevitable penalty. Bending towards Germany, we have the "Rhine" flowing through a hundred pages, the great Tun of Heidelberg, the history of Hock, and the etchings of Albert Durer. But let him touch on Italy, the grand calamity to the reader, the *bore par excellence*, and we shall have volumes filled with gondolas, galleries, St. Peter's, Canova, and the Coliseum, when all the trouble of reader and writer might have been saved by merely referring to the page of Reichard.

Yet there can be no question of the interest connected with the name of Italy, and there can be as little of the fact, that hitherto we have not had any work on it sufficiently worthy of the subject. We have had "Tours" and "Recollections," "Sketches" and "Notes," without number, but nothing that could give that clear, comprehensive, and rational account, which can alone satisfy a rational curiosity. Forsyth's book is a mere collection of notes, expressly intended for the construction of a larger performance; Eustace's

volumes have the merit of being written by a scholar and a gentleman; and taken with the work just mentioned, together with Bell's "Observations on Italy," may serve as an instructive guide in the absence of a more perfect one. As to the work before us, it has no sort of merit whatever to recommend it. The writer, Mr. Hazlitt, is evidently, in the first place, totally ignorant of the language, a deficiency which at once cuts him off from all valuable intercourse with the people. All knowledge of Italian history seems equally beyond his idea of the requisites for a traveller, and excepting the prolix and perpetual verbiage of a third-rate connoisseurship, the easy plunder of Vasari and the "Guides," there is scarcely an appearance of his having known anything. The original literature of the country had evidently escaped his education; and of the modern, his measure of knowledge seems to be very limited indeed. It must be needless to say how immeasureably remote those unhappy deficiencies are from the true qualities that make travel honourable to the writer or beneficial to the public; the manly intelligence, the previously furnished and accomplished mind, the vigorous seizure of character, and the clear, tasteful, and powerful style.

The work begins with an "Advertisement," which sets the reader at his ease at once. It states that the 'volume contains *little* of *history, antiquities,* or *statistics.*' It would have been "more germane to the matter" to say that it contains none. It then proceeds to state, that the only thing which the writer wished 'to *expatiate* on *more at large* was the *manners* of the country!' Passing by the tautology of the sentence, we are informed that for this purpose a greater length of time, and a more intimate acquaintance with society and the language, would be necessary. Thus, history, antiquities, and statistics having been dispensed with in the first instance, and 'manners' precluded by want of knowledge of society and the language, we may form an estimate of the work on the author's own showing, and indulge ourselves in the prospect of a 'Tour through Italy,' in which every thing characteristic, interesting, and valuable, is professedly omitted, through the avowed ignorance of the writer.

We had already observed that the traveller of thorough mediocrity always follows the precept of Aristotle with religious obedience, and "begins at the beginning." The present tourist 'through Italy,' it is true, mercifully spares us the Elephant and Castle, and the history and conversation of the stage-coach; but he loses no time, for he commences by a conversation at the door of the Ship Inn at Brighton. The dialogue is brilliant. 'A lad offered to conduct us to an inn. "Did he think there was room?"—"He was sure of it." "Did he belong to the inn?"—"No, he was from London! In fact he was a young gentleman from town!"' This important communication is followed by some

reflections on the spirit of cockneyism, which are remarkably ungrateful in the author. He calls it 'blest exuberance of self-satisfaction,' 'delightful impertinence;' in short, he shows that he is going to bid a long farewell to his haunts, and feels that he may laugh at the genius loci with impunity.

However, he gives, on the instant, an attestation that he has not forgotten his old allegiance to the civic muse. It is the characteristic of this school to be constantly in a state of wonderment; and all things, the vast and the minute, are equally the subjects of sublime soliloquy. The sky, or a blade of grass, the ocean, or their own verses, alike set their brains, in "a fine frenzy rolling;" and, under this inspiration, they are qualified to pour out the most surprizing quantity of nonsense that ever perplexed the language of man. Our graphic tourist begins with the "sea," of which he had had a glimpse from the windows of the stage-coach; and of which he, probably for the first time in his life, enjoyed the full fruition from the windows of the coffee-room at the Ship Inn. The whole passage is a model of bold absurdity and sounding nothingness. It is a master-piece of the genuine cockney style.

'There is something in being near the sea, like the *confines of eternity!* It is a *new element*, a pure *abstraction!* The mind loves to hover on that which is endless and for ever the same! People wonder at a steam-boat, the invention of man, managed by man, that makes its liquid path like an *iron railway* through the sea. *I wonder* at the sea itself, that vast *Leviathan*, rolled round the earth, *smiling in its sleep!* waked into fury, fathomless, boundless, a *huge world of water drops!* Whence is it, whither goes it? *is it of eternity, or of nothing?* Strange, *ponderous riddle*, that we can neither penetrate nor grasp in our comprehension; ebbing and flowing like human life, and swallowing it up in thy remorseless womb; what art thou? what is there in common between *thy life and ours?* who gave it thee? *Blind, deaf, and old*, thou *seest* not, *hearest* not, *understandest* not; neither do *we understand*, who behold and listen to thee. Great as thou art, *unconscious of thy greatness;* unwieldy, enormous, *preposterous twin-birth of matter*, rest in thy dark unfathomed cave of mystery, *mocking at human pride and weakness!* Still it is given to the mind of man to wonder at thee, to *confess its ignorance*, and to stand in awe of thy stupendous might and majesty, and of *its own being* that can *question thine*. But a truce with reflections.'—p. 3.

Lord Byron had unluckily written some lines on the sight of the ocean, and it is only natural that every imitator should adopt the same subject; and, if he cannot figure in verse, at least give a loose his fantasy in prose.

The tourist then goes regularly through his task; touches, of urse, on the 'pavilion,' which, of course, he terms 'a collection stone pumpkins and pepper boxes.' He adds, however, a reection very much his own:—'It seems as if the genius of architure had, at once, the *dropsy* and the *megrims!*' We do not ofess to comprehend this. But the next sentences are undoubt-

edly intelligible, if not altogether new. 'Brighton stands facing the sea; on the bare cliffs, with glazed windows.' The sprightliness of cockneyism once escaped from the fumum, strepitumque Romæ, now begins to pervade his pages. He tells us that people at a watering-place are continually walking out, 'all coming or going;' they are compared to 'flies of a summer,' or 'to fashionable dresses,' or to 'suits of clothes walking the streets.' But a Frenchman playing on a guitar, awakes all the author's classic sensibilities. 'We forgot the land of Sunday-schools and spinning-jennies. The genius of the south had come to meet us! in the shape of a French beggar with a guitar!'

The voyage now commences, and as the navigation is novel it is recorded with due observation of season, scene, and circumstance. The first remarkable phenomenon was the gradual disappearance of the land! An event of this extraordinary nature was the very food of philosophy; and it generates the following reflections, equally original with the phenomenon itself:—'*Out of sight, out of mind.* How poor a geographer is the human mind! How small a space does the imagination take in at once! Long before we touched on French ground, the English coast was lost in distance, and nothing remained of it but a dim mist. It hardly seemed in a great pool a swan's nest.' A touch on politics is the cayenne to this fine philosophy:—'So shall its glory vanish like a vapour, its liberty like a dream.'

The course of nature did not fail our tourist on this voyage; it is noted that 'we had a moon, then starlight till the dawn.' He now ascertained the important facts that Dieppe 'has a harbour;' that his window of the hotel 'looked out on the bridge and the river which reflected the neighbouring houses,' and that the bed, which '*occupied a niche in the sitting*-room, had that *kind of odour* which could not be mistaken for otto of roses!' The hotel people were, we fear, not aware of the traveller's consequence in his own country, and had stuffed him and his '*Madame*,' as he calls the nameless personage who shared his wanderings, into the "worst inn's worst room."

On the road to Rouen, which, in consideration of its novelty, is regularly described, Mr. Hazlitt makes the solemn observation that 'Many things will seem strange to a foreigner, who can neither ask the meaning, nor understand the explanation of them,' concluding with the recondite discovery, that 'It would have been better, such is the natural feeling, the dictate at once of self-love and common sense, to have learned the language before you visited the country.' Rouen abounded in extraordinary events. The author had 'a roast fowl, greens, and bacon for dinner,' and 'paid half-a-crown or three shillings' for it.' A 'green parrot,' in the street, was much talked to by the passers by; 'two boys in the kitchen appeared to have nothing to do but to beat up the white of eggs into froth for salads,' a circumstance, of course, not to be

matched in England; and 'a Mr. James Williams' acted as English interpreter, and procured him a place in the Paris diligence.

On the way from Rouen Mr. Hazlitt's knowledge of the language leads him into the wrong coach, he is tossed about during the day to be brought back at night to the spot from which he was to have set out; again takes a place in the Paris vehicle, and proceeds on his adventurous way.

At length (miraculous to relate) the author arrives at Paris. He declares that Bonaparte is dead, and adds to this news, that 'we who remain are thrown into the pit, the lifeless bodies of men, and wear round our necks the *collar of servitude*, and on our foreheads the *brand*, and in our flesh and in our souls the *stain of thraldom*, and of the *born slaves* of kings.'—p. 36. Such is the deplorable condition of the conscious British subject in these days of *despotism* and degeneracy. Soul and body stained, branded, flung into the pit, and slave-born! Such was the state of the tourist, roving through Europe in his vocation of abuse, pouring out his vehement soul in virtuous groanings over the fallen honours of that friend to human freedom, Napoleon le grand, and wreaking the vengeance of insulted rights upon the ferocious tyranny of the country that fed, and the sovereigns that tolerated him, from Alp to Apennine.

It is one of the most indefeasible privileges of cockneyism to run raving about pictures, sculpture, and every thing touched by any artist whose name they find figuring in the regular Vade Mecums. The first explosion of their eloquence has, during the last twenty years, been invariably discharged upon the Louvre. Our tourist thus gives his contribution. 'Thou sacred shrine of *god-like* magnificence, must not my heart fail and my feet stumble as I approach thee!' And this actually means walking into the French picture gallery, as hundreds do every day of the week. This gallery is the 'proud monument of the majesty of man's nature over the *mock majesty* of thrones.'—'The shadow of glory and liberty is seen afar off!'—'In pacing the echoing floor,' he hears 'the sound of the footsteps of his youth,' and 'the *dead start* from their slumbers!' After this, he talks of the gallery, like one whose object was to banter Rousseau by a burlesque of his style.

'In all the time that I have been away from thee, did I ever forget, did I ever profane thee! Often have I sought thee in sleep, and *cried myself awake to find* thee, with the heart-yearnings of *intolerable affection*!—Neither pain nor sickness could wean me from thee!—Wherever I was, thou wert with me, above me, and about me! and didst hang upon the beatings of my heart, a vision and a joy unutterable!—There was one chamber of the brain which I had only to unlock, and be master of boundless wealth!—Tyranny would not master, barbarism shrink from it,' &c. &c.

He then proceeds to tell us, that in 'this fine old *lumber-room* of his imagination' lay the St. Peter Martyr, the two Jeromes,

the Apollo, and so forth. But the touch of kings was not suffered to polute the pure recesses of the cockney mind! No; 'legitimacy did not sit squat like a toad in one corner of it, *poisoning* the very air, and keeping the freeborn spirit aloof from it!' If the writer's object in this was to turn the Sentimental School into ridicule, it is very well done; the frigid enthusiasm, and heavy rapture, are copied to the life. But if he was serious, and absolutely meant to express his personal sensibilities, we must give him credit for a faculty of nonsense, of dull affectation, of blundering, and bathos, that can dread no rival.

A third of the volume is upon that remote and unknown capital called Paris, and abounds in intelligence equally rare. Yet we must pass it by, noticing only a little flower of oratory bestowed on our own Opera House.

'Where (in the French theatre) was that blaze of beauty that *streams* like a *galaxy!* from the boxes of our opera house,—like a *heaven of loveliness*, let halfway down upon the earth! and charming the upturned eyes of wondering mortals! before which the thrilling sounds that circle through the house seem to *tremble with delight*, and drink in *new rapture* from its *conscious presence*, and to which the mimic loves and graces are proud to pay their distant smiling *homage*.'—p. 158.

This is incomparable, and exceeds every thing but the wonderment of a stage-struck rustic, or a fanatical barber, first let loose into the pit of the king's theatre. We defy either to excel 'the heaven of loveliness let halfway down to earth;' or the 'thrilling sounds that individually *tremble* before the beauty of the boxes;' or, what is better still, 'drink in *new rapture* from its *conscious presence*.' Bombast can go no farther.

Now the author gets into the 'Royal Diligence' of Italy, and feels himself, according to his usual style, 'in a very purgatory of heat, closeness, confinement, and *bad smells*.'

He sees Chamberry and the Charmettes, which 'even the Magdalen muse of Mr. Moore has not been able to *unsing*.' He sees bridges that 'look like the skeletons of bridges over the *dry bones* and dusty relics of rivers.' As if the water had been swept away, and 'left the bridge standing in *stiffened horror* over it. It is a new species of desolation, as flat, dull, disheartening, and hopeless as can be imagined. Mr. Crabbe should travel post to Italy on purpose to describe it, and to add it to the list of *prosaic* horrors.' So much for the *horrors* of a bridge præternaturally *stiffened* over a dry river-bed; it, of course, being the habit of bridges to rise and fall with the stream. The author then indulges himself with another fling at the poet, and bids him 'try his hand upon an Italian vintage, and if he does not squeeze the juice and spirit out of it, and leave nothing but the *husk and stalks behind*, I am much mistaken.'

We of course have no intention of following Mr. Hazlitt through countries now as familiar to us as Middlesex. We shall merely

give some of those unconnected passages on which he obviously prided himself as the flowers of his rhetoric, the concentrated brilliancies of his style, redeeming virtues dexterously planted up and down to atone for the sins of dulness and monotony that overspread his pages.

'Words may be said, after all, to be the finest *things* in the world. Things themselves are but a *lower species of words*, exhibiting the grossness and details of matter!' . . .

'The Apollo Belvidere is *positively bad*, a *theatrical* coxcomb! and *ill made*, I mean compared with the Theseus.' . . .

'The Fornarina is a *bouncing, buxom, sullen, saucy* baker's daughter! —You see her bosom swelling like the *dough* rising in the oven! the tightness of her skin puts you in mind of Trim's story of the sausage-maker's wife!' . . .

'The assertion of an abstract right is the idea uppermost in the minds of *all English people*. Unfortunately, when its attainment is worth any thing, their spirit of contradiction makes them *ready to relinquish it*: or when it costs them any thing, their spirit of self-interest *deters them from the pursuit!*'

A curious source of this writer's complaint, is, that *he* has not found inspiration by treading the floors of great men. 'I have now lived twice in houses occupied by celebrated men, once in a house that had belonged to Milton; and now in this (Salvator Rosa's), and find, to my mortification, that imagination is entirely a thing *imaginary!* and has nothing to do with matter of fact, history, or the senses!'

'I hate half-way houses in religion or politics, that take from us all the *benefits* of ignorance and superstition, and give us none of the advantages of liberty and philosophy in return. Thus I hate princes who usurp the thrones of others, and would almost give them back sooner than allow the rights of the people. Once more, how does this monument to the Stuarts happen to be stuck up in the side-aisle of St. Peter's? I would ask the *person who placed* it there, how many *Georges* there have been since James the Third? His ancestor makes but an *amphibious figure* beside the posthumous group.

'"So sit two kings of Brentford on one throne."'

One of the habitual discoveries of men like this writer, is, that his country is good for nothing. Honourable and intelligent views of national character are naturally altogether beyond his rank; but what are we to think of such trash as the following?

'There are two things that an Englishman understands, hard words nd hard blows.—So qualified (speaking of a sailor), a controversy with cannon-ball is not much out of his way. A thirty-two pounder is ither an *ugly customer*, but it presents him with a tangible idea, a thing e is always in search of, and should it take off his head, or carry away e of his limbs, he does not feel the want of the one, nor care for that the other.—Stung with wounds, stunned with bruises, bleeding and angled, an English sailor never finds himself so *much alive*, as when he

is flung *half-dead* into the cockpit, for he then perceives the extreme *consciousness of his existence*, in his conflict with external matter, in the violence of his will, and his obstinate contempt for suffering.'

'Englishmen do not like to *smell to a rose*, or to taste of *made dishes*, or to listen to *soft music*, or to look at *fine pictures*, or to make or hear fine speeches, or to enjoy themselves, or amuse others. But they will *knock any man down* who tells them so; their sole delight is to be as *uncomfortable* and *disagreeable* as possible. To them the greatest *labour* is, *to be pleased:* they *hate* to have nothing to find fault with; to expect them to smile or to converse on equal terms, is the heaviest tax you can levy on their want of animal spirits or intellectual resources. A drop of pleasure is the most difficult thing to extract from their hard, dry, mechanical, husky frame! *A civil word or look* is the last thing they can part with!

'As long as they can *swear*, they are excused from being complimentary: if they have to fight they need not think. While they are provoked beyond measure, they are *relieved* from the *dreadful obligation* of being pleased.

'Leave them to themselves and they are dull; introduce them into company and they are *worse*. An Englishman is silent abroad from having nothing to say; and looks stupid—because *he is so*.'

Such is the patriotism, the English feeling, which fills the bewildered brains and bitter heart of this author.

We have already gone farther into detail than such a work deserves. It was written for the columns of a newspaper, and much as has been left in, we can conceive that the taste and prudence of the editor has cast much out. But whether as a collection of views of foreign manners, or of intelligence of the arts, habits, and knowledge of France and Italy, it is *puerile*.

NOTICES.

ART. X. *Abbassah, an Arabian Tale.* In two Cantos. 8vo. pp. 116. London. Anderson. 1826.

THE circumstances which form the foundation of this tale, are so well calculated for poetry, that we are surprised they escaped the notice of Lord Byron. Abbassah was the sister of the celebrated caliph, Haroun Al Rashid, and, by his order, she married his favourite vizier, Giaffier, upon the monstrous condition that they should never meet, except in Haroun's presence. This condition was not long observed. A child was the fruit of their secret intercourse; it was betrayed to the caliph, who, failing to discover the babe, directed Giaffier to be put to death, and Abbassah to be condemned to mendicancy. Brief as this outline is, it is sufficient to indicate the nature of a theme, which, in the hands of a superior poet, might be rendered dramatic and affecting in the highest degree. Besides the varied characters belonging to it, it affords room for the expression of the most exquisite emotions which can affect the bosom of a lover, a wife, a parent, a widow, and a princess reduced from splendour to the lowest misery.

It was a great oversight in the author, in the first instance, to represent Abbassah herself as the narrator of the principal part of the tale. Her sufferings, her sense of present and enduring affliction, would prevent her, according to the natural order of things, from having the power to tell of her misfortunes in any other language than that of uniform despair. He thus precludes himself from developing the other characters belonging to the tale, from diversifying it with sketches of scenery, from enlivening it with a variety of incidents, or with any thing in the shape of episodical ornaments; for a woman overwhelmed in woe, like Abbassah, has no memory or imagination for any thing but the tumultuous feelings which rise up within her at the bare thought of her privations. As if to compensate for this want of variety, the author has devoted five hundred lines of his first canto to general reflections upon the scenery of Bagdad, and upon the characters of several of the earliest sovereigns of the east, from Nimrod down to Mahomet.

The following we esteem among the best lines of the poem. Abbassah is describing her nuptials.

"Our law had join'd us—ne'er to part—
That feeling swell'd upon my heart
And choked its utterance; all things seem'd
As if my troubled spirit dream'd;
Half waking;—dimly conscious still:—
But void of thought—of power—of will.
I tried to speak—a murmur rung,
Falter'd, and died upon my tongue;
Thick shadows all around me came;
My brain in wild confusion swam;
A doubling echo fill'd my ear,
He spoke to me,—I could not hear:
Distraction triumph'd in my breast,
My senses sunk—but not in rest.

Night waned apace, and Haroun rose;
They went—but could I thus repose?
Oh; no:—for as the lingering door
Closed on his form, I felt no more
The cloud that late my soul o'erhung;
Upon the couch my limbs I flung
But not to slumber: all was changed;
The chaos of my thoughts arranged;
Sinking no more with shame, with awe,
I breathed again—and heard—and saw—
Saw but that past—which seem'd to be
The present hour's reality:
Sooner, his absence might have grieved,
But now I found my heart relieved;
And every faculty, unchain'd,
Flow'd free, in impulse unrestrain'd.
Night spread around—but night so fair
My frenzy seem'd to fill the air
With angel voices: morning's light

Broke in bright lustre—oh, how bright!
The sun in burning radiance came,
I met it, with a soul of flame.

I ran, with restless feet, to press
The garden's fragrant wilderness,
And sought my bower: but could not stay,
Some feeling forced my steps to stray:
Wide stretch'd above the broad, blue sky,
Fresh worlds seem'd opening from on high:
Where'er I moved an Eden bloom'd;
A secret bliss my breast illumed;
Rapt, as when first the spirit eyes
The blooming bowers of Paradise,
And feels its balmy gales bestow
A purer sense—a holier glow.—
Earth, air, and heaven, appear'd my own;
Throughout their space I breathed alone;
All nature thrill'd with ecstasy;
Creation hung outspread for me;
And brightly smiled the future then,
As life could never frown again.'—pp. 65—67.

The merit of this passage, and indeed the principal merit of the poem, is, that it forcibly and clearly expresses strong emotion. The following lines are framed in a more gentle key.

'"Yes!—blest indeed the mother feels
That, placed her infant's couch beside,
While sleep its little senses seals,
And time's light pinion lightest steals,
Bends o'er her bud—her joy—her pride!
So dark a shroud involves those eyes,
So hush'd th' unconscious slumberer lies,
So deeply heaved the breath it draws,
So slow subsiding in that pause
When the pure life of infancy
From mortal stain and suffering free,—
The being, just begun to be,—
Flows purest;—and that sweet repose
Without a shade, a breath, a dream,
To curl the stillness of its stream,
A holier charm o'er nature throws:
Diffusing, 'mid the haunts of men,
So calm, so pure a feeling then,
As though beneath her guardian care
Some heavenly essence slumber'd there,
And silent angels deign'd to keep
Their vigil o'er an infant's sleep!
There has attention hung—to trace
The loveliest traits of human race;
Gazing so long,——that slumber stole
Contagious o'er the hovering soul;

Lull'd the soft tumult of the breast,
And soothed even rapture into rest.

My child!—my child!—how every hour
Bore brighter hues for thee, my flower!—
How, in the harem's bower apart,
With thee to occupy the heart,
Its every thought with thee imbrued,
How have I loved that solitude!
There have I, musing, joyed to see
Thy father's image dawn in thee;
There watch'd, as but a parent can,
Thy tiny gestures mimic man;
There loved thy little bed to smooth,
And lull the pang I could not soothe;
Have wept to see thy griefs o'erflow,
Thy pigmy energy of woe;
And felt the dear, returning smile
With thine, thy mother's pain beguile!
There too, affection loved to trace
One look maternal on thy face;
One transient gleam, though lightly thrown,
That told the heart thou wert my own!" '—pp. 77—79.

These passages, however, though by no means inelegant, are not sufficient to redeem the two cantos from the heaviness—the mediocrity—which oppresses them. The writer appears to have travelled in Asia, and to have acquired some knowledge of its history; at least we can collect as much from the notes, for in the poem itself we would look in vain for any associations that speak "of the land of the cypress and myrtle."

ART. XI. *Shakspeare's Romances, collected and arranged by Shakspeare II.* 2 vols. 12mo. London. 1825.

THIS is a specimen of a foolish attempt to metamorphose Shakspeare's plays into romances, 'because,' in the opinion of 'Shakspeare II.' as expressed in his ill-written preface, 'they are rather uninteresting to *read*, though uncommonly fine for acting.' (pp. ix. x.) The two volumes before us contain only one of the plays thus intended to be *done* into novels; it is the first part of Henry the Fourth. The author's plan is a simple one: it consists merely in changing into bad prose the delicious versification of Shakspeare; and even in doing this he shows himself to be as ignorant of what prose ought to be, as the worthy Bourgeois gentilhomme who had talked it all his life without knowing it, for he does not even disguise a rhyme. He gives us, for instance, 'Harry to Harry shall hot horse to horse, meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse,' as part of a plain prose conversation. The prose passages of the play are generally given as printed in Shakspeare, without much other debasement than *says I's, says he's*, and the author's own descriptions; but this is not always the case. We are sometimes favoured with an original scene,

in which *Falstaff himself* is actually introduced. Of his powers of managing Falstaff and Prince Hal take the following sample:—'"No, no," answered his royal highness, "I can't give it you. By 'r lady, old dad will put on a commanding countenance, stern as the Saracen's Head, if a grey-nobbed veteran call not that post his. You shall have it, Bob, that is," rejoined Hal, "you and Spencer *shall toss up for it. Sky a coin, Poins,* and let the twain call. I will to horse. But oh! here comes plump Jack, with Bardolph like a canister to the fat dog's tail. What brings you to Windsor, Sir John?"—"An indifferent horse and a good inclination," cried Falstaff. My lords, my service to you. Why, Hal, what a crowd hast thou girdling thy presence. A gentleman of my bulk finds as much difficulty to come at you *as a man crosses 'Change at two o'clock, or squeezes into St. Paul's choir on a Sunday whilst they are singing of an anthem.*" (pp. 91, 92.) Some more trash of the same kind follows, and the chapter concludes by this exclamation of the *new* Falstaff, '"War and good pay are as natural to me as oats to a game-cock."'—(Vol. ii. p. 94.)

Ex his dice Shakspeare the Second's wit and his talents for manufacturing novels out of plays. If he persist in his design upon the present pattern, Shakspeare will not, perhaps, make more than eighty volumes. The narrative by which the speeches are connected is rendered utterly unreadable by the author's flippancy of manner.

ART. XII. *Hints to Purchasers of Horses.* 12mo. pp. 72. London. C. Knight.

EVERY trade, it is said, has its secret. The maxim is peculiarly applicable to the trade in horses, for it is certain that dealers in that necessary article are very rarely to be found who have the least pretension to honesty. Imposition and fraud are not only practised by them in the most open manner, but those who treat with them generally know what they have to expect, though not always prepared to guard against it. To such we would recommend the "Hints" which will be found in this little book. We do not mean to say that it will render an inexperienced purchaser all at once skilled in the points of a horse, or that it will sufficiently arm any man against the tricks of the dealers; but it explains, in a manner difficult to be misunderstood, the perfections requisite to form a good horse, and the defects that are sure to form a bad one. We select, as an example, the following rules for ascertaining a horse's age:

'Yearlings and two-year-olds are alike in mouth, and must be judged by general appearance. At three years old, the horse has four *horse teeth,* two above, and two below, in front of the mouth, which supply the place of the sucking teeth. At four he has eight horse teeth, four above, and four below, having the corner teeth only sucking teeth. At five years old these are gone, and the *mouth is up;* that is, all the teeth are horse teeth, and the tusk is up on each side of the mouth. A dark mark, or hollow, is generally observable in all the teeth in the bottom jaw at just five years old; and the tusks are concave in their inner surface. At six, the two middle teeth have quite lost this mark, and the tusk is higher up,

and longer, and not so concave. At seven, the next two teeth have lost it, and the corner teeth only have the mark left in them. At eight it has grown out of these, and no mark is left at all. The tusks also become longer, and instead of being concave in their inner surface, become convex; the horse is then termed aged. There is a great deal of difference in the mouths of horses; some have lost the mark in all, except the corner teeth, even as early as five years old; others have the front teeth in the top jaw, projecting over the bottom teeth, at the same age; and I have seen horses at seven years old, with the corner teeth appearing like those of a five-year-old. You may form some idea of the age from the appearance of the mouth in general, when the marks are no longer visible. If the corner teeth do not appear long, and running forward, as it were, to the front of the mouth; if they retain their square shape, and shut well together; if the tusks are not blunt, and have the least concavity in their inner surface, you may conclude that the horse is not very old, particularly if his head be not grey, and not very hollow above the eyes; though this latter shape sometimes exists in young horses. A concave tusk is the most certain criterion of youth; and as mares have no tusk at all, they must be judged with reference to what I have said about the corner teeth. It is here necessary to mention, that the difficulty of acquiring an accurate knowledge of the age of horses by their teeth, is very much increased by the tricks that are practised.

'It is generally allowed that no horses are fit to work till at least five years old; and it is a common custom with great breeders in the north, and with many dealers, to pull out the sucking teeth when the animal is rising four years old; the mouth is *forced* by these means, for the horse-teeth succeeding soon after the operation, the animal appears to be a five-year-old. To detect such deception, regard must be paid to the tusk. Every horse, upon attaining the full age of five, has the tusk completely up on each side of the mouth; but in forced five-year-old mouths the tusk is only just making its way through the gums. There frequently exists also in the latter an irregularity in the front teeth, as well as a backwardness in the growth of the tusk. Forced mouths vary in their appearance according to the time of performing the operation; and the habit of observing horses' mouths will alone enable you to ascertain where any artifice has been practised.'—pp. 42—48.

It were to be desired that technical terms had been more sparingly used in a manual intended, like this, for general use. The author seems to think that he has done enough by printing such terms in italics. Who that is not a dealer, or, at least, a member of the turf, understands what is meant by '*pottering* on the toe'? Generally speaking, however, the author gives an explanation of these phrases; his rules are concise; and any gentleman who goes to the horse bazaar without this little volume in pocket, deserves—to be cheated.

ART. XIII. *Arvendel; or, Sketches in Italy and Switzerland.* 8vo. pp. 123. 3*s.* 6*d.* London. Nisbet. 1826.

This book is supposed to be written (for it is right to be cautious in an affair of such importance) by the hon. and rev. Gerald Noel. It is neither,

however, the merits of the volume nor the titles of the author, that induce us to notice his performance, but its curiosity as a sample of a religious tour through Italy and Switzerland: or to use the author's more affected phrase, 'an effort to connect in the minds of youthful wanderers on the classic shores of Italy the interests of truth and of eternity, with the claims of external beauty and art.'—Pref. p. 5.

The way in which the author has done this will be best illustated by a few examples.

Arvendel (who represents the author), on seeing a wooden cross 'felt a peculiar pleasure in contemplating this impressive symbol of the compassion of God. In a moment it carried him back to all the scenes most interesting to us as Christians.' (pp. 1, 2.) Sion in the Valais, suggests to the author that 'the Sion above is placed above the reach of storms.' (p. 3.) The refuges on the Alps 'brought to his recollection in the most forcible manner that great and all-sufficient friend who is emphatically revealed under the image of a *Refuge* from the Storm.' (p. 12.) On seeing the 'Alps, he connected with this great and visible creation the power and richness of revelation.' (p. 14.) A friend of the author's cares nothing about 'the past destinies of Rome,' but walks daily by the Mamertine prisons, for this sagacious reason, that 'it is very possible that St. Paul may have been confined within their walls.' (p. 27.) The illumined summits of Mont Blanc, the roseate fires which kindle upon those eternal snows long after the sun has quitted the valleys, often presented to the imagination of Arvendel the brightest images of God and of eternity, or they symbolized to him the *glowing* hope of Christianity,' when the baffled expectations of the world have cast their *dark* and cold *shadows* across the wounded heart.' (p. 66.)

If we were to quote all the samples of this kind of writing that occur we might transfer half of Mr. Noel's volume to our pages. Even this nonsense, however, is less disgusting than the author's perpetual attempts at fine writing, as when he tells us that the Alps are 'like the deep sighs of nature, the upward aspirations of this depressed world towards God and eternity.'

If the author speaks ill of those who differ from him in religion he speaks particularly well of himself in various parts of his book. For example: 'What, he (Arvendel) asked was the value of his own superior science, his own refined education? He knew something of the history of Rome; he could live in imagination among the heroes of her ancient greatness: he could recal the lofty struggles of baffled patriotism, he could share in the brief agitation of Cæsar as he paused before the waters of the Rubicon, he could sympathise with the indignant spirit of Brutus or Cato;' and he could do many other curious things. He also 'admired the felicity of art, and reverenced *the absolute mind of the chisel!!!*' These extracts are quite long enough to gratify the curiosity of our readers, and to have satisfied them, at least, of one thing—that a 'serious' tour is really a very dull affair, especially with the appendage of forty pages of very bad verse.

ART. XIV. *Paulus Parochialis; or a Plain and Practical View of the Object, Arguments, and Connection, of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans.* By the Rev. Wm. Lisle Bowles, &c. 12mo. Bath. 1826.

MR. BOWLES, with an ardour truly professional, is always engaged in controversy; but we think his arguments are less likely to be replied to by poets, or questioned by reviewers, in the case of Paul than of Pope. The little volume before us consists of ten sermons, preached principally in answer to Calvinistic tracts and doctrines, which, in the reverend author's opinion, had produced 'baleful effects.' The main endeavour of Mr. Bowles, however, has been to show that the belief of *particular election*, or of *sensible experience*, was neither useful nor necessary for a Christian, and to explain the general purport of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, from a false construction of which, in Mr. B.'s opinion, these doctrines have been derived. He also has particularly examined those passages which, from being considered 'distinctly and separately from the main argument, have been the occasion of other mistaken views.'

Upon the success of the reverend author's arguments, we are not, of course, here to decide: we content ourselves with stating his purpose, and with pronouncing his little volume to be written in a plain, clear, and connected manner, not at all to have been expected from a poet. We may here appropriately mention, that the volume concludes with some short hymns and tales of great simplicity and tenderness, written by the author for the use of a village school; of these we give one brief specimen.

'THE SWALLOW AND RED-BREAST.

'The Swallows at the close of day,
When autumn shone with fainter ray,
Around the chimney circling flew,
Ere yet they bade a long adieu
To climes, where soon the winter drear
Shall close the unrejoicing year.
Now with swift wing they skim aloof,
Now settle on the crowded roof,
As counsel and advice to take,
E'er they the chilly North forsake:
Then one disdainful turn'd his eye,
Upon a red-breast twitt'ring high,
And thus began, with taunting scorn:—

'"Thou household imp, obscure, forlorn,
Through the deep winter's dreary day,
Here, dull and shiv'ring, shall thou stay,
Whilst we, who make the world our home,
To softer climes, impatient roam;
Where summer still on some green isle
Rests, with her sweet and lovely smile:
Thus speeding far and far away,
We leave behind the short'ning day."

'"'Tis true," the red-breast answer'd meek,
"No other scenes I ask or seek;
To every change alike resign'd,
I fear not the cold winter's wind.

When spring returns, the circling year
Shall find me, still contented, here;
But whilst my warm affections rest
Within the circle of my nest,
I learn to pity those that roam,
And love the more my humble home." '—pp. 150, 151.

ART. XV. *Truth, a Novel. By the Author of Nothing.* 3 Vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* London. Hunt and Clarke 1826.

THERE is considerable talent in this novel, and it is on that account that we preface this brief notice of it by saying, that it is intended to recommend opinions on matters of religion, which are likely to shock the prejudices of many worthy persons, who might be led, by its title, to read it. The heroine, in short (a Miss Evanshaw), is a young Scotch lady of great beauty, and infidel principles, who, to use her own words, entertains doubts as to the divine origin of the Bible, and finds it impossible to give credit to many assertions in it. (vol. iii. p. 107). Of revealed religion she thinks and talks with equal freedom, and protests 'that there is not more love than common ordinary justice in the love of Christ.' (vol. iii. p. 258); and the whole of the creed of this *esprit fort* in petticoats, is detailed at great length towards the close of the same volume.

On account of Miss Evanshaw's heterodox opinions, she is forced to quit the house of her mother, a Presbyterian, and runs the risk of losing her paternal estate by her adherence to the cause of what, in the opinion of the author of this novel, is *Truth*. She undergoes numerous persecutions, suffers many insults, and a great deal of contempt, on account of this *Truth:* she finally turns governess. As a farther trial of her patience, and after working miracles in the shape of transforming the three stupid daughters of a vulgar Scotch farmer, into highly accomplished young ladies; she embarks for Madeira. The ship is lost—and the novel ends with the rumour of a catastrophe. It seems, however, we are to have three other volumes of Truth, if the world should graciously receive the present sample.

There is some merit in the conception of the inferior characters, particularly that of a Mr. Glenwary. M'Tack and his family are well drawn. Miss Evanshaw could never have existed but in the imagination of a novel writer;—and there is a great violation of propriety in representing the female freethinker as a Scotchwoman. However, as we have said, the book is amusing—and those who are not deterred by the principles it holds up to admiration, may read it with some pleasure. Miss Evanshaw's arguments, to do the author justice, are so feeble, as to be capable of doing mischief only to very weak people.

ART. XVI. *De Clifford a Romance of the Red Rose.* In twelve books. 8vo. pp. 420. London. Pickering. 1826.

THE poem before us, we believe, is written by a Mr. Kennedy, and was composed in India, where the author now is. It was printed two years ago, but circumstances of a private nature have till now retarded its publication.

De Clifford is founded upon that traditionary history which describes the tenth Lord De Clifford as having been educated as a peasant upon the lands to which he was heir, from the period of the death of his father, who was killed by an arrow in a skirmish, on the day before the battle of Towton, in 1461. The romance is meant, to use the author's words, 'to show the workings of a proud but generous spirit, prompted by the dark hints which must accidentally have fallen to his knowledge; and urged on by the succession of circumstances of which it is man's destiny to be the slave oftener than the master.' In the story, the author has not confined himself at all to the unities: the poem begins with the death of the hero's father in 1461, and concludes with the battle of Bosworth Field in 1485. There are several episodes introduced, to give variety to the work; and of these the most brilliant is the Spanish Crusade against Granada. The poetry of De Clifford is more remarkable for elegance than elevation—for the tenderness and solemnity of the reflections with which it abounds, and the sweetness with which they are illustrated, than for rapidity of narrative or extraordinary brilliancy of fancy. The introductions are very graceful and harmonious; the following extract will show how prettily the author's verses flow;—

> 'England!—thou land of beauty! the renown
> Of many a glorious age environs round
> Aught that is of thee!—History hath no page
> More brightly lettered of heroic deed,
> Of manly worth, or woman's nobleness,
> Than thou may'st show; thou hast nor hill nor dale
> But lives in legend. Sweetness hath more charm
> From such brave history. Who hath seen thy shores
> Sink as he left them in their watery belt,
> Lives but on hope, nor treasures aught of joy
> In Fancy's fairy flights, but back to thee,
> Queen of the waters, bends his wistful eye.'—pp. 202, 203.

The preface is written with singular ingenuousness and modesty, and displays a very respectable quantity of reading.

ART. XVII. *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland.* Second Edition. 12mo. London. Murray. 1826.

THE appearance of a new edition of this delightful little book gives us an opportunity of repairing our neglect in omitting to notice it on its first publication. It consists of a collection of charming fairy tales, told in a vein of gay humour, and with a richness which are quite admirable. The tone of Irish narrative, and the dialect of the lower orders of the Irish people, are exquisitely preserved; but the author never suffers his familiarity to become vulgar, and his volume may be quoted as one of the best examples of that sort of easy reading which is such difficult writing. Sir Walter Scott, in his admirable Essay on Faries, in the second volume of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, hints a belief that the name and race of the faries may have come to us from the Persians, through the medium of the Arabian language. We think this conjecture ex-

tremely probable, and that the Persians derived their Peris from the Hindoos, whose "holy Balakhilyas," diminutive personages, about the size of a man's thumb, assemble on the grass under trees, and employ themselves not in dancing but devotion. These pigmy devotees seem very likely to be the origin of the northern faries: and from the size assigned to them are perhaps connected with the character of Daumling, Tamlane, Tomalyn, or Tom Thumb.

The most amusing of these fairy legends is perhaps the story of 'Daniel O'Rourke'—that most remarkable for its fancy is 'The Legend of Bottle Hill.' The author (Mr. T. Crofton Croker, we believe) has traced the origin of some of his stories in the preface—perhaps he will be glad to be informed that the "Legend of Bottle Hill" is a Hindoo fiction, in all its principal points. It exists in the Pantcha Tantra lately published by the Abbé Dubois.

The second edition of 'Fairy Legends' is embellished with some engravings full of Irish character and drollery, from the design of a young Cork artist. It possesses also the wood cuts of the first edition, some of which are as remarkable for their grace as others for their humour. We are happy to see that the ingenious author intends to continue his researches in Fairy Land. A very flattering and lively letter from Sir Walter Scott to Mr. Crofton Croker is prefixed to the volume.

ART. XVIII. *German popular Stories.* Translated from the Collection of M. M. Grimm. Vol. 2. Robins and Co. London. 1826.

WE think that the objections which have been made to the first volume of these stories holds good against the present one, and that it is deficient in antiquarian research and illustration. Tales that merely delight the nursery, cannot be expected to please in any great number, when transferred into a foreign literature. We should have thought, therefore, that a few specimens of those stories would have been sufficient to satiate curiosity, unless it were intended to follow up a more extended translation of them, by such references and elucidations as would show the curious coincidence of plot and agency which they bear to the traditions of those communities that are undonbtedly of Celtic origin. In Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, tales are heard every day which differ very little from many of those that have delighted the common people of the northern regions of Europe for ages. But the relations before us, though marked by simplicity and character, must necessarily loose a good deal by wanting that force and humour, which the natural dialect of the uninformed gives to their favourite narratives. The designs by Cruikshank are quite irresistible; but to enjoy the full effect of some of his eccentric exhibitions, it is necessary to forget the narrative itself, as it happens more than once that a scene of real pathos, or at least of serious interest in the story, is distorted by the artist into the most ludicrous caricature.

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

APPENDIX TO VOL. II.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

ART. I. *Mémoires Autographes de M. le Prince de Montbarey, Ministre Secrétaire d'Etat, sous Louis XVI. &c. &c.* Prèmiere Livraison. 2 Vols. 8vo. Paris et Londres, chez Henri Colburn. 1826.

M. LE PRINCE DE MONTBAREY must certainly have been a most egregious and egotistical coxcomb:—but his memoirs are nevertheless abundantly amusing, and give us a very lively picture of the courts of Louis XV. and his well-intentioned, but ill-advised successor. Even the folly and profligacy of the author, have in one sense ministered to the curiosity of his work. For, so communicative a personage was he, that neither respect for his own character, nor any sense of decency or shame, seems to have restrained him from disclosing the most secret, and the least reputable circumstances of his life; and the account of himself and his contemporaries, which he was pleased to prepare for the edification of posterity, will, accordingly, serve better than all the grave and formal histories of the time, to expose the utter licentiousness of the higher classes of society in France under the '*ancien regime*.'

With a self-complacency which, in a man of any other age or country, would be perfectly astonishing, M. le Prince delights to record the whole course and management of his libertine amours; and he unblushingly mingles them with the details of his military and political career, as matters equally important in his life, and not less creditable to his reputation. He paints them in conjunction with his share in the public events of his times, and has had
l suspicion that they are less worthy of record and renown. Nor
(ı we here altogether blame his judgment: the composure with
ı ich he speaks of his own vices as things of course, and the
i fference with which he forces us to observe that such trifles
ı e generally treated by the circle in which he moved, certainly
f n by far the most curious points in his memoirs.

We already possessed, indeed, some other notable fragments of
l graphy by actors in the same scenes; but this work strikes us

as more peculiarly characteristic of the epoch to which it relates, than almost any former publication of the kind. Here we have a nobleman of the court of Louis XV. recounting to us all his actions, views, and sentiments, with a total absence of reserve, and with a simplicity of candour which, considering the nature of some of his confessions, is often superlatively ludicrous. He draws himself and his associates from the life, and therefore—of course without intending it—in colours which exhibit them, as their frivolities and excesses alternately occupy the canvas, to ridicule and contempt. We really know not any book from which the curious reader may form so perfect an idea of the genuine character of the Frenchman of '*la vieille cour*,' or which is calculated to give him so thorough an insight into the real tone of morals and manners among the French nobility for fifty years preceding the revolution.

In one respect, however, these memoirs have a little disappointed us. Although the author was assiduous and constant in his attendance at court for the last twenty years of the life of Louis XV., and finally obtained a high official appointment—the ministry of war—in the following reign, he has not afforded us as much novel matter, touching the court and cabinet, as might have been expected. Nor, though he very early formed the resolution to prosecute his fortune as a courtier, and was, therefore, naturally an anxious and watchful spectator of every political intrigue and cabal, has he been able in general to throw any new light upon these springs of action, or to possess us with a single political fact of importance during his service, of which we were not previously informed. The attraction of the narrative is less in the mere value of the incidents which it records, than as it seems to introduce us into the interior of the French court and fashionable circles of his age, and thus to familiarize us with all the conventional forms assumed by French character and society during the last century.

Of the authenticity of the book, we cannot have the shadow of a doubt. That the Prince of Montbarey had, during his retirement from the storms of the revolution, composed his own memoires, was known to the editors of the Biographie Universelle; and their regret was excited, that the work had not been found among his papers after his death. That these volumes contain the identical and precious treasures, the loss of which was thus deplored, there can be no question: though their publisher has failed to explain how they came into his possession. But their genuineness cannot be mistaken: the gossiping and laborious relation of many trifling particulars, so absolutely uninteresting, that it could never have occurred to any one but the egotist himself, to have dwelt on them; the long and tiresome enumeration of his pedigree, and of all his family connections and relatives, within the hundredth degree of consanguinity; the innumerable and

careless repetitions with which the volumes are loaded; the absence of any contradiction even in the midst of this confusion; and, above all, the happy assurance and strain of self-eulogy with which his own conduct is every where spoken of, even while he is unwittingly developing his weakness and vice;—all these peculiarities are so many indubitable pieces of internal evidence, that the book can have been written by no other person, than by him whose life it so minutely and garrulously records.

We give the editor credit for having, with very scrupulous and praiseworthy fidelity to the public, sent the MS. to the press as he found it: he declares that 'he has abstained from making the slightest alteration, even where the author has appeared to offend against the laws of taste, or to violate the rules of grammar;' and it is indeed easy to believe, in these respects, that the work has not at least been tampered with, by any attempt at improvement. The solecisms in its style are almost as glaring and frequent as the impurity of the sentiments which it delivers.

Having thus sufficiently commented on the general character, and estimated the value of the memoirs for which we are indebted to M. le Prince, we shall illustrate our criticism by running through a few of the leading points in their contents, which appear to us most interesting, either as relating to his own career and conduct, or in their connection with the courts of Louis XV. and his grandson. The prince was born at Besançon, in 1732. To save us from the necessity of imitating him in his eternal references to his pedigree, we may observe, once for all, that he was descended from an ancient and noble family of Franche Comté, and that the services of his ancestors to the House of Austria, while that province was an appendage of the imperial crown, entitled him, under an old diploma, to sue out his investiture in the dignity of a prince of the holy Roman Empire. He was also collaterally allied to several of the sovereign houses of Europe; and in right of his descent, through his maternal grandmother, from a Spanish grandee of the first class, he claimed that rank of the court of Madrid. We mention these genealogical points, because his memoirs are full of them; and his character is illustrated by the importance which he attached to such empty distinctions. It was in fact, he declares, an occupation of his life, and one to which a great deal of his interest at court was devoted, to attain these dignities of a Spanish grandee and a German prince. For the latter, he succeeded, in 1774, in securing an imperial grant, at the trifling cost of one hundred thousand francs.

Our embryo prince was an only son; and his mother lost her life, on the day after he was born, in a deplorable manner. It was then, it seems, the custom in France, if a lady died in childbed, for her wardrobe to devolve to the nurse; and the wretch who attended Madame de Montbarey, was seduced, by the hope of this spoil, to poison her. We learn from the Biographie Uni-

verselle, that it was the discovery of this crime which naturally produced the abolition of the custom that had prompted it. The Comte de Montbarey, after the general prejudice of the French nobility, destined his child, while yet in his cradle, for the profession of arms; and although, when the war of the imperial succession broke out, young Montbarey was not quite *twelve years old*, his father determined that he should lose no time in commencing his military career. At that tender age, with more ambitious zeal, as it would seem, for his early advancement, than paternal regard for his real welfare, the count removed him from the Jesuit's college at Paris, to join his own regiment, in which he had obtained a commission for him. It was in the campaign of 1744, on the Rhine, that the boy-soldier saw his first service; and we have, connected with it, rather an interesting anecdote of his father. At the siege of Fribourg, young Montbarey mounted his first guard in the trenches, and he was seated at breakfast in them with his father and other officers, when a shell from the garrison fell close to the spot. The father threw himself upon his young son, to shield him, with his own body, from the effects of the explosion: by a curious chance, he escaped himself unhurt, but notwithstanding his effort, his child was slightly wounded in the leg by a splinter.

Young Montbarey continued to serve throughout the remainder of that war, until the peace of Aix la Chapelle; was present at the battles of Raucoux and Laufeld; and was a second time wounded, at the latter engagement, before he had passed his fourteenth year. He has left us a very remarkable account of the luxury and 'enormous licence' which Marshal Saxe introduced or permitted in the French armies during these brilliant campaigns, and which the presence of Louis XV. and his court tended only to augment. A troop of comedians constantly followed the head quarters; and the battle of Raucoux, says our reminiscent, was, perhaps, the first for which the announcement and orders were ever issued from the stage. After the piece, the actress, who should have given out the title of the entertainment for the next evening, came forward and delivered the following couplets:

'Demain, nous donnerons relâche
Quoique le directeur s'en fâche:
Vous voir eût comblé nos désirs;
Mais il faut céder à la gloire.
Nous ne songeons qu'à vos plaisirs,
Vous ne songez qu'à la victoire.'

After these couplets, 'a staff officer of the day appeared, and said aloud, that the sounding of the tattoo of that evening would serve for the *générale*, and that the different corps were to send for powder and ball at ten o'clock. He delivered orders that officers and soldiers should forthwith repair to their respective posts, and

remain there; and every one immediately betook himself to his duty with the same gaiety which had led him to the theatre.' An equal levity, so truly French, was shown by the army on the following morning of the attack. While Marshal Saxe was making his last *reconnoisance*, the troops were halted before Liege at the points of assault; and the soldiery immediately began to *play at leap frog*. The market women of the city came out of the hostile lines with refreshments for sale; and after the breakfast which was thus procured, a dance was struck up, until the beat of drum summoned the revellers to the scene of carnage, and for many the dance of death.

Soon after the peace of Aix la Chapelle, our hero was launched without restraint into the pleasures of Paris; and he speaks, with all the fervid recollections of an old voluptuary, of the charms of the capital. The death of his father soon left him absolute master of himself, with a title, fortune, and divers noble alliances, to pursue his career of ambition and profligacy. Before he was one and twenty years of age, his uncle negociated an union for him with a daughter of the ancient house of Mailly, then only in her thirteenth year. This was entirely a '*marriage de convenance*,' and it was conducted solely with the design of promoting his prospects at the court. He saw his intended wife for the first time but three days before the nuptials; and the union had such results as might be expected. After the birth of three children, one of whom died, he gives us to understand that Madame de Montbarey and himself lived little together; and his marriage in no respect improved his moral habits. He speaks of her with cold respect, but without a spark of tenderness or affection; though, in one solitary passage, he is warmed into something like an expression of gratitude for her unmerited devotion to him. She was probably an amiable woman; for she preferred the domestic retirement and independence of a country life with her children, to the irksome observances, and the eternal dissipation, of the court. It was this taste, by the way, which provokes his heaviest charge against her:—that she had little aptitude for intrigue, and neglected to push his fortunes in the royal household to which she was attached.

We cannot sully these pages with the profligate sentiments and confessions of our auto-biographer, we shall, therefore, pass over altogether his details of his abandoned private life.

The breaking out of the war of 1756-63, diverted his ambition a career some degrees at least more honourable than his Parisian ; and he certainly served with some reputation as a general icer in the German campaigns of that contest. He was wounded the affairs of Crevelt and Warbourg, and distinguished himself th upon those occasions, and in the engagements at Lutzelburg, rbach, and other places. The modesty with which he recounts military services, is the only graceful part of his character; d as his courage is the only virtue which we can find recorded of

him, it is also the sole quality of which he has uttered no boast. Of his share in the battle of Crevelt, for which he was promoted, he makes no prouder mention than that 'the king, to mark his satisfaction at the conduct of his regiment, appointed him a brigadier.' So also, with unaccountable forbearance for so inveterate an egotist, he wholly omits to record the fruits of another exploit, which, as we learn, on the authority of the Biographie Universelle, procured for him a present from Louis XV. of six pieces of artillery, which he had captured from the Prince of Brunswick, and which continued to adorn the approach to his chateau of Ruffey until the epoch of the Revolution.

After the peace of 1763, M. le Prince betook himself more earnestly than ever to the avocations of a thorough-paced courtier; and, finding that his interests were not forwarded by his wife, he laboured assiduously, in his own person, to confirm the favour of the monarch, and to win the suffrages of the ministers and minions of the day. We have complained that there is little novelty in his history of the court intrigues of that and the following reign; and here we have only the often-told tale of the sovereign influence of Madame de Pompadour, and her creature the Duc de Choiseul, of the successful scheme of a faction, after her death, to place the yet more contemptible Madame du Barry in her station—of the policy of Choiseul in negociating the marriage of Marie Antoinette with the dauphin to support his waning influence by the Austrian interest, and of the final disgrace of that minister. The whole story of these intrigues, though not new, has, however, considerable interest, as related by a close observer of transactions so intimately connected with his own schemes of advancement; and this is far from being the least attractive part of his memoirs.

During all this latter period of the reign of Louis XV. the Prince of Montbarey, in his military capacity had advantageously brought himself forward in public notice and reputation, by his zeal and success in carrying into effect the Duc de Choiseul's plans of reform for the army. Accordingly, he had already, as an inspector general of infantry, established a character for ability in matters of military organization, when the death of Louis XV., and the commencement of a new reign, opened wider prospects to his ambition. The youthful king and queen revolted, of course, from submitting themselves to the influence of Madame du Barry, and the faction who, through her, had ruled the deceased monarch in his last years. They applied together for counsel to Madame Adelaide, Louis's aunt, and it was by the advice of that princess that the old Count de Maurepas, whose fall had been the work of Madame de Pompadour, was re-called to the court and to the prime ministry, after a disgrace and banishment of twenty-four years.

This revolution in the court made the fortune of our virtuous hero. Maurepas, who was connected with his family by marriage, had long been his friend and counsellor, and now, of course, be-

came warmly his patron. The old Comte de Saint Germain, also, who was appointed minister of war by Maurepas, had been the friend of Montbarey's father; and an occasion was soon found, in the growing infirmities of Saint Germain, to constitute our prince his adjunct, under the title of *directeur de la guerre*. In a short time Saint Germain, in the attempt to introduce some innovations into the army, encountered so much labour and opposition, and so many vexations which his advanced years and irritable temper ill enabled him to brook, that he resigned his office, and was immediately succeeded by Montbarey, as sole minister of war. Now M. le Prince protests violently, that he utterly abhorred all intrigue, and abstained from crossing the humour of Saint Germain; but it is very evident, from his own relation, that, assisted by Maurepas, he lost no occasion of secretly insinuating to the king his dissent from plans to which his superior adhered with the pertinacity of age: that he undermined the credit of his old friend in the royal opinion; that Saint Germain was provoked, by mortifications and slights, to resign his ministry: and that M. le Prince, with the profession of every regard for him, finished by stepping into the place from which he had been driven.

It was about the epoch of the breaking out of the American revolutionary struggle, that our biographer was raised to the direction of the war department; and his memoirs are naturally filled with many political and military details of that period, though they offer nothing remarkable beyond historical transactions which are of sufficient notoriety. M. le Prince pretends, how truly we know not, both that he strongly opposed in the French cabinet the question of assisting the insurgent colonies of Great Britain, and that he predicted 'that the French adventurers and youthful enthusiasts, of all classes, who were attracted to America by the cry of liberty, would, if they ever returned, become very dangerous subjects, by promulgating the new principles which they would import with them.' It would have been more satisfactory for the credit of M. de Montbarey's foresight, if this prophecy had been written before its fulfilment.

Two or three court cabals, which M. le Prince had to encounter in his ministry, are more amusing in his relation than his dry arguments on questions that have long been at rest. One story, as far as it goes, remarkably strengthens the conviction which we had lately occasion to express,* in noticing the memoirs of the Princess of Lamballe, that Marie Antoinette was accustomed to interfere in affairs of state, to a much greater degree than was either decorous, or fortunate for the common welfare of her ill-fated consort and herself. Upon some occasion, in 1777, the names of three competitors for the colonelcy *en second* of a regiment were submitted by M. de Saint Germain to the king. His majesty, after some hesi-

* Monthly Review, No. viii. p. 314.

tation in the choice, addressed himself to Montbarey, who was present, for his opinion; and our poor prince, in utter ignorance that one of the candidates was honoured with the special protection of the queen, gave his voice against him, and thought a preference should be assigned to the Comte de Laval Montmorency, because his father had been killed at the head of his regiment at the battle of Hastembeck. This remark decided the king, and the Comte de Laval gained the appointment.

On the following day, M. le Prince received a summons to attend the queen. He repaired to her apartments, and, being ushered into her bed-chamber, perceived, at the first glance, by the total alteration of her features and manner, that she was agitated by some violent indignation, of which, however, he was far from supposing himself the object. The consternation of the unhappy courtier may be imagined, when she led him to a window and began to utter the bitterest reproaches on the opposition which he had presumed to offer to the nomination desired for her *protegé*. It was in vain that he attempted to explain, and asserted his profound ignorance of her majesty's interest in the case; nothing could appease her displeasure, or stop the torrent of anger which she poured forth without interruption for a full half-hour. So great was its violence, that the prince declares it prevented him, in his confusion, from hearing a tremendous storm of another kind, with which the elements were raging over their heads. Having exhausted herself, the queen burst from the room, closing the door after her with a clap that caused it almost to leap from its hinges. As she retired, the minister ventured to say that he should appeal to the king, who alone could be his judge. She replied, "You are at liberty so to do, sir;" and he more boldly rejoined, 'that he knew it, and should forthwith repair to his majesty.'

It may be supposed that he lost not a moment in seeking a private audience of Louis, before the queen should anticipate him; he succeeded, threw himself at the king's feet, and related the whole scene which he had just undergone. Louis heard him patiently, bade him be of good cheer, and undertook to explain his innocence, and to make his peace with the queen, but desired him carefully to avoid appearing in her presence for some time. When Montbarey communicated to his patron, Maurepas, the interview which he had had with the queen, the old minister was at first seized with extreme apprehension at the danger which threatened his own power from the 'vivacity' of Marie Antoinette; and his alarm was only quieted by the relation of the king's promise of interference.

Notwithstanding the efforts of the monarch, it was above six weeks before his irritated consort deigned to admit the unlucky offender into her presence. At length he was ordered to attend her. He found her in the same room as before; and now receiving him with all that fascination of manner which was so natural to

her, she led him to the same window, which had been the scene of her reproaches. She then said to him, "Monsieur de Montbarey, it is in this very place where I, six weeks ago, used the severest language to you, and treated you in a manner which must have offended you, and wounded your feelings, that I am now bound to tell you that I find I was wrong. The king has explained the truth to me. I have sent for you to make the acknowledgement of the injury on the spot on which it was committed. I am distressed that it should have happened, and I entreat you to forget it: the king and myself will omit nothing to efface the impression from your mind."

On this generous acknowledgment, Montbarey was about to throw himself at her feet: she prevented him, and added—

'"I wish to give you a proof of my thorough confidence that may obliterate all that has passed between us: there is an object which I have much at heart. The Comte de Laval has this morning taken leave of the king to join the regiment, of which *you* have appointed him colonel *en second* (and here she smiled). He will probably set out this evening, and I wish above all things that he should not go for eight days. How can we effect this?"—"Perhaps," continued she, "the Marquise de Fleury, his sister, can detain him, if he is still with her. She must be written to, and engaged to prevent his departure. I wish to entrust you with the management of this affair with her. I have told the king with how much respectful firmness you answered me on this spot six weeks ago, and I am sure you will show not less earnestness in serving me in a matter in which I take a lively interest. I beg you to set about it without delay."'

M. le Prince was not a little embarrassed how to execute this commission: he feared Laval must have already departed from Versailles, and he hinted that, though he was not himself acquainted with Madame de Fleury, he had reason to believe that she was not the most agreeable person in the world to treat with. "Yes," replied Marie Antoinette, "she is very silly, but you must try, and make her do it on her own terms." No option being thus left, M. le Prince, with sundry misgivings, reluctantly applied himself to his important and unwelcome mission; but, like a true intriguer, he had recourse to a third person, a lady who had some influence over the wilful Madame de Fleury. The latter, it seems, had taken pique at the neglect with which the queen was accustomed to treat her; and she at first peremptorily refused to write to her brother. By degrees, however, she yielded, but only upon conditions flattering to her vanity: that she should go to the queen's card party after it had commenced, and that her majesty should rise from her seat to receive her, and herself make the request. The anxious negociator obliged the lady to commit her terms to writing; and immediately returning to the queen, he put the paper into her hand.

To his surprise her majesty assented to the impertinent proposal,

on condition that the letter should be prepared in advance. On the same evening Madame de Fleury made her appearance at court; the queen rose from the table, and submitted to the humiliation of gratifying her petty vanity; and the letter was dispatched. The denouement of this momentous affair was worthy of the whole proceeding: the queen's pride had been wounded that the Comte de Laval should have appeared to triumph over her *protegé;* the delay of eight days enabled her to secure a similar appointment for the latter, for which purpose a vacancy was expressly created; and her majesty and his other friends were satisfied with having detained Laval until the rivals could set out at the same moment in perfect equality to join their regiments.—This whole story, trifling as are the details, is very consistent with the character of Marie Antoinette, and curiously illustrates her temper. Innocent and virtuous as we are persuaded she was, and elevated not less by her station than by a thousand graces above the common lot of her sex, the poor queen was after all in heart "a very woman."

But it is almost time to have done with M. le Prince. He tells us that the result of this affair confirmed his favour with both the royal consorts; and he continued to hold his office of minister of war undisturbed to the period at which this Premiere Livraison of his memoirs breaks off—about the close of the year 1779. The last circumstance of his domestic history which he here records is the marriage of his daughter with the hereditary prince of Nassau Saarbruck. This too, as his own had been, was a precious *marriage de convenance;* and for the mean ambition of being allied to a petty sovereign house, he sacrificed his only daughter, a fine young woman of eighteen, to a nominal union with a child of ten years old. The marriage ceremony was duly performed, and the lady returned to her parents to await the manhood of her boy-husband.

The publication of the sequel of these memoirs will doubtless present us with a continued picture of the state of the French court until the Revolution; and the narrative, without adding any thing to our knowledge of the transactions of that remarkable period, will, we presume, like the former portion of the author's work, possess the degree of interest which a lively account by an eye-witness of such scenes can scarcely fail of exciting. The Prince de Montbarey was compelled to resign his place in the ministry in 1780; but he continued his attachment to the court and the person of Louis XVI., for that unfortunate monarch appears to have loaded him with favours. He emigrated at the revolution, and lived in retirement in Switzerland, (where these memoirs were written), until the period of his death in 1796. By some fatality which must appear unaccountable, considering his own devotion to the court, his only son, the Prince de St. Mauris, colonel of the regiment of Monsieur, had, in the commencement of the revolution, imbibed the levelling principles of the day, and was of the number of the noblesse of Franche Comté who, in the

states of that province, voted in 1788 for the suppression of the privileges of their order. Being afterwards, in the progress of events, obliged to emigrate, he repaired to Coblentz to offer his services to the French princes; but the indifferent reception which he there experienced from some of his companions in misfortune, determined him to return to France at all hazards. He fixed his residence at Paris, and succeeded in concealing himself and preserving an obscure existence in the capital until the year 1794, when he was arrested as an accomplice in one of the conspiracies against Robespierre, and dragged to the scaffold.

ART. II. *Lettere su Rome e Napoli.* 1 Vol. 16mo. pp. 206. Milano. Treuttel and Wurtz. London. 1826.

ITALY at the present day may in her literary capacity not unaptly be compared to a man who has been active and industrious in his youth, has by his exertions succeeded in amassing a considerable fortune, and has, as years came on, gradually been withdrawing himself from business, still, however, dabbling a little from old habit, and the wish to keep his hand in as we say; but chiefly delighting, alone, or in the society of his friends, in going over and reviewing the more active scenes of his life. She has, both in the days of her youth and of her maturity, done gloriously. She has formed for herself the noblest language in the world; she has produced poets that have not only gone far beyond those of ancient Rome, but who make those of Greece and England tremble for their laurels. Her historians need not dread comparison with either ancients or moderns; in philosophical inventions and discoveries she is behind our own country and France; but the higher walks of architecture, painting, and music, are her own.

With such a noble and various stock already acquired, and with what has descended to her from her Roman sires, who can wonder that the Italy of the present times should have relaxed in her exertions, and that the chief produce of her presses should be numerous and well executed editions of the works of her literary heroes? Scarce, however, as new works of merit are in the Italian language, they do occasionally appear, and some of a magnitude that would appal publishers in this country. The historical work of Bossi forms nineteen volumes in octavo. Pignotti has done much both in prose and verse (besides many others of considerable merit), and altogether she has within the last forty or fifty years put forth more intellectual vigour than she had done for nearly two centuries before. She has also done much in translation. Heretofore all her efforts in that way were confined to the works of the ancients, chiefly the Latins, (in which by the way she has better specimens than perhaps any other nation), but now the chef d'œuvres of the Teutonic languages are beginning to be invested

in the brilliant garb of the south. Cesarotti's Ossian is well known. There is more than one Italian Milton; and even Shakspeare, long hardly known beyond the Alps by name, may now be read in the language of Dante and Tasso.

There is no country in Europe, with the exception perhaps of Spain, that has a firmer hold on the imagination than Italy. The charm of Spain is the romance and chivalry attached to the contests between the Moors and the Christians, for, with the fall of the former power, almost all our interest subsides; and though the bold spirit of enterprise which guided the first discoverers of the New Continent, in spite of their quenchless avarice and brutal ferocity, demands our sympathy, yet from the time that Spanish liberty sank beneath the blows and the arts of Ferdinand and his successors, our interest in Spain and her concerns gradually wanes and fades until, under her present king and government, we turn with aversion from her and every thing connected with her. But not so with Italy; bad as her political state may be, she is still the land of the Romans, still the favourite of nature; still the Apennines tower in majesty, the forest clothes their sides, and teeming plains stretch from their feet. Each spot still retains, and ever will retain, its classic associations; monuments of ancient art continually meet the eye, and hope still whispers that Italy may once again be great.

With these feelings on the subject of Italy, we shall keep a steady eye directed on her literature, and though the regret which we expressed in our last Appendix at the paucity of her literary productions still continues, we will not let pass any, even the slightest, opportunity of giving an account of what she is doing. Our noticing the present little volume is a strong proof of our inclination in this respect, for the most that we can venture to say in its praise is, that it is a pretty little book, written in good Italian, in a pleasing strain of rather pensive expression, and that we would undertake to recommend it to young ladies and gentlemen who are commencing their Italian studies, since it will not only tend to improve them in the language, but it will impress upon their minds some agreeable moral reflections, and give them some very tolerable lessons in the art of meditating among tombs and ruins.

Of tours and journals of tours in Italy we have, since the peace, had plenty, yea more than plenty, even *usque ad nauseam*. Indeed, now most of us, that are of a reading cast, may say with the poets,

> Nota magis nulli domus est sua, quam mihi lucus
> Martis, et Æoliis vicinum rupibus antrum
> Vulcani.

Still there is some satisfaction in knowing what an Italian would say about his own country. The work consists of a series of letters written, or purporting to be written, to a lady, by a gentleman, whom, though he speaks of himself as being in retirement, as it

were in an *Inveni portum, spes et fortuna valete*-mood, we should be apt to suspect of not having made any considerable progress in the vale of years. They contain chiefly the reflections excited by the aspect of the different objects in Rome and Naples and their environs, during the time which in early youth he spent in these places under the guidance of a tutor. He very judiciously does not indulge much in the description of churches and palaces, and from the jargon of connoisseurship he is luckily quite free. The pensive tone of several of his meditations is not without interest.

The first letter is of course introductory. It is addressed to Erminia, the friend of his youth, who has requested from him an account of his travels and adventures, and

"Of the moving accidents by flood and field"

which he may have chanced to encounter: and in them he congratulates himself on the repose and tranquillity which he now enjoys in his native air, and beneath the paternal roof, and declares his resolution to taste with transport the delights of a studious, tranquil, and retired life, expressing how much the idea of spending his days in the country, far from bustle and tumult, with his books and his recollections, cheers and consoles him. All this is very pleasing and sentimental, and it gives us no small pleasure to find, though indeed we never doubted of it, that there are people of such pure and virtuous inclinations still existing in Italy.

The Forum Romanum now—proh pudor!—the Campo Vaccino, naturally excited very vivid sensations in the mind of a youth, who, with his Titus Livius in his hand, stood on one of the broken Corinthian capitals of the temple of Jupiter Tonans, and saw around him innumerable ruins of temples, of arches, and of columns. 'Alas! exclaimed I, is this then the Forum that was the centre of Rome, of the world—the Forum, the memorable theatre of such great events, and of such tragic deeds! It seemed to me as if among these ruins the iniquitous tribunal arose, from which Appius pronounced the sentence that cost the virgin her life, and restored to Rome her liberty'. And in this strain he goes on conjuring up to his mortal vision the various fair or foul deeds of which the Forum Romanum had been the theatre.—Silly romance, a political economist may exclaim. But why should not the Forum excite profound and invigorating thoughts in the soul of an Italian, or Runimede in that of a Briton?

I sepolchri di Roma, particularly the Catacombs, excite, as they should, a train of pious, solemn, and humble reflections. The following account of the author's visit to the tomb of Cecilia Metella is characterized by a beautiful simplicity.

'On the Appian way I beheld a solitary marble tower; its top was battlemented, for in the middle ages it had served as a fortress. The Latin inscription indicates this to be the magnificent tomb that Crassus

the Triumvir raised for his wife Cecilia Metella. I entered the tower, and sat down on a stone. Parasitical plants clothed the interior of the monument with their tortuous wreaths, the roof disclosed to my view the sky, whose lively azure, beautifully contrasted with the small white clouds which, driven by the sea breeze, flew rapidly towards the horizon, and successively disappeared, forming to my view an image of mortal affairs. The aspect of the sepulchre, the silence only broken by the whisper of the wind, or the buzzing of an insect, and the memory of Metella, who was beautiful and unhappy, all contributed to fill my soul in that spot with a voluptuous melancholy.'—pp. 19, 20.

From the Catacombs one day the author directed his steps to the valley of Egeria, which he describes in his usual simple and pleasing manner. Returning full of agreeable impressions, these are dissipated by the view of the Thermæ of Caracalla, and as he enters the city, his steps are attracted to the church of St. Nereus and St. Achilleus, where a beautiful young girl was, with melancholy looks and tearful eyes, about to pronounce, compelled as it seemed to him by her parents, the solemn vow, which was to separate her from the world for ever. His feelings were strongly affected, and surely it was a sight to affect a sterner nature than his. Let it not be supposed that our young traveller was *enlightened*, and had learned to sneer at religion in all its forms; his visit to Subbiaco, and the sentiments he there expresses, with his just eulogium on the character of St. Benedict, will dispel all such suspicions.

We meet occasionally in these letters with well told stories of ancient and modern times, and some which had lately happened, such as the affecting tale of Caroline the fair Guide at Agnano, and of Elisa Riccardi of Salerno, who died for love. As a specimen of his mode of narration, we will give the story of Orsino, which, though belonging to the middle ages, is probably unknown to most of our readers.

'The wood of Riccia, two miles distant from Marino, is greatly celebrated for the age and beauty of its trees, so much so, that the landscape painters come thither from Rome to copy nature in her beauty. Beyond the wood we meet Genzano, when our strength, exhausted by walking, is restored by most exquisite wine. On our return, we take another road, which passes through Grottaferrata, an abbey that presents the appearance of a fortress, and whose embattled towers formed the retreat of a baron celebrated for his ferocity, whose tragic and well deserved end I will now narrate to you.

'Nepomaceno Orsino was in the middle ages an atrocious tyrant. He fell in love with Eliza, a young lady of noble birth, who was affianced to an amiable youth of the family of the Massimi. Orsino suddenly carried her off, and dragged her to his castle, there by force to make her yield to his desires, and shut her up in a frightful dungeon. One day he entered her prison, determined to have recourse to the most violent extremes, and drawing a dagger, gave her her choice, either to yield, or to die.

'Eliza shuddered, and though she felt an involuntary chill at the sight of a speedy and inevitable death, she yet hesitated not an instant to

reply to her oppressor with accents of anger and imprecation. Blinded with rage, he was just laying hold of the dagger, just springing towards her, when his imagination, agitated by remorse, pourtrayed to him, in the dusky air, a terrific vision. His hair stiffened on his head, and stretching forth both his arms towards the aerial phantom, "Father," exclaimed he, "wilt thou never cease to pursue me with that ghastly and threatening countenance. Already have I with tears confessed at the foot of the altar, that, unnatural wretch, I deprived thee, in the dead of the night, of that life which thou hadst given to me; but let the funeral ceremonies appease thee, by which I seek to expiate my crime; let my terrors, let my penitence appease thee!" Thus raved Nepomoceno, and fled and concealed himself in the chapel of his castle, and then presumed to pour forth expiatory prayers to the Eternal, when a servant ran to him with tidings that Massimi had been taken prowling in disguise in the neighbourhood. Orsino was overjoyed at this intelligence, and when the prisoner was brought before him laden with chains, "I offer you," said he, "one single means of escape. Come with me into Eliza's prison, make her yield to my desires, and you shall both live." Massimi accepts the proposal, and the iron doors of the prison open to him. The maid was astonished at beholding him: "Eliza," said the youth, "I am the messenger to you of dreadful tidings. Orsino leads me to you that I may counsel you to yield to his love. I have deceived him; I behold you; I have lived long enough, and with this last tender embrace let us swear to die abhorring our ruthless tyrant." Nepomoceno, quite beside himself with amazement, was just brandishing the poniard, the implement of his vengeance, but his native cool ferocity speedily regained possession of his soul, and he returned it to its sheath, saying, "Wretch, I were too merciful to thee were I to slay thee; thou shalt live on, but it will be every moment to call upon death."

'On receiving the intelligence of the captivity of Massimi, his numerous friends and relatives were filled with grief and rage, and they resolved to slay Orsino, and thus to liberate the prisoner if yet alive, to avenge him if already dead. The anniversary of the day on which the father of Orsino had died was now at hand, and on this day it was his custom to assist at a solemn service of the dead in the chapel of Grottaferrata, without the gates of the castle. The conspirators planned to fall on him at the verge of the temple. Orsino, who, relying on his native courage, was far from dreading any ambuscade, and whose mind was still filled with remorse for his parricide, encompassed on a sudden by his enemies, and betrayed by his own followers, attempted an unavailing defence, fell, and expired.'—pp. *55*—*58*.

Tivoli was naturally profuse of classical recollections; Horace with his pines and poplars, his Blandusian founts, his myrtles, roses, Falernian and sweetly-speaking sweetly-smiling Lalage, immediately met the traveller's view. Here too was Propertius writing to conjure Cinthia to leave Rome, and come and join him amid the laughing groves and fields of Tibur. Here Zenobia consoled herself for the loss of empire, and Lesbia for the loss of her sparrow. Ovid, Virgil, Mæcenas, and Cicero, and finally Ariosto, had passed some time in its delicious retreats.

We shall conclude with an extract from the last letter, written just before Christmas, indicative of the author's turn of mind, and descriptive of his retreat.

'Before I begin to write to you of Tuscany, I design to repose a little, and to spend in tranquil ease those days which from my infancy I have been accustomed to regard as destined to an agreeable inaction. Here every thing incites me to abandon myself to it, and to fly every idea that is not bright and cheerful. My desert receives me in its hospitable cells, and while the pine billets burn and crackle in my chimney, I behold the fury of the rain without, which, mingled with some snow, and driven by the wind, dashes from time to time against the windows of my chamber. The neighbouring mountains which lie within my view bend to the earth their forests, agitated by the blast of the north wind, and the torrents, swollen by the continual rains, mingle with the whistling of the wind, and the monotonous fall of the water, the deep and distant roar of their waves as they tumble in the valleys.'—pp. 186, 187.

Three very beautiful odes, extracted from the Viaggio Poetico pe' Campi Flegrei of Giulio Genoino, a Neapolitan poet, close the volume, which we again recommend to the attention of our younger readers. They will find its style and contents harmonize exceedingly with the conclusion of the present season, the parent of solemn musing and of serious thought.

ART. III. *Specimens of German Romance. Selected and translated from various Authors.* 3 Vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 4*s.* London. Whittaker. 1826.

THESE translations, which are five in number, are understood to be from the pen of Mr. Soane, the dramatist. They consist of the 'Patricians' of Vandervelde, the 'Master Flea' of Hoffman, the 'Blind Passenger' of Laun, the 'Adventures' of Ochlendschlager, and the 'Mantle' of Naubert. The originals of all these five tales are compositions of a modern date, and in language, style, and subject, can illustrate only the taste of modern Germany for this branch of imaginative literature. If Mr. Soane's volumes, therefore, profess to offer specimens of the national romance of the country, they are certainly so far defective in their plan and unsuccessful in their object. They present no selections from the older records of German fiction; they even afford the English reader no insight into the popular works of that numerous class of recent writers who have taken the legends and tradition of by-gone superstition for the groundwork of their stories; and all that higher interest which belongs to romance, in proportion as it developes the growth and bent of national genius and imagination, and characterizes the manners, passions, and feelings of the same people in different ages, is here utterly wanting. We are, indeed, told, in a short prefatory advertisement, that 'when the translator commenced his work, it was with the

intention of carrying it on through many volumes, and thus presenting a complete circle of German romance; but that circumstances, not necessary to be detailed, have interrupted this project.'

But abandoning, as the translator himself would thus seem to have done, all idea of completeness and consistency of plan in his specimens, and regarding them only as an amusing collection of tales illustrative of German manners and taste, they are not without considerable attraction. We are not sure, however, that, taking merely the range of the modern popular writers of German romance, Mr. Soane has made the best possible selection. We should ourselves, like him, reject the too famous names of Wieland and Schiller, Goethe and Kotzebue; for frequent avowed translations, and more frequent imitations and thefts without any acknowledgment at all, have perhaps exhausted the works of all those writers, and destroyed their novelty in our language. Still, we believe that some few gleanings might be made with interest from Kotzebue. But many others of the less known romance writers of modern Germany might have furnished abundant, and, as we think, better, materials than some that Mr. Soane has used: for instance, Becker of Berlin, and Voss the Silesian. And even of our translator's favoured authors we do not consider that he has always chosen the best specimens. We should certainly have translated from Laun either the "Dog with two Masters," or even the "Ghost of Hilderheim," in preference to the 'Blind Passenger.' We have no wish, however, to make fastidious objections, and do not care if we admit that Mr. Soane's selection is sufficiently good for its purpose. Some of the pieces which he has chosen will please by their serious interest; and others cannot fail to provoke wonder and excite entertainment by the broad extravagance, the gross far-fetched absurdities, and the monstrous disregard of all dramatic consistency in invention, which so whimsically attend the flight of German fancy.

In several of their general features also, these tales curiously illustrate the peculiarities of the modern national mind of Germany; and there is some necessity for the translator's caveat, that in such a work much must be hazarded, for the very nature of it allows of no compromise with English tastes and feelings, and demands that the several tales should be selected with reference only to their popularity among the Germans. It is a singular and most remarkable contradiction in national character, which is shown as well in these tales as throughout the whole range of German letters, that a people sedate even to ridicule in their communion with the realities of life, should soar with the wildest flights whenever they enter the regions of fancy; and that a race proverbially known for the phlegmatic decency of their demeanour, and the staid propriety of their conversation, should tolerate in their literature the most glowing and voluptuous delineations of passion. The translator has, with respect to these points, per-

formed his office with much discretion and judgment; but of the licentious description which disgraces all the imaginative writings of Germany, a few traces are still discernible through the English decorum which Mr. Soane has thrown over these tales.

The best of the collection is the story which occupies the first volume—the Patricians. The time of its action is the last half of the sixteenth century, the scene is laid in the chartered city of Schweidnitz in Silesia, and the subject of the tale grows out of the dissentions between the insolent nobles and the wealthy and aspiring burghers of that place. The burgomaster of the city, Erasmus Friend, has two sons, Christopher and Francis; the former, a wily villain, is enamoured of Althea of Bogendorf, the widow of a noble, but still related to these civic patricians; the latter is a swaggering profligate, who engages in a round of seduction and drunkenness, and is the leader in all the citizens' brawls with the nobles. In one of these bloody frays a nobleman falls by the sword of Francis. The ensuing scene we shall give to illustrate the conduct and style of the narrative.

'The lovely Agatha, the daughter of the city messenger, Onophrius Goldmann, sat at the window in her humble chamber. The spindle rested in her hand; on her lap lay an open volume of the songs and tales of the master-bards, but her hazel eyes wandered from the book to the darkening street, and her bosom heaved beneath its drapery. "Twilight," she exclaimed, "twilight is already coming on, and still my father does not return. O that no accident has happened to Francis!" At this moment, some one burst open the door, and rushed into the chamber;—it was Francis Friend.

'"I have had a glorious row with the vagabond nobles;" he cried, embracing the maiden roughly, "and the mad Netz has flayed my arm, but I think I have paid him for it, in a way that will make him remember me. Bind up the wound, Agatha."

'"Wicked man," replied Agatha chidingly, as she stripped off the sleeve through which the blood was welling; "you are always running wantonly into danger, and care not for the anxiety which I suffer on your account."

'"What, am I to let those vagabonds steal the horse from my stable? In the end they 'll quarter themselves upon me, and drive me out of house and home."

'"You hate the nobles so violently, and yet have married the daughter of a noble!"

'"Unfortunately! And I do believe it is on that very account she is such an abomination to me; but I shan't be such a fool again. My wife won't be much longer on her feet, and when she is unharnessed, my next choice is soon settled; a girl of low rank, when she is as beautiful as my Agatha, is dearer to me than a dozen countesses."

'"Flatterer," murmured Agatha, winding her arms about his neck, while her kisses burnt upon his lips.

'"Gracious Heaven!" cried a deep-bass voice, and the lovers started from each other in terror.—Onophrius Goldmann stood at the door, his left hand hid in his doublet, and supporting himself with the right, for he

was exhausted almost to fainting; but his eyes shot lightning at the delinquents. Francis in vain sought to recover from the shame of surprise to his usual braving tone, and Agatha wrung her hands and wept.

'"So you have at last succeeded, master Friend, in seducing my child," said the wretched father. "May God reckon with you for it!—and you, obstinate girl, have I not warned, prayed, threatened? Did you not swear to me to shun the man who makes you thus unhappy? How have you deceived me!—a long time deceived me, with your wicked artifices; for, from what I now see, your sin is not of to-day. These are the consequences of the infernal love-songs and romances, which ought to be utterly forbidden to women; their place is at the hearth and the spindle. The mad trash, invented by the dry brains of the poetasters to tickle your nobles, is for them poison. There it is they learn to build up air-castles in the midst of reality—there it is they find every passion painted in fine colours, and, before they dream of it, their honour is gone, and—God deliver us!—their eternal salvation also."

'"I give you my word," at length stammered Francis, "that Agatha's honour shall one day be redeemed before the world."

'"You!" cried Onophrius, "a husband! Heaven have mercy on us! Would you send your wife after the murdered Netz; or, like Count Gleichen, get a dispensation at Rome for a double wedlock?"

'"Not so rough, old man," exclaimed Francis in a tone of menace; "I don't like to hear such language, nor does it become the servant towards his master's son."

'"That is the curse which rests upon the poor and lowly," exclaimed Onophrius, crawling to the nearest chair, and sinking down upon it, exhausted. "It is our curse that we are powerless, and weaponless, and lawless, against the great who wrong us, while, over and above all, we must spill our blood for our tyrants. Maimed in your defence, I return to my hovel, find you in the arms of my seduced child, and when my just anguish pours itself forth in words, you meanly appeal to your father's rank, and close my mouth by despicable threats."

'"Maimed!" cried Francis in alarm, and Agatha flew, with loud lamentations, to her father, who, drawing his left arm from his doublet, showed the stump, bound up in bloody cloths.

'"Eternal mercy! your hand!" shrieked Agatha.

'"It lies before the house of the widow Fox, in the market," said Onophrius gloomily; Netz hewed it from the arm just before you killed him."

'"It grieves me; but on my honour I will make all good again."

'"That is more than you can do: though you were to empty out all your gold bags into this room, yet would no hand grow again upon this stump; though you were to dress my child in brocade, and adorn her with pearls and diamonds, still she would be your strumpet, over whom I must tear the grey locks from this aged head. Gracious Heavens! how little must you gentlemen think of us poor people, that you fancy all is to be satisfied with gold,—all, life and limb, honour and conscience! Well; God is just, and will one day weigh you in even scales, and find you too light for his heaven."

'"Only let two eyes be closed first," protested Francis, "and if I do not then take home your Agatha as my wife, and make you a man of consequence in the city, you may call me villain in the public market-place."

'"My good Francis," exclaimed Agatha, affectionately, and gave him her hand, even before the eyes of her stern parent.

'"If we both live," said Onophrius, with peculiar emphasis, "if we both live, I will remind you of your promise; but I fear that we shall not get so far; I fear that this day's tumult will have worse consequences than you imagine. That Bieler has been killed is a sad misfortune. The nobles will be mad, and I already begin to shudder at the idea of the jail and the scaffold,"

'"Is Bieler, then, really dead?" asked Francis anxiously, after a long silence.

'"I saw him carried as a corpse to the Guildhall," replied Onophrius. "The thing, too, happened naturally enough. As my left hand flew off, I cut at his head with my right, and you soon after made an end of him."

'"Upon all this we 'll be silent to every one," said Francis, who had again collected himself. "For the rest, the whole business is of no great consequence. I was acting in self-defence; and you were only doing your duty. If any ill have grown out of it, Rasselwitz, who began the strife by breaking into my house, must be the sufferer."

'"That won't satisfy the nobles," said Onophrius, shaking his head.

'"Let them bite away their anger upon their nails," exclaimed Francis boastfully. "My father is master here in Schweidnitz, and will not let them hurt a hair upon my head."

'"*You* are safe,—but *I*!" replied Onophrius, thoughtfully.

'"You stand and fall with me, old friend. If I ever forget you, or what you have this day done and suffered for me, may God forget me in my dying hour!"

'"Amen!" murmured Onophrius with failing voice, and, swooning with the loss of blood, he dropped from his seat.

'"He is dying!" sobbed Agatha, as she caught her father in her arms.

'"This is a day of evil," shouted Francis, gazing for a moment on the mischief he had wrought, and striking his forehead wildly with his clenched hands, he dashed away.'—Vol. i. pp. 30—37.

Upon this scene all the subsequent interest of the tale may be said to hinge. The incensed nobles urge the Bishop of Breslaw, prince palatine of the province, to make a rigid inquisition of blood in atonement for that of the murdered individual of their body. The bishop arrives in the city with a formidable train of the provincial nobles, compels the refractory burgomaster Erasmus, and his principal council, by menaces, to submit the enquiry to the imperial jurisdiction; and immediately commands the burgomaster to arrest his own son Francis, and Onophrius the messenger, as the principals in the fray. They are immediately thrown into the city prison, and the messenger is put to the rack. But meanwhile the wife of Francis dies; and the messenger, confiding in his solemn promise to repair his Agatha's honour, refuses to give any information to inculpate him, and endures the most frightful torture without confession. With the true German appetite for horrors, Agatha is made at the same time to burst into her lover's apartment, whence both of them can distinctly hear the piercing groans

of the aged sufferer. In her agony at the sounds, the distracted Agatha implores her lover to save her father by the confession of his own guilt. He endeavours to persuade her that his interference, a prisoner himself, would be powerless to stop the torture; and she then leaves him, with the asseveration that, if he does not at least save the old man's life by a timely acknowledgment, he shall himself perish—'that she will bend all the energies of her soul to his destruction, and will haunt him through life as his evil demon, until her vengeance shall fearfully light upon his head.'

Her menaces are of no avail; the messenger survives the rack only to be led to execution; and the revenge of the nobles being satisfied with this humble victim, the guilty son of the burgomaster escapes. Before the old man's execution he sends for his daughter, and commands her to require of Francis the fulfilment of his solemn promise to make her his wife. She appears again before her seducer in his prison; he obdurately spurns her suit; and she then warns him, that having, in obedience to her father's dying injunctions, offered him the power, which he rejects, of making that atonement to the spirit of her parent, she will henceforth pursue him with vengeance to the uttermost. Holding up to him the white garland of roses with which the citizens had crowned her father before his execution, and which was now covered with his blood, she warns him that her curse shall 'scare sleep from his bed, and drop wormwood into his cup of joy, until he shall one day see her adorned with that garland, as his bride for the life yonder in the torments that have no end.' She then rushes from him; and though he endeavours to have her denounced and arrested by the burgomaster's authority, she disappears and evades all pursuit.

Meanwhile the business of the tale proceeds in a kind of underplot. Althea, the virtuous widow of Bogendorf, is induced to promise her hand to a worthy nobleman, Tausdorf, the brother in arms of her last husband; and Christopher Friend is filled, by the rejection of his suit, with malevolent hatred towards both of the affianced pair. Then follows the catastrophe of the piece. Agatha reappears in the disguise, first of a courtezan, and then of a gipsey. She haunts Francis Friend with mysterious and appalling predictions; she attempts some abortive schemes of vengeance; and finally working upon Christopher's hatred to Tausdorf and Althea, and to his own brother, she succeeds by his means in provoking a quarrel between the noble knight and Francis, in which the latter
] ls by his antagonist's sword. In his dying moments she appears
1 her perjured lover, arrayed in the withered and fatal garland;
s : destroys herself to accompany him to the world of torments;
' usdorf is iniquitously executed by the vengeance of the old
] gomaster, for a deed in which he had only drawn his sword in
s r-defence; and Althea sinks into the grave broken-hearted.
] ally, two of the friends of Tausdorf discover the villainy of

Christopher Friend, and after reproaching him with his crimes assassinate him in his bed; and the old burgomaster dies miserably, bereft of both his unworthy sons and of his ill-used power.

In the brief sketch which we have given of the heads of this tale, the reader will easily recognize all the peculiarities of German imagination and taste; and we have selected it for analysis because it is one of those which enjoy the greatest popularity in the original language. The second tale—'Master Flea'—is a wild farrago of "magicke and faierie," in which the most conspicuous actor is *the king of the fleas!* By the way, the author might more correctly have rendered the title of this story *The* Master Flea:—the title *Meister*, without an article before a surname, designating, as all the German world knows, a master tradesman, in contradistinction from a fellow mechanic. The two next tales, 'The Blind Passenger,' and the 'Adventurers,' have no remarkable features, beyond those of mere lively and superficial narrative, to recommend them; and the concluding story of the series—'The Mantle'—is chiefly notable as a fairy tale of King Arthur's court, in which Naubert has copied the old fable of the magic mantle, which would fit only the chaste and pure in person and deed. He has, however, related, with much humour and some novelty, the scene of this famous ordeal of feminine chastity.

This brief account of Mr. Soane's specimens of German romance will suffice to introduce the collection to such of our readers as have any partiality for the subject. We have only to add, that the translator has executed his task with careful industry and considerable spirit; and the work will altogether, as may be supposed, serve agreeably to beguile a few idle hours, and not be out of place among the lighter literature of our book-clubs and reading-rooms.

ART. IV. *Dramaturgische Blätter von Ludwig Tieck.* 2 Vols. 12mo. Breslau. Black and Young. London. 1826.

THIS work consists of a series of most judicious and valuable critiques on several pieces produced at the Dresden theatre. The author, the celebrated Ludwig Tieck, well known by his poems and tales, and who has devoted his attention for many years to the theatres and theatrical compositions of his own and other countries, enters into a close and critical examination of the pieces performed, and of the actors who represented them. The principles he lays down are so good, and his reasonings from them so judicious, that we feel no hesitation in strongly recommending the work to the attention of the genuine lovers of the drama in this country, as his observations will be found to apply with nearly equal force to our own as well as to the German theatre.

The German is, as is generally known, the latest formed theatre of Europe, except the Italian theatre of Alfieri. It had indeed an

old mystery and morality theatre of Hans Sachs and others; but the Spanish and English theatres rose, attained their greatest elevation, and declined, before Germany saw any thing like the drama of real life and action. Its first attempts were made in the commencement of the last century, in slavish imitation of the theatre of the French, who at that time were diffusing the baleful influence of their literature over Europe.

The efforts of Lessing, one of the most clear-headed, sensible critics and writers that Germany has produced, were unceasingly directed against the French taste, and in the well known and admired Hamburg Dramaturgiæ he laboured unceasingly to bring back his countrymen to nature from the formal conventional theatre of France. Lessing was also a dramatic writer himself, and he was at first of opinion that the true language of the drama was prose: some of his earliest and best pieces were prose compositions; but his latter ones, such as Nathan the Wise, were written in rather a rugged species of blank verse. Goethe and Schiller gave in their master-pieces the true models of the species of verse suited to the German language and theatre; but, unfortunately, Schiller in his Jungfrau, Marie Stuart, and more especially in Die Braut von Messina, gave too much into the epic and lyrical style. His example has been followed and carried to its utmost extent by Müllner, Grillporzer, Houwald, and others of the present day, who have farther, by an ignorant and injudicious imitation of the Spanish theatre, introduced the trochaic in the room of the iambic measure into their pieces, and thus established a species of sing-song the most sickly, effeminate, and, to the ears of true taste, the most disagreeable that can be conceived. With this they have united the most improbable actions, and the most unnatural characters: a new kind of *destiny* also pervades their pieces, more inexplicable and more inimical to human happiness and exertion than that of the drama of ancient Greece.

Comedy also, which never flourished much in Germany, for

——— natio *non* comœda est,

has been by Iffland and Kotzebue formed into a maukishly sentimental domestic sort of affair, with wonderously kind, amiable, good-for-nothing personages figuring as fond fathers and mothers; good-natured, indulgent husbands, who lovingly take back to their bosoms a wife who has only been guilty of the slight indiscretion of going off and living with another man; and such other faulty monsters, which would to heaven our own theatre could plead innocent to the charge of having also employed in her service.

Against all this corruption of taste and degradation of rational and moral entertainment Mr. Tieck raises his voice in the present work, and we will lay before our readers some specimens of his criticisms, to enable them to appreciate his taste on dramatic subjects.

The principal pieces criticised are Kleist's Prince of Homburg,

a play of which the critic expresses himself in high terms of approbation. The Anna Boleyn of Gehe, Schiller's Wallenstein, Körner's Tony, the Zinngiesser, taken from Holberg; the Leuchtthurm, and Der Fürst und der Bürger, of Houwald; and Romeo and Juliet, Schlegel's translation of which was, with some alterations, most admirably performed at Dresden.

The Anna Boleyn is a very indifferent piece, but as it belongs to the new school, and as the reader may be gratified with comparing the plan of it with that of Mr. Milman's late drama of the same title, we will give from Mr. Tieck some account of it.

After a very faithful and accurate description of the period in which the scene is laid, and of the historical characters who were the principal actors in it, Mr. Tieck observes, that no more promising subject could present itself to a young poet, and then proceeds thus:

'If our young poet has been unable to employ much or even most of these materials, let this not be made any objection to him. It has been frequently maintained, that a young writer will succeed more easily in tragedy than in comedy, because the latter requires throughout maturity and experience. This prejudice can only proceed from those who have no insight into the essence of tragedy. No doubt a young person may easily treat any subject in a moving and sentimental manner, and excite sadness or even tears; but still he has not written a tragedy, any more than he who has put together a merry story in a droll manner has composed a comedy. The whole affair, when we look a little closer, comes to this, that mediocrity or deficient talent can, with the aid of a language already formed of traditional phrases, situations, and sentiments, which lie as it were coined to the hand, sooner produce something which is like a play, than that the same incapacity could invent the ridiculous, for which at least some portion of humour is requisite.

'The play is divided into three acts, besides a prelude. In the latter we learn the king's love for Anne, and his separation from Catharine, so that a space of three years elapses between this prologue and the play. This division is unhappy, for so much time is occupied with masques, processions, and superfluous pieces of description, which convey no more to the spectator than might have been done by a few verses in the piece.

'The charge made against Anne of illicit intercourse with her own brother is very properly omitted, the religious parties and their conflicts are kept out of sight, and Gardiner, who is Bishop of Winchester, is introduced as secretary of state. All this is well enough; but why, asks Mr. Tieck, is not Norris, one of the queen's servants, which would give probability to her too condescending intimacy with him? It is because the poet would then have lost the opportunity of making him a monitor, a perfectly disinterested personage, the friend and play-fellow of Anne's youth, and her first love.

'He ranges himself then under the banners of those lately-produced beings, who appear in so many of our new pieces, who only love, and will throughout do nothing else but love—who know no passion, scarce even a wish—who talk so nobly, so good-naturedly, and so magnanimously, and who, with my consent, may be excellent personages in real life, but who should be completely banished from the boards of the

theatre. The Germans have often laughed at the confidants of French tragedy, because they are nothing else but mere confidants. But is not so consummate a lover, who neither hears nor sees any thing else, and who exhibits no other character, and no peculiarity, just as ridiculous?

'Norris dreads that the giddy, thoughtless conduct of the queen will be her ruin. He entreats for an audience, and this to tell her a thing that he might have easily communicated at the first assembly. The queen, without any regard for decorum, appoints him, quite innocently, to meet her late in the evening in private, as the king is at the chase. But the king happens to overhear their discourse, and their fate is decided. The queen is sent to the Tower, where she thinks she is merely lodged previous to her coronation, and amuses herself playing with the crown jewels; and the poet indulges himself in a few trespasses against truth and history.

'Catharine of Arragon is still alive. In the prelude she promises an honest and faithful servant and friend, as she foresees evil days coming on, to request, as a last favour from Henry, some post for this worthy man, in which his mildness and gentleness may be of some advantage. And, what post does the reader suppose is selected? The lieutenancy of the Tower!! We must acknowledge that, for a soft-hearted gentleman, he had rather a curious fancy.

'Catharine opens the third act sitting among a set of children, whom she is benevolently instructing in female works. The haughty Catharine of Arragon! In Shakspeare, indeed, she is embroidering among her maids, but that is different from teaching children. This piece of little life (kleinleben), says Mr. Tieck, so sentimentally presented, and which has so often tormented us in Iffland's pieces, is here most certainly out of place. The lieutenant of the Tower now appears, and brings various articles of news. First, Catharine may see her daughter Mary, from whom she has been long separated: she is overjoyed at this. But Anne Boleyn is in prison, in despair, and no one takes any concern about her. Catharine at once feels that it is her duty to go and comfort her, though by so doing she must give up seeing her daughter, as the permission was only for a few hours!! Here again is generosity upon generosity; false heraldry. Anne might have suspected that her former mistress would rejoice at her fall, and this consideration would, we might suppose, have withheld a person of delicate feelings from visiting her. But a trifle of this kind gives our young poet no concern. The good lieutenant's budget is not yet exhausted: the last and most important piece of news comes now. The king has carried off a beautiful maid, intending to make her his mistress, and the mother of the young lady had been Catharine's friend. The tragedy at this point actually gets into a comic situation, for the good-hearted queen is determined to save this innocent maiden from the rude power of Henry. The sentimental Henry had, it seems, lost his way in the chase, and in a retreat embosomed in trees he gets acquainted with this maiden. Instantly he falls in love, but he is excessively agitated when he hears that her name is Catharine. The real Henry, observes our critic, afterwards married Catharine Howard and Catharine Parr. In a few words, she of Arragon annihilates him: he surrenders to her his prey, and moreover gives her permission to visit the prisoners in the Tower.

'There must be here something perfectly unnatural in the play, and I am afraid that a certain suspicion that immediately entered my mind is not without foundation. The king is in other respects a free agent; but this circumstance, his surrendering so cheerfully to the first Catharine the second of the name, almost without being asked, must have been his punishment and his *fate*.

'A very pretty tale might beyond doubt be written on the fates of *Fate*, from the time when Schiller first mentioned it in his Wallenstein and his Epigrams, how from that period it was forced to wind through the destinies of the Jungfrau, and to appear like a spectre in the Braut von Messina, was tortured in the Schuld, scarce survived the Februarfieber, was taken up exhausted and lifeless by the Ahnfrau and the Bilde, and in the present feeble composition will finally expire totally nerveless.'—Vol. i. pp. 30—39.

The queen now hastens to the Tower, quite convinced of Anne's innocence. She consoles the sufferer, and learns from Dudley, that Cromwell, who is related to Norris, has given him permission to visit the friend of his youth once more. Catharine also consents to this, and they take their last farewell of each other before her eyes, and—the piece concludes.

The story of Anne Boleyn is not new to the stage, it had already been brought on both the German and English theatre, and Calderon has a piece on this subject, called La Cisma d'Inglaterra, which contains the divorce, Wolsey's fall, and the execution of Anne, treated in his usual manner, allegorically, adorned with prophecies, and with all the ardour of a zealous Catholic. His main object is the justification of the church from the charges brought against her.

'It may be asked,' says our author, 'what a historical drama properly is, and if it should never be permitted to depart from the real truth?—I shall have an opportunity to return to this subject, and to throw light on it from various sides. The French, who have made of tragedy a rhetorical piece of art, reject every subject near in time and place, as well as all reality: distant periods must supply their materials, and their critics, with great naiveté, determine, that a very remote, still better a tolerably unknown, country, such as China, Tartary, and the like, may, to a certain extent, supply the place of antiquity, and that, consequently, one may venture to bring on the stage even the modern history of these countries. To dwell on the subject of their native land, to invoke what is most elevated in the state, and in their own history, is for them not merely a matter of indifference, but directly confuses them. In this manner they have got their ideal, as they term it, of tragedy. When Shakspeare first became popular in Germany, several writers pursued quite a contrary course. They could not get casualties enough, which they newly stuck into their dramas, together with all the anecdotes and speeches just as they found them, and this crude beginning they termed nature. But if we look closer at the matter, we shall find, in these pieces, much common-place, unsuitable morality, cold reflection, and the like, which spring any where but from the tenour of their works. And again, every French

tragedy reflects to us at least the life of the nation, what its wish is, and what it strains after; and the perfectly modern sentiments contrast pleasingly enough with the pomp of the stilted language it employs.

'Shakspeare, the greatest dramatic poet, shows himself in his historical compositions to be the greatest of historic painters. As he is continually creating new forms, he does the same in his histories; each of his national plays is treated in a new manner, his Roman pieces again in another mode, and his King John is different from all his other plays.'—Vol. i. pp. 42, 43.

We now proceed to Wallenstein, the noblest production of the German theatre, and the finest drama that has appeared since the days of Shakspeare. Mr. Tieck's critique on this wonderful piece is extremely valuable, and it is greatly to be regretted, that, like his countrymen in general, he has the knack of enveloping the simplest and plainest notions in a mist of words, raised by the aid of the sorcerer Metaphor, which must, to common readers, and to those who are not expert in dispelling the cloud, and viewing things in their true form, be quite impenetrable. It is, we repeat it, greatly to be regretted, that the writers of so sincere and true-hearted a nation, should have given into a mode of writing so easily acquired, and which must, to the lover of simple truth, have so much the appearance of trick and paltry artifice. The fault certainly lies not in the language, for what writers are easier to be understood than Lessing and Wieland, and yet their sense is fully as profound as that of the Schlegels, or the present writer, or even Jean Paul, or the formidable Kant himself, the character of whose writings is most justly given by Mr. Dugald Stewart, though, fortunately for himself, he never underwent the misery of toiling through the works of the philosopher of Konigsburg. To return to Wallenstein.

Nothing can be finer than the opening scene of the first part, the Piccolomini. Equally fine is the scene of the audience in the second act, every word has power, and the events of the preceding war, and its consequences, are set full in the view of the spectator. He feels himself transported back to that very period. The table scene is also deserving of high admiration, though Mr. Tieck thinks the art too manifest, in placing the servants in the foreground. This may be true, but the effect is fine, at least to us.

In the second piece, Wallenstein's death, the scene between Wallenstein and Wrongel is most highly praised by our critic. He also commends the last scene, though he thinks it excites in the breast of the spectator too much melancholy weariness of life, contempt of its magnificence, and doubt in all greatness and strength of character; 'and certainly,' continues he, 'a tragedy which has selected this great subject, and which has been conducted with such strength, should not conclude with these feelings.' . .

Every reader must have been struck with the extreme beauty of the scene in which Thekla, the daughter of Wallenstein, appears,

and, perhaps, few more powerful scenes are to be found than that between her and the Swedish captain, wherein she learns the particulars of the fall of her lover, the younger Piccolomini. Yet Mr. Tieck regrets, and with reason, that Schiller should have mingled love and its tender idyllic scenes with the deep and awful interest of Wallenstein's mighty plans, and of the fate that seemed to impend over the whole of Germany. Thekla, however, is a beautiful creation, and we should fear to lose her, lest we might never meet her again. Perhaps her character is too romantic, but what heart can resist such tender melancholy as is expressed in

'Der Eichwald brauset, die Wolken zeihn, &c.'

'Schiller has exhibited no great variety in the creation of his female characters; this is precisely the point in which his weakness is most apparent. His heroines are all so thoroughly imbued with love, that in their lofty and noble passion, they appear invincible. On their very first appearance, they speak out so strong and so full, that there is scarcely any room for farther ascent. Hence with him love is a lofty species of intoxication, or a noble resignation, and in all these characters we rather hear the poet speak than nature. Strange that this very defect seems to be what has won him all hearts.

'The Amalie of his early piece, the Robbers, is altogether dithyrambic. Louisa in Kabale und Liebe is a perfect likeness of her. Leonora in Fiesco is nothing but a feeble image of the latter, because in this piece the plot and historical complexity prevail. The queen in Carlos is just as great, noble, and devoted; and even the most partial admirers of the poet could not absolutely deny, with respect to Eboli, and similar characters, that they are ill drawn. In Thekla, this idea of the female character, which should rather be called an abstraction than nature, expresses itself in the noblest manner. In Marie Stuart, the poet was compelled, by history, to give her more of truth, weakness and error, and she is, accordingly, his most successful female character. The extraordinary Jungfrau appears in the beginning awkward and strange, but in her incomprehensible love, she is again in the *manner* of the poet. It is just the same with the Braut von Messina, and the young lady in Tell.

'If it be said that in our greatest poet also, Clärchen and Margarethe, these wonderful creations have a similar physiognomy, nay even though Marian in Clavigo and in Götz, might in a certain sense be joined with them, as well as Mariane in the Geschwister; yet when we regard the pure Iphigenia, the Princess Leonora, and several excellent portraits, which appear to us in his minor pieces, as well as in his tales and romances, we must admire in them the rich creative gifts of the poet, as well as the truth in his forms, and the genuine female character in such various modifications. Our confused times, and the continually increasing wild anarchy, has made it necessary to bring to mind things like this, which might otherwise appear superfluous.'—Vol. i. pp. 71—73.

A great fault in Schiller is, that he frequently gives sentiments and reflections to his personages which do not at all correspond with their characters, and which evidently belong rather to the reflecting poet, than to the acting personage, or may be more pro-

perly said to express the feelings of an anxious and interested spectator. This fault, like every other of this great poet, is least perceptible in Wallenstein, very much so in Marie Stuart, still more in the Jungfrau, and attains its acmè in the Braut von Messina. And these purpurei panni, which adhere so loosely to the piece, and, as it were, fall out of it at once, are precisely those that are most admired, best remembered, and most often repeated. Schiller, in fact, if he has been the great raiser of the German drama, and the great assertor of its dignity, is also the man who has first contributed to its corruption, by laying the foundation of the present bewildered and immoral state into which it has fallen in the hands of Müllner and others, when he introduced Destiny *(Schicksal)* in so prominent a manner, and poured forth those lyrical effusions, so beautiful, but so alien to the genuine drama.

In the third act, Thekla thus expresses herself to Max Piccolomini.

> —— 'In deiner Seele lebt
> Ein hoher Muth, die Liebe giebt ihn ein—
> Ich sollte minder offen sein, mein Herz
> Dir mehr verbergen: also will's die Sitte.
> Wo aber wäre Wahrheit hier für Dich,
> Wenn Du sie nicht auf meinem Munde findest?
> Wir haben uns gefunden, halten uns
> Umschlungen, fest und ewig.'—Vol. i. p. 75.

'Beautiful! exclaims the critic. Juliet, in the moonlight, expresses herself in a similar manner. But she is just come from the ball, intoxicated with love, and has been brought up at home, and that chiefly by a nurse, who was not over scrupulous, and not in a convent (like Thekla). Miranda, too, in the Tempest, says nearly the same words, but here too the circumstances are different, and the speaker herself especially of quite another character. Thekla's song, too, beautiful as it is, removes us too far from the world of war and history, and brings the play too near to the romantic, into which it cannot and should not enter.' This is extremely judicious, and yet there is something inexpressibly charming in the romantic air which pervades the theatre of Schiller.

The drama, it is well known, terminates with the death of Wallenstein. Mr. Tieck thus proceeds:

'After the death of the hero, will the emperor miss him? Will the army remain the same? Will not the Swedes now, without opposition, command the country? With respect to all this, or even the fate of Octavio Piccolomini, we learn nothing, can guess nothing; and in this instance, as in so many other modern ones, the whole poem is closely attached to the person of one man; he falls, and all is over, without that being explained which so frequently demanded our attention in the progress of the work. It is concluded, but not finished. It, consequently, resembles many a building of antiquity, which was commenced on a large scale, but owing to hard times, and want of means, has never been completed.'—Vol. i. pp. 79, 80.

Our author's analysis of the Leuchtthurm, in a dialogue between himself and a friend, is excellent. This is a drama of the new school, and a precious specimen it is; written chiefly in the trochaic measure, as easy to write as the ballad measure of Marmion, and confined to no more fixed rules. *Das Schicksal*, or Destiny, is predominant, the story is wild and improbable in the highest degree, the characters extravagant, and the general impression left on the mind is cheerless and disagreeable. As a specimen of the dazzling imagery and versification, and, at the same time, of the absurdities, to be met in this piece, we give the following passage. Gaspar recommends his daughter Dorothea to go into a convent; she excuses herself, because she had been brought up at the sea, and she thus compares the sea, and the rising of the sun, with a church and the divine service.

'Und, wenn bei des Morgens Dufte
Mich der Vöglein frühes Lied
Zu der ersten Hora rufte,
Hab' ich in dem weiten Dome
Freudig vor dem Herrn gekniet:
Unten rauschen Meereswogen
Feierlichen Orgelklang;
Wolken Kommen ernst gezogen,
Stellen sich das Chor entlang;
Und die hohe Priesterin
Steigt in ihrem Festgewande
An des Horizontes Rande,
Wie am Hochaltare auf,
Breitet ihre Strahlen-arme
Mit den Friedensworten aus:
" Wachet auf, ihr Millionen
" Wesen, die auf Erden wohnen,
" Liebt und freut euch allerwegen;
" Ich verkünd," euch Gottes Seegen.'—Vol. i. pp. 168.

The article on Der Fürst und der Bürger, another piece of Honwald, contains a great quantity of just and original observations on the different kinds of verse employed in the drama. The following are some of the author's remarks on the Alexandrine.

'The more ancient Alexandrine was one of the earliest measures employed in Europe, perhaps the earliest attempt at poetic expression, for no inquiries have as yet succeeded in discovering its first origin. Whether it only presented an imitation of the ancient trimeter, or that it took the place of the Latin hexameter, or (what appears to me most likely) that it was the musical accompaniment of the military dances of those valiant nations, and was an original invention; our old German heroic songs are, for the most part, especially the Niebelungen, composed in this measure. The Niebelungen are distinguished from several other epic poems of the middle ages, more especially by the greater length of the fourth verse, so that the work arranges itself in strophes. The old Spanish Cid (the epic poem, not the romance, which Herder has made

known to us), is in these earlier alexandrines, so also are the oldest French heroic poems, and in Italy also we meet this kind of verse, even in the thirteenth century, when even then it was called the Martellian verse. This measure is distinguished by this, that it has a female cesura in the middle, by which means it gains a syllable, but, at the same time, more freedom and variety. The French dramatists acted, beyond doubt, against their interest, when they placed the male cesura in the middle of the verse, and thus introduced that uniformity, and the beat of time, to overcome and conceal which cost the actor labour enough. They might have been induced to do this, in order to keep clear of the ballad-singing tone into which that more ancient species of verse had sunk, and into which it falls so easily, as we may see by numerous specimens of ancient popular stories, which have kept to this measure as an easy one. I would still, however, hesitate to say, whether, even in its older form, it be suitable to tragedy. In comedy it is excellent.'—Vol. i. pp. 218, 219.

We shall on another occasion notice Mr. Tieck's second volume, as well as his remarks on Romeo and Juliet. He is, as might be supposed, an ardent (perhaps, like others of his countrymen, too ardent) an admirer of our great poet. For we, idolaters as we are of Shakspeare, cannot discover in him that wonderful philosophic depth of plan, and other recondite merits, which meet, at every step, the eyes of his German worshippers. Yet, it must be confessed, that they have done much for him, and that they have as full a perception of his real beauties as any of his countrymen.

ART. V. *Voyage en Sardaigne, de* 1819 *à* 1825; *ou Description Statistique, Physique, et Politique de cette Ile.* Par le Chevalier Albert de la Marmora. 8vo. avec Atlas in fol. Paris. 1826. Treuttel and Wurtz. London.

THIS volume is intended by the author only as an introduction to a larger work on Sardinia, with illustrations. As it is, however, it forms the most accurate, and the best account of that island with which we are acquainted. M. de la Marmora seems to have followed closely the plan of Azuni, whose work on Sardinia was published at Paris in 1802; but though, of course, the two authors do not differ materially upon many points, the greater minuteness of research evinced by M. de la Marmora, and the recentness of his publication, give his book unquestionable superiority and interest. Mannu's History of Sardinia, published in 1825, we have not met with. Most of the details in the present volume will be found equally new and curious to English readers; for it is suprising to find that no English traveller, with the exception of Mr. Galt, who has devoted a few pages of his Voyages* to Sardinia, has thought it worth while to notice an island, which might be made so important to us, from the abundance of its commercial resources.

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* Quarto, 1813.

In this point of view, as well as in many others, the present volume is peculiarly interesting. It gives a detailed account of the articles of export and import, and of the productions of the country. Some of the articles which Sardinia imports most largely, are arms, hardware and tin, cotton and woollen manufactures, coffee, and sugars. There are some rich lead mines in the island, which might be rendered highly productive; but the want of roads and machinery amounts to a prohibition upon working them. The same deficiency destroys the value of the forests which are found in the western parts of Sardinia. Glass is not manufactured, though the country abounds in fine sand, pure quartz, and soda. Alum is found in great quantities; it was formerly an article of export. The trade in salts might be increased at least two thirds. Cordage is an article of considerable import; a great quantity is employed in the tunny fishery; but though hemp is abundant, the Sardinians neglect it. All the linen and cotton consumed by the inhabitants, is imported: a cotton manufactory has indeed been recently established at Cagliari, but it has made little progress. The cotton tree grows easily in the island. There is not a single paper manufactory in Sardinia. Several have been established under the royal patronage, but all have failed. If a paper manufactory were undertaken, with ordinary prudence, by any spirited individual, who should reject the patronage of the government, it could not fail to become a lucrative speculation. It would be also favourable to the consumption of the Sardinian oils and alum, and would encourage the manufacture of soap, which is, at present, so inconsiderable a branch of industry, that the quantity produced is not sufficient for the demand. This might also be increased, so as to turn the oils and sodas to account. Though the cork tree grows largely in Sardinia, and all its wines are exported in bottles, no corks are made. Some small morocco manufactories exist in the island; they are prosperous, and the leather is said to be tolerably good. The cloth is very coarse and rare; it is almost entirely an article of import. Silk worms are neglected, though the climate is admirably calculated for rearing them. In short, scarcely any of the productions of the island, any more than its climate, have been turned to account, either by individuals or the government.

The chief articles of export are cattle, oil, wine, skins, fish, salt, tobacco, and cheese. Of the latter, a large quantity is exported. On the export of corn, the government places impolitic restrictions. If these were removed, a great part of the country, now waste, would be brought into productive cultivation.

M. de la Marmora says, that general opinion states the present population of Sardinia at 470,000; Mr. Galt, in 1811, quotes it at 500,000: but from the tables with which M. de la Marmora has furnished us, it does not seem to exceed 412,000. Sardinia exhibits the spectacle (though in Europe not a singular one) of a country

inferior in 1825 to the number of its population in 1775. This retrogradation is ascribed, by M. de la Marmora, to two causes, in our opinion altogether incapable of producing it. The one is the number of assassinations, which, he says, always involve the fate of two persons, the murdered and the murderer, and ruin their families, in which may be generally reckoned four persons at least, in the flower of their age: and secondly, the want of physicians. The latter reason would have made Moliere or Le Sage smile. We have no doubt that the main cause of the decreased population is to be found in the oppressions of the people by the privileged classes, which followed the death of Charles Emmanuel, in 1775, assisted by epidemics, and the French Revolution, and the wars that followed it, until 1816. Since then, the population has been slowly advancing, but the state of vassalage of the peasants, the exactions of the feudal lords, and the pecuniary necessities of the government, must be a far stronger and more probable check upon the increase of the inhabitants, than the two causes cited by M. de la Marmora.

The Sardinians are indulgently characterised, both physically and morally, by the author, though he admits that they are revengeful and ferocious. The nobility and ecclesiastics appear to be ignorant and numerous. One individual out of fifty in the population belongs to one or the other of these classes. The dresses of the common inhabitants seem, from the plates, to be of the most primitive, or rather barbarous, kind: they are made of rough goat skins, though some adopt the luxury of tanned leather vests. The women are dressed somewhat in the fashion of the peasants of the south of France. Their houses, which are rudely built, seem to be destitute of comfort, and even convenience; and their greatest pleasures are dancing and eating. Their cookery is of the kind described by Homer, though the upper classes affect the Italian mode. The state of society, as Mr. Galt remarks, seems to be similar to that which existed in Scotland one hundred and fifty years ago.

Hunting and shooting are favourite exercises; horse racing is practised, as is a barbarous game of kicking, which generally ends in broken limbs. Of the rude music, and dissonant instruments they possess, the natives seem also to be fond. Some of their usages are curious; one is the *paradura*, which consists in a subscription of sheep, among the shepherds, to furnish a flock for one of their tribe, who may have lost his—a plan which seems admirably calculated to encourage negligence and idleness. We extract an account of their marriage ceremonies:

'When a young peasant wishes to marry, he first asks the permission of his father or guardian: when this is obtained, the latter goes alone to the parents of the girl, and says, "I am come to ask for a beautiful white cow which you possess, which will form the glory of my flock, and the consolation of my old age." The other parties reply in the same strain,

and a conversation of a strange kind ensues. They feign not to understand what is meant, and bringing each of their children by turns, they say, "Is it this one you want?" At last they leave the room, and return, bringing with them the girl, as it were by force. They then arrange the reciprocal presents: and on the day of exchanging them, the bridegroom, accompanied by his friends, who bear the title of *paralymphos**, go in pomp to the bride's house. The door is fastened, but on their pronouncing the words *honour and virtue*, it opens; they enter, the exchanges are made; but the marriage does not always immediately follow this ceremony. Sometimes it is delayed till the house is furnished. A splendid procession takes place on the transport of the bride's clothes to her house, eight days before the marriage. On that occasion, the bridegroom proceeds with his paranymphs to the house of the bride, who kneels at her mother's feet, and, in tears, asks her blessing. The party then proceed to church, to the sound of flutes and bells. On their return, they breakfast at the house of the bride's parents, from which she is carried in triumph on horseback to her new habitation, where the nearest female relative of her spouse is prepared to give the bride her *grazia*, consisting of a plate of salt, corn, and confectionary, of which she throws a handful at the bride. The reception of the new married couple is generally followed by an entertainment, at which they eat from the same dish, with the same spoon: a ball concludes the nuptial day.'—pp. 260—269.

The funeral ceremonies of the Sardinians are remarkable, as bearing a strong resemblance to the *neniæ* of the Roman *præficæ*, and a still stronger one to those of the modern Greeks:

'When an individual dies, his body is placed in the middle of the room, with his face exposed, and turned towards the door. The parents and friends of the deceased, or, as it frequently happens, women hired for the occasion, then enter, and feign ignorance of his death. Suddenly they utter a shriek of grief and surprise, followed by tears, sobs, and groans; then a momentary calm succeeds. One of the women rises as if inspired, her face becomes flushed, and she improvises in verse a long eulogy of the deceased; she declaims, in a measured cadence, and at the close of each strophe, cries, *ahi! ahi! ahi!* in which she is joined by all her companions.

'This discourse, and the tone in which it is pronounced, vary according to the quality of the person who is lamented. For a young girl, the cries of her companions are melancholy and touching; for a young married woman the accompaniment is louder; and for a person of consideration of the male sex, the expressions of regret are still more lively.

'But when the death of a person killed by his enemy is lamented, the shouts of rage and despair are fearful, and excite in the minds of all present sentiments of hatred and vengeance. His widow has recourse to metaphors. "It is a lion," says she, "slain by a fox—a hero by a coward." She then recals the ancient enmities, and half-forgotten outrages of the assassin's family to those about her, and this is rarely without effect in producing a mark of esteem for the deceased by the murder of some of his enemies.'—pp. 270—272.

* Evidently the *paranymphs* of the ancients.

These laments are precisely the *myriologues* of the inhabitants of modern Attica: in the rest of the ceremonies, we may discover a strong analogy to the habits of the Irish and Highlanders fifty years since.

Sardinia is governed by a viceroy, and the laws are administered by thirteen judges and two presidents. Their salaries are very small, and, of course, (though M. de la Marmora does not admit the fact) they are open to bribery. The ten provinces of which Sardinia consists are governed by prefects. The revenues are stated by our author at a much higher rate than we can think accurate, namely, at £110,000 sterling per annum. Azuni makes them only £68,000, when the population was 380,000; and Mr. Galt, who reckons the population in 1811 to have been 500,000, states the revenue at only £80,000. The paper money is only 5 or 6 per cent. below the metallic currency.

There is an institution in Cagliari of a singular kind. The sons of the peasantry are allowed to come into the city, where, in consideration of certain services rendered to the burgesses, they are placed at school, lodged, and fed, and have certain hours allowed them for study. This class of scholars is called *majoli*; and some of them have risen to high rank at the bar and in the council. The institution is certainly a laudable one; it has been the means of discovering merit and talent in many instances among persons of the humblest condition. Elementary instruction, however, is very rare in the villages, and the two universities of Cagliari are about to be formed into one, for want of support.

Agriculture is in a backward state; the instruments employed seem to have undergone no improvement for ages. The forests, wherever they are not neglected, are destroyed either by the axe or by fire—frequently for the sake of merely growing a small quantity of grass. Bees are decreasing in number—the wax and honey they produce is not sufficient for the annual consumption. The horses do not live long if transported to other countries; the oxen are small; the sheep furnish wool unfit for exportation; and in short, all the quadrupeds of the island, except the goat, seem to be destined to degradation. The principal fishery is that of the tunny.

Of the plates added to the volume we cannot speak highly. As representations of costume, they may possess the merit of fidelity; as works of art, they are beneath notice. A portrait of the author, prefixed to his octavo, is by no means flattering; it is a mere caricature, which (except that the nose is very red) reminds us of the common prints of Robinson Crusoe.

ART. VI. *Memoires ou Souvenirs et Anecdotes.* Par M. le Comte de Segur, de l'Academie Française, pair de France. Paris. Emery. 1826. London. Colburn.

THE name of Segur has long sustained a certain degree of distinction in the history of France. The family had for some time professed the Protestant religion, and during that unfortunate period when the principle of civil and religious liberty was so ill understood in France as well as in England, they suffered severely. The principal means of advancement on which the nobility of the old regime in France had to depend, was the patronage of the court. After the death of Henry IV. the royal favour was withdrawn from the Segurs, the family was divided into several branches, and they all became poor. It was not until the time of our author's grandfather that fortune again smiled upon them. He obtained a distinguished reputation in the military career, but his only patrimony consisted of two small estates in Perigord. He had been promised the situation of first equerry to the king by the Duke of Orleans, then regent of France; but by a singular misfortune the duke died of apoplexy as he was on his way to the young monarch's apartment, for the purpose of getting his sign manual to the appointment. Our author's father, however, was much more successful. He married early in life a young lady who was sole heiress to a splendid patrimony in St. Domingo, and after serving in the army with eclat for several years, was raised to the cabinet as minister of war under Louis XVI. in 1780. He retained his office until the year 1787, when the current of state affairs began to be troubled by the approaching storm of the revolution.

One of the chief inducements which seem to have excited the author of these memoirs to the labour of composing them, was that he might have an opportunity of vindicating his father's administration. For the performance of a duty so sacred every praise is due to him. Every reader, of whatever party he may be, will be disposed to afford the utmost indulgence to a pious son upon such an occasion. Nor can we be surprised if he dwell upon many incidents which, though subservient to his purpose, have little interest for those who are not personally concerned in his success. Neither should we much wonder if he seek to attribute to his father a greater degree of energy, and a more brilliant station in the history of his times, than posterity is likely to confirm to him. This is all very natural. But we must own, nevertheless, that political vindications are not precisely of that kind of matter which is calculated to amuse or to instruct in a book of memoirs. We feel this the more, as the author scarcely concludes the defence of his father's administration before he enters on the details of his own embassy to Petersburgh, the great object of which was the negotiation of a commercial treaty between Russia

and France. He enters very minutely into this affair, evidently proud of his diplomacy, and anxious to exhibit the ability with which he conducted it. We know not how far young plenipotentiaries may profit from his discussions and memorials, but to a general reader we presume they will prove any thing but attractive.

The style of these Memoires is upon the whole correct, and sometimes approaches to elegance. But even that portion of the narrative which is not taken up with political affairs is frigid. Nothing can be more different from the animated and intense strain of eloquence which distinguishes "The Campaign in Russia," written by the count's son, than the dry and unimpressive tone of the work before us. We fully commend him for having carefully avoided rendering his pages 'food for scandal and the passions.' In this respect his Memoires stand most honourably distinguished from those of the Prince de Montbarey, for we do not recollect a single line in them calculated to kindle a blush on the cheek of modesty. But considering the abundant opportunities which Count Segur employed of seeing the world, and of conversing with almost every person of note who appeared upon the political stages of France, America, Prussia, and Russia, from the latter part of the reign of Louis XV. down to the present day, we are compelled to say that he has turned those opportunities to little account, so far as his readers are concerned. They would naturally be prepared to expect a great deal from him, after the following pompous announcement:—

'My position, my birth, the ties of friendship and consanguinity which connected me with all the remarkable personages of the courts of Louis XV. and Louis XVI., my father's administration, my travels in America, my negociations in Russia and in Prussia, the advantage of having been engaged in intercourse of affairs and society with Catherine II., Frederick the Great, Potemkin, Joseph II., Gustavus III., Washington, Kosciusko, La Fayette, Nassau, Mirabeau, Napoleon, as well as with the chiefs of the aristocratical and democratical parties, and the most illustrious writers of my times—all that I have seen, done, experienced, and suffered during the revolution—those strange alternations of prosperity and misfortune, of credit and disgrace, of enjoyments and proscriptions, of opulence and poverty—all the different occupations which I have been forced to apply to, and the various conditions of life in which fate has placed me—have induced me to believe that this sketch of my life would prove entertaining and interesting, chance having made me successively a *colonel*, a *general officer*, a *traveller*, a *navigator*, a *courtier*, the son of a *minister*, an *ambassador*, a *negociator*, a *prisoner*, an *agriculturist*, a *soldier*, an *elector*, a *poet*, a *dramatic author*, a *contributor to newspapers*, an *essayist*, an *historian*, a *deputy*, a *councillor of state*, a *senator*, an *academician*, and a *peer of France*.'—Vol. i. pp. 3, 4.

It is true that for some reasons which the count has not thought it necessary to explain, he confines his memoirs for the present to the recollections of his youthful days, his voyage to America, and his mission to Russia. But these passages in his life, even accord-

ing to his own estimate of it, must have been the most important, and if they be not sufficiently interesting to command much attention, we despair of the *livraisons* which are still to be disclosed. In selecting a few extracts, which may enable the reader to judge of the general character of the work, we shall be careful to prefer those which have some appearance of novelty; for we have been lately so completely inundated with French memoirs, and those too relating very much to the same period, that it is difficult to find in one of those works a trait of manners, or an anecdote, which has not been already more than "twice told." They all, however, conspire, we apprehend, to prove one fact, that the revolution in France was, at least, accelerated very considerably by that which had been rendered successful a short time before it in America, through the instrumentality of French gold and arms. In considering this question, we have always thought that there was another cause which operated much more powerfully, because much nearer to the theatre of its action, and which has been too much overlooked by historians—we mean the example of England herself, whose Parliament at that time was distinguished by the splendid eloquence of those of its members who advocated the interests of liberty on every occasion when it was assailed. Their speeches were then for the first time circulated regularly in the newspapers, and wherever they were read out of this country they could scarcely fail to leave an impression on men's minds well calculated to lead them first to admire, and next to imitate, those free institutions which not only permitted but demanded from our statesmen the boldest exertions of their faculties. Numerous, and beyond all precedent brilliant were the discussions which rose out of the persecution of Wilks, the impeachment of Warren Hastings, and the insurrection of the American colonies, and which, from particular facts, naturally digressed into general theories of government, and of the means for resisting or expiating its abuses. It was in the ordinary course of things that these harangues should touch the human intellect, and awaken in it vague aspirations, wherever it was not clouded by ignorance and by absolute barbarism. The proof of their incipient effect in France appeared in the general desire that prevailed in the early part of the reign of Louis XVI. for importing some of the customs and fashions of England. Upon this subject Count Segur offers the following sensible remarks:—

'Montesquieu had first opened our eyes to the advantages of British institutions; the intercourse between the two nations had become much more frequent; the brilliant but frivolous life led by our nobility at court and in the capital was no longer sufficient to satisfy our self-love, when we reflected upon the dignity, the independence, the comparatively useful and important life of an English peer, or of a member of the House of Commons, as well as upon the liberty, at once calm and lofty, enjoyed by the entire body of the citizens of Great Britain.

'It has always, therefore, been a subject of surprise to me, that our government and statesmen, instead of reproaching as frivolous and foreign to the national spirit that rage for English fashions which suddenly sprung up throughout France, did not perceive in it the desire of another species of imitation, and the germs of a mighty revolution in the public mind. They were not in the least aware, that while we were destroying in our pleasure-grounds the straight walks and alleys, the symmetrical squares, the trees cut in circles, and the uniform hedges, in order to transform them into English gardens, we were indicating our wishes to resemble that nation in other and more essential points of nature and of reason.

'They did not remark that the plain raiment, substituted instead of the ample and imposing dresses of the old court, betrayed an unanimous desire of equality; and that, being yet unable to shine like English lords and deputies in public assemblies, we were at least desirous of distinguishing ourselves by equal magnificence in our cirques, by the splendour of our parks, and by the swiftness of our horses.

'Yet nothing could have been more easy to divine than this simple truth: it was only necessary to converse with the importers of some of these fashions, with the Comte de Lauraguais, the Duc de Lauzun, the Duc de Chartres, the Marquis de Conflans, and many others, in order to learn that it was not to superficial imitations that they intended to confine their views.

'However this may be, it is certain that all the young men at court, not excepting even the princes of the blood, allowed themselves to be carried away by the torrent. The queen evinced the most decided dislike of the constraints of our etiquette, and a decided fancy to English gardens, as well as to horse races, at the latter of which she frequently presided.'—Vol. i. pp. 130, 131.

But we quit this subject in order to accompany our author to America, whither he was ordered to go in the latter part of the year 1782, in order to join his regiment. It was his fate that 'as a soldier he was to serve a long campaign without battles; that in going to meet the enemy he should find him retreating, and shut up in the most inaccessible fortresses; and that as a traveller he should be compelled to be always running from one place to another, from north to south, and from the frozen to the torrid zone, without ever having it in his power to stay at any of the places most calculated to excite his curiosity.' Of course he found every thing to admire in the natural magnificence of the country, and in the republican spirit which had already made such rapid advances among the insurgent colonists. He thus conveys his recollections of Washington:—

'His exterior disclosed, as it were, the history of his life: simplicity, grandeur, dignity, calmness, goodness, firmness, the attributes of his character, were also stamped upon his features and in all his person. His stature was noble and elevated; the expression of his features mild and benevolent; his smile graceful and pleasing; his manners simple, without familiarity.

'He did not display the luxury of a monarchical general; every thing announced in him the hero of a republic: he inspired with, rather than

commanded respect; and the expression of all those that surrounded his person manifested the existence in their breasts of feelings of sincere affection, and of that entire confidence in the chief upon whom they seemed exclusively to found all their hopes of safety. His quarters, at a little distance from the camp, offered the image of the order and regularity displayed in the whole tenor of his life, his manner, and conduct.

'I had expected to find in this popular camp soldiers ill equipped, officers without instruction, republicans destitute of that urbanity so common in our old civilized countries. I recollected the first moment of their revolution, when husbandmen and artisans who had never held a gun had hastened, without order, and in the name of their country, to go and fight the British phalanxes, offering only to the view of their astonished enemies an assemblage of rough and unpolished beings, whose only military insignia consisted of a cap, upon which the word *liberty* was written.

'It will, therefore, be easily imagined how much I was surprised at finding an army well disciplined, in which every thing offered the aspect of order, reason, information, and experience. The manners and language of the generals, their aids-de-camp, and the other officers, were noble and appropriate, and were heightened by that natural benevolence which appears to me as much preferable to politeness as a mild countenance is preferable to a mask, upon which the utmost labour has been bestowed to render its features graceful.

'The personal dignity of each individual, the noble pride with which all were inspired by the love of liberty and a sentiment of equality, had been no slight obstacles to the elevation of a chief who was to rise above them without exciting their jealousy, and to subject their independent spirit to the rules of discipline without promoting discontent.

'Any other man but Washington would have failed in the attempt; but such were his genius and his wisdom, that, in the midst of the storms of a revolution, he commanded during seven years the army of a free nation, without exciting the alarms of his countrymen or the suspicions of the congress.

'Under every circumstance he united in his favour the suffrages of rich and poor, magistrates and warriors: in short, Washington is, perhaps, the only man who ever conducted and terminated a civil war, without having drawn upon himself any deserved censure. As it was known to all that he entirely disregarded his own private interest, and consulted solely the general welfare, he enjoyed during his life those unanimous homages which the greatest men generally fail to receive from their contemporaries, and which they must only expect from posterity. It might have been said that envy, seeing him so highly established in public estimation, had become discouraged, and cast away her shafts in despair of their ever being able to reach him.

'Washington, when I saw him, was forty-nine years of age. He endeavoured modestly to avoid the marks of admiration and respect which were so anxiously offered to him; and yet no man ever knew better how to receive and to acknowledge them. He listened with an obliging attention to all those who addressed him, and the expression of his countenance had conveyed his answer before he spoke.'—Vol. i. pp. 348—350.

The American ladies also, as we have no doubt they deserved, have come in for a large portion of the count's homage. Here we fully

coincide in the tributes which he pays to their beauty, and, above all, to the spirit of sincerity, of virtue, and of dignified simplicity that so peculiarly distinguishes them from the boarding-school demoiselles of another country which we dare not name. He particularizes, with a tender remembrance, the names of the Champlains and Hunters of Newport, to which we might add a score of others if we were not afraid of exciting jealousy. But we find that the lady who went nearest towards effacing from his heart all recollection of Madame Segur was a fair Quaker. They are certainly a dangerous sect. There is more peril to be encountered beneath one of their coal-box drab bonnets than in all the eyes that ever shone through artificial flowers. That coquettish simplicity of dress, its perfect neatness so emblematic of purity, that latent smile, just sufficient to dimple the cheek without uttering a sound, and, above all, the snow white stocking fitted exactly to the foot that cannot be concealed, have a witchery about them which we are sure never entered into the contemplation of the good and honest Penn. We know not how it is, but woman seems to possess in every climate, and under all varieties of costume, the faculty of turning every circumstance to the use of her natural attractions. We suppose that Madame Segur did not read the following passage without feeling one of those gentle palpitations which betray the terrible instinct of jealousy.

'My longest visits were paid to an old man very silent, who very seldom bared his thoughts and never bared his head. His gravity and monosyllabic conversation announced, at first sight, that he was a quaker. It must, however, be confessed that, in spite of all the veneration I felt for his virtue, our first interview would probably have been our last, had I not seen the door of the drawing-room suddenly opened, and a being, which resembled a nymph rather than a woman, enter the apartment. So much beauty, so much simplicity, so much elegance, and so much modesty were, perhaps, never before combined in the same person. It was Polly Leiton, the daughter of my grave quaker. Her gown was white, like herself, whilst her ample muslin neck-kerchief, and the envious cambric of her cap, which scarcely allowed me to see her light-coloured hair, and the modest attire, in short, of a pious virgin, seemed vainly to endeavour to conceal the most graceful figure and the most beautiful forms imaginable.

'Her eyes seemed to reflect, as in a mirror, the meekness and purity of her mind, and the goodness of her heart; she received us with an open ingenuity which delighted me, and the use of the familiar word *thou*, which the rules of her sect prescribed, gave to our new acquaintance the appearance of an old friendship.

'In our conversations she excited my surprise by the candour, full of originality, of her questions:—"Thou hast then," she said, "neither wife nor children in Europe, since thou leavest thy country, and comest so far to engage in that cruel occupation—war?"

'"But it is for your welfare," I replied, "that I quit all I hold dear, and it is to defend your liberty that I come to fight the English."

'"The English," she rejoined, "have done thee no harm, and where-

fore shouldst thou care about our liberty? We ought never to interfere in other people's business unless it be to reconcile them together and prevent the effusion of blood."

'"But," said I, "my king has ordered me to come here and engage his enemies and your own."—"Thy king, then, orders thee to do a thing which is unjust, inhuman, and contrary to what thy God ordereth. Thou shouldst obey thy God and disobey thy king, for he is king to preserve and not to destroy. I am sure that thy wife, if she have a good heart, is of my opinion."

'What could I reply to that angel? For, in truth, I was tempted to believe that she was a celestial being. Certain it is, that, if I had not then been married and happy, I should, whilst coming to defend the liberty of the Americans, have lost my own at the feet of Polly Leiton.'—Vol. i. pp. 357—359.

We do not wonder at it. Polly Leiton, it must be owned, was a very fascinating girl; and here we may take leave to protest in general against the modern, or rather the recent innovations in the costume of our "friendly" countrywomen, who are really rendering themselves every day more and more formidable, from the contrasts of ancient simplicity and refined elegance which they are introducing into their attire. As to the decorative furniture of their houses it hath no bounds, and the ingenuity with which they defend these luxuries would almost enable them to qualify for the bar. It was but a short time since that a certain "friend" of our acquaintance returned home after a short absence, and finding his drawing-room newly hung with a splendid paper of a rose pattern exclaimed —"Well Mary! what do I see? red roses!" "It is even so, John," she replied, "surely thou couldst not expect to find *drab* roses!" The good man was confounded, and paid the account without another murmur.

The count's reflections upon the rise and perfection of the American constitution indicate a thorough acquaintance with the subject, though, in the present state of the world, they appear prosing and common-place. He appears to entertain some doubts as to the duration of the union between the southern and northern states, seeing that, in many respects, their interests and habits are diametrically opposed to each other. But even if a separation should ever take place between them, we do not apprehend that the consequences would be at all important to either division of the federation. They would both still continue republican, and would still preserve their present institutions. We do not, indeed, understand what it is that either party would gain by the change; on the contrary, each must lose a certain, though, perhaps, not a very considerable portion of its moral as well as its physical strength, by breaking up the sort of joint-tenancy which at present subsists between them. The creation of several similar federations in Mexico and South America must tend rather to confirm the vigour of the northern union than to impair it.

It is worth observing that, upon his return from North America,

the count, after encountering the perils of shipwreck, was obliged to put into Puerto Cabello in order to avoid the British fleet. Upon that occasion he visited Caracas, Valencia, and other towns in the interior, and collected sufficient information to enable him, even at that time, to foresee the present independence of the Spanish colonies! It is not difficult to be an *ex post facto* prophet! But upon turning over the second volume we find, what we had not before suspected, that our author's imagination was rather of an inflammable character. He avows his faith in magnetism! Upon this extraordinary subject he must speak for himself.

'Would it not be curious and useful to humanity, to ascertain, by meditation and experiment, how far this faculty of the imagination could be extended, so as to be capable of producing so many impressions, and to occasion such effects on a sick person; and finally, to establish the distinction supposed to exist between imagination and the will?

'Thousands of proofs attest that somnambulism exists; while a thousand written testimonies deny its existence: the learned ought not certainly to keep us any longer in such a state of painful doubt. Wishing to avoid all controversy on this matter, I will admit, that, after having been witness of many inexplicable effects and numerous paroxysms I did not see any positive cures: and yet it was, indeed, the hope of seeing this result brought about, that had chiefly excited my ardor.

'Our minds were, at this period, almost intoxicated with a tender philanthropy, which led us to seek with passion the means of being useful to humanity, and render the fate of mankind more happy; whatever may be said, this is of all our predilections that of which we ought most to regret the extinction. Even its excess is of all human errors the most excusable.

'Nor can I describe with what zeal, and sincerity, we braved public ridicule in promoting the new doctrine, in the hope of consoling our fellow-creatures and curing them. No missionaries ever displayed more ardor and charity.'—Vol. ii. pp. 50, 51.

The count then proceeds to relate an anecdote of one of his brother disciples, which makes us lament that magnetism was not known in the days of Cervantes. As it stands, however, the story is truly Quixotic.

'My friend, when on his way to Versailles to attend the queen's ball, met a man who was carried on a bier. Being suddenly seized with the desire of serving the sick man, and not wishing to lose the opportunity of perhaps saving a fellow-creature, he ordered his carriage to stop, as well as the bearers of the bier: the rain fell in torrents, my friend was in his ball-dress, and merely wore a light silk coat, but nothing could cool his zeal; he alighted, vainly interrogated the bearers as to the state of the patient; but astonishment had rendered them mute.

'He, however, without waiting any longer for a reply, bent over the body of the sufferer, and proceeded to magnetize him with the utmost fervour. Having repeated the trial without effect, he, at length, exclaimed: "What is really the malady of this poor man?" turning to the wondering bearers, who, having now recovered a little from their stupor, replied: "He is no longer sick, for he has been dead these three days." My friend

thus disconcerted, re-entered his carriage, and next day told me of his ludicrous adventure, which I, of course, took care to keep a secret.'—Vol. ii. pp. 51, 52.

After his appointment to the Russian mission the count very properly made it his business to apply to several sources for information as to the new duties which were about to devolve upon him. This object brought him to London in order to consult with M. d'Adhemar, the French ambassador, concerning the interests of the British cabinet in that empire. We cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of extracting the observations which he bestows on our commercial and agricultural pre-eminence.

'However proud I felt of the recent triumph our arms had obtained over those of our rivals, in taking thirteen rich provinces from them, I confess that I could not witness, without a sentiment of surprise mingled with regret, the superiority which long habits of public right and liberty gave to this constitutional, over our almost absolute monarchy.

'The activity of commerce, the perfection of agriculture, the independence of the people, on whose forehead one imagines he sees inscribed that they will obey nothing but the laws, all the prodigies of an industry without shackles, of a patriotism which knows how to make, from private interests of every kind, an united and indissoluble fasces of the general interest, the unbounded resources derived from a credit founded on good faith, strengthened by the inviolability of individual right, and guaranteed by the stability of her institutions; all this wonderful whole made me envy for my country, the same legal system and happy combination of royalty, aristocracy, and democracy, which had raised an island of small dimensions, under a rigorous sky, an island scarcely known by the Romans, to the rank of one of the most opulent, happy, free, and formidable powers of Europe.'—Vol. ii. pp. 63—65.

By way, we presume, of a counter-balance to this eulogy the count is rather satirical when he speaks of our metropolis. Yet we cannot deny that at the bottom of his ridicule there is but too much truth.

'Nothing, on the other hand, can be more surprising than the contrasts presented by London to a traveller at a first view: the monotonous regularity of some quarters of this city, which are quite spacious, clean, and uniform; and the dirt and darkness of several others; the incredible activity of an innumerable crowd of people who are running about the streets; the sorrowful gravity which reigns on every face; the brilliancy of the illuminations at Vauxhall, and in the public gardens; the silence of that multitude of walkers, who seem to frequent balls and assemblies, more with a view of making each other miserable than for amusement; the perpetual movement of an immense population on working days, the solitude and dullness which succeed on Sundays; the licentiousness of elections, the frequency of riots, the facility with which order is restored in the name of the law; the respect shown to the constituted authorities; the abuse that is lavished and the stones thrown at men in power; the profound sentiment of civil equality, and the maintenance of the most ridiculous feudal customs; the boldest philosophy, and the most obstinate

intolerance persisted in towards the catholics; the admiration accorded, and unlimited honours rendered to talents and merit of every kind, and yet, an almost exclusive esteem for wealth; finally, a boundless ardor for every enjoyment, and an almost incurable ennui for all the pleasures of life: such are only a part of the singularities which distinguish these proud islanders, a people apart from the rest of the world, and whose manners, character, inclinations, qualities, and defects so totally differ from those of other nations, that they seem to be a separate community amidst the great European family, and which has for many centuries retained, and preserved a stamp which is distinct, original, and indelible.'—Vol. ii. pp. 65, 66.

Upon the subject of his mission the count found M. d'Adhemar every thing he could have wished him to be. But we suppose that the short lecture which our young diplomatist received from the famous Count d'Aranda, the Spanish ambassador in France, was worth all the other instructions together which were lavished upon him by the veterans of the foreign office. We give that lecture not less for its singularity than for the real wisdom which pervades it, premising only that d'Aranda had an inveterate and ridiculous habit of adding, at almost every sentence, the phrase *'do you understand me now?'*

'"The object of politics is, you know, to learn the strength, the means, the interests, the rights, hopes, and fears of the different powers, so that we may be on our guard against them, and may, on proper occasions, conciliate, disunite, or oppose them, or form alliances with them, according as our safety or interest requires. *Do you understand me now?*"

'"Perfectly," I replied, "but this is exactly the knowledge that seems to me to require deep study and much difficulty to become master of." "By no means," said he, "you are mistaken; in a few minutes, you will be perfectly master of the whole business. Look at this map, and see all the European states, great and small, with their extent and boundaries. Examine it well, and you will find that not one of these countries presents a regular compact whole, a complete square, a regular parallelogram, or perfect circle. There are always to be found some salient points, some vacancies of territory, and irregularities of outline. *Do you understand me now?*

'"Look at the colossal empire of Russia; in the south, the Crimea is a peninsula projecting into the Black Sea, and that formerly belonged to the Turks: Moldavia and Wallachia are salient points, and have coasts on the Black Sea, which would be suitable to make the Russian territory compact, particularly if, by advancing towards the north, Poland were added to it; look again towards the north, there is Finland covered with rocks; it belongs to Sweden, and yet it is very close to Petersburgh. *Do you understand me?*

'"Let us now go to Sweden: do you see Norway? It is a broad strip that naturally depends on the Swedish territory. But, after all, it depends on Denmark. *Do you understand me?*

'"Let us visit Prussia: remark how long, narrow, and unconnected this kingdom is; how many points must be filled up to extend it on the side of Saxony, Silesia, and then on the banks of the Rhine! *Do you understand me?* And what shall we say of Austria? She possesses the

Low Countries; which are separated from her by the German States, while she is close to Bavaria, which does not belong to her. *Do you understand me now?* You will meet with Austria again in the centre of Italy; but how far distant it is from its proper territory, while Venice and Piedmont would suit it perfectly!

'"Well, I think I have said enough for one lesson. *Do you understand me now?* You see at present that all these powers wish to preserve their salient points, fill up their vacancies, and render their territory firm and compact when they find an opportunity. Well, my dear sir, one lesson is sufficient, for this is the whole essence of politics. *Do you understand me?*"

'"Certainly," I replied, "*I understand you,* particularly when I cast my eyes upon the map of Spain, and see, on its western side, a long and handsome strip of territory, called Portugal, which would perfectly suit, I rather think, the compactness of Spain."

"I see that *you do understand me,*" replied the Count d'Aranda. "You are now quite as learned as me in diplomacy. Adieu—go on gayly and boldly, and you will prosper. *Do you understand me?*"'—Vol. ii. pp. 78—80.

Thus furnished with abundance of good advice, our author set out upon his mission to Russia, but, as we have already observed upon this part of his work, we shall repeat our regret that it adds so very little to our knowledge of the characters who figured at the court of her, whom the Prince de Ligne, in his pointed manner, designated as Catherine *le grand.* We shall add two anecdotes, both illustrative, in their way, of the administration of justice at that time in Russia. The first is a tragical story.

'Marie Félicité le Riche, a young woman, handsome and gentle, had come to Russia with her father, whom a young noble had sent for to direct a manufactory. This undertaking not succeeding the old man was ruined, and soon saw himself without the means of existence for himself and daughter.

'Marie had formed an attachment for a young workman, but she had, at the same time, inspired the Russian officer who commanded the district in which they lived with a violent passion for herself. This person, influenced only by his desires, easily persuaded her father to refuse giving his daughter's hand to her lover, who was poor; he, at the same time, added, that one of his female relations wished to have a young person in her house, and that so advantageous a place would suit his daughter; the unfortunate father accepted the offer with gratitude.

'Marie, separated from her lover, set out for St. Petersburgh, and was placed under the superintendence of an old woman, in a small lodging, where she was provided with whatever she wanted, except her freedom, the protection she had hoped for, and the means of hearing from her lover, or corresponding with him.

'Being in the age of hope, Marie was resigned, and expected every thing from time: it soon, however, completed her misfortunes; her pretended benefactor arrived, threw off all disguise, and could no longer be regarded but as a vile corruptor. She, however, resisted with the double force of love and virtue.

'Convinced of the inutility of every means of seduction, so long as the

young girl cherished the hope of being one day united to the object of her affections, the ravisher deceived her by causing a false account of her lover's death to be communicated. This fatal news threw her into wretchedness and despair. Her persecutor, profiting by it, consummated his crime by violence, and then basely deserted her. The unfortunate Marie, unable to sustain the shock, sunk under it, and lost her senses; upon which, the pity of some charitable neighbour placed her in an hospital.

'Two years had elapsed, since this affair occurred, when I was shewn the deplorable victim of love and crime. Pale, languishing, and wandering, it was still easy to trace some remains of beauty: no sound escaped her lips; she had lost the power of expressing her sorrow: with her eyes continually fixed, and her hands on her bosom, she remained in the same state of consternation, surprise, silence, and even the attitude she had assumed, when the death of her lover was first announced; her body alone seemed to exist, while the soul of this luckless girl seemed to seek the object, which, under other circumstances, would have been the charm of her life.

'Never will this melancholy spectacle be effaced from my memory. M. d'Aguesseau, my brother-in-law, who happened to be at St. Petersburgh, and who was affected like myself, by the sight of this young creature, made a sketch of her face; I am still in possession of the design, which frequently reminds me of the affecting Marie and her misfortunes.'—Vol. ii. pp. 190—192.

The second anecdote is laughable enough, though it seemed likely to end in a very different manner.

'A rich foreigner, named Suderland, was banker to the court and naturalized in Russia: he enjoyed great favour with the empress. He was one morning informed that his house was surrounded with guards, and that the head of the police wanted to see him.

'This officer, whose name was Reliew, entered soon after, in great consternation, and, addressing Suderland, said, "I am charged, to my deep regret, by my gracious sovereign, to execute an order of which the severity terrifies and afflicts me, yet I am ignorant by what fault or crime you have excited the resentment of her majesty to such a degree."

'"Me! sir," replied the banker, "I am as ignorant, and even more so than yourself; my surprise exceeds your own. But what is this order?"

'"Sir," rejoined the officer, "I really want courage to make it known to you."

'"What! can I have lost the confidence of the empress?"

'"If that was all, you would not see me so distressed. Confidence may be renewed, or a place restored."

'"Well! am I to be sent back to my own country?"

'"That would be disagreeable, but with your riches people are well off every where."

'"My God!" exclaimed Sutherland, trembling, "is it intended to exile me to Siberia?"

'"Alas! one could return from thence."

'"To throw me into prison, perhaps?"

'"If only that, you might get out again."

'"Good heavens! do they intend to *knout* me?"

' "That is a dreadful punishment, but it does not kill."

' "But how!" said the banker, whose terror had now become still greater, "is my life in danger? The empress so kind and merciful, and who spoke to me with such kindness, only two days ago, does she wish ..... but I cannot believe it. Pray come to the point! death itself would be more preferable to this suspense."

' "Well then! my dear sir," said the officer at length in a lamentable tone, "my gracious sovereign has given orders to empale you."

' "To empale me!" cried Suderland, fixing his eyes on the interlocutor: "but you have lost your senses, or the empress has not preserved hers; besides, you would not surely receive such an order without representing its barbarity and extravagance."

' "Alas! my unfortunate friend, I did that which we scarcely ever dare attempt, I shewed my surprise and sorrow; and was about to hazard some humble remonstrances; but my august sovereign, in a tone of irritation, reproaching me for my hesitation, ordered me to quit her presence, and execute her wishes instantly, adding the following words, which still ring in my ears: *Go*, said she, *and do not forget that it is your duty to perform, without murmuring, all the commissions with which I deign to entrust you.*" '—Vol. ii. pp. 197—199.

After a great deal of difficulty the banker obtained permission to address a note to the empress, who, upon reading it, instantly comprehended the matter, and, after ordering him to be liberated, thus explained the mistake.

' "I now," said she, "see the cause of a scene as ludicrous as it is inconceivable: I had, for some years, a pretty dog, of which I was very fond, and I had given him the name of *Suderland*, because it was that of an Englishman who presented it to me. This little animal has just died; I ordered Reliew to have it stuffed: and, as he hesitated, I got into a passion with him, imagining that he had, from foolish vanity, thought such a commission beneath his dignity; such is the solution of this ridiculous enigma." '—Vol. ii. p. 200.

Catharine usually spoke to her agents and ministers in the French language, and Reliew, it seems, mistook the word *empaler*, to impale, for *empailler*, to stuff! Such are the securities for life in Russia!

In conclusion, we must observe that the translation, from which we have quoted, is very unequal in its execution. Some passages are tolerably well rendered, while others are treated in the most negligent manner. The errors of the press in it are innumerable.

ART. VII. *Storia d'Italia del* 1789 *al* 1814, *scritta da Carlo Botta.* Firenze. 1825.

THE history of Italy, towards the end of the eighteenth century, and at the beginning of the nineteenth, whilst it records a long series of calamities and disappointments to that ill-used country, is, at the same time, full of events of the greatest interest to the whole western world. The contest between monarchy and innovation,

which had begun in France, was adjourned to Italy; it was in the disputed fields of Piedmont and Lombardy that the fortunes of the revolution took that ascendancy, the effects of which have been felt since, not only by Europe, but even beyond the Atlantic. The principal actors of that early stage have now passed away, subsequent occurrences have superseded the interest excited at the time, but the moral influence of that first fierce strife still remains; its good and its evil tendencies are discernible to every dispassionate observer, and they will probably be experienced by generations yet to come. From the success of the French revolution in Italy a new era has begun for the world.

Throughout that struggle Italy, unwilling and unrequited, furnished both parties with the materials for carrying on a war by which her people were invariably the sufferers. Divided into numerous fractions of states, distracted by parties, without one common rallying point, the people of the Italian peninsula saw all their institutions, all the old scaffolding of society, crumble to pieces around them, and they, at last, found themselves wandering among ruins, and obliged to scramble with the stranger and the invader to save a scanty pittance of the wealth which was once their own. But Italy, though passive, was not unconcerned: unlike the people of Germany, who, during the same period, stood listless and resigned in the midst of the war which was raging through their lands and their cities, the Italians were alive to all the suggestions of those maddening times, to all the delusions of fanaticism and ambition, to all the allurements of licence and infidelity, and also, and not unfrequently, to the nobler aspirations of patriotism and glory. And, while the character of their country and the temperament of their minds cast a wild romantic shade on the incidents of a war, carried on through regions of never fading interest, the devoted people of Italy were brightening, with their brilliant southern dye, the destructive scene, and adorning the sacrifice of which they were ultimately the victims.

The attempt, by an Italian, to write a history of his country, a few years only after the close of the great drama, must appear, at first, a hazardous undertaking. However impartial he may strive to be, however ungoverned by interest of any sort, however secure from the danger of persecution, he can hardly be expected to divest himself of every feeling of sympathy or aversion, of gratitude or indignation, towards those who have swayed the destinies of his native land, and who have, either directly or indirectly, influenced his own condition, and that of his relatives and acquaintances. The Othos, Galbas, and Vitelliuses of the age, their friends and creatures, cannot be said to be unknown to him either *beneficio* or *injuria*. Their fame is still held in veneration by thousands of zealous partisans, who fiercely watch over the sanctuary of their memory, to prevent, if possible, any obnoxious record from transpiring, and to contradict any assertion which may prove detrimental to the re-

putation of their patrons. The difficulty becomes still greater in proportion as the writer assumes the authority of a judge, instead of confining himself to the office of a narrator, discusses the probable causes and the latent springs of the actions of men, and weighs their merits or demerits in the scales of his own opinion.

This work embraces the period of five and twenty years which elapsed between the French revolution and Napoleon's abdication in 1814. Before it appeared we had only partial or detached accounts, mostly written by foreigners, and relating chiefly to military operations, or to some detached parts of the great narrative. It was expected with great eagerness, and has excited a deep sensation among the Italians. Eight editions of it have been published in Italy, in little more than a twelvemonth since the first appearance of the work from the Paris press.

It is generally allowed that Botta has written fearlessly and independently, an admission which coincides with his personal character of disinterestedness and equanimity, amidst the trials and vicissitudes of fortune. A Piedmontese by birth, he early applied to the study of the medical science in the University of Turin, where he imbibed some of the principles, and participated in the newly awakened aspirations towards reform and liberty, which were then spreading from France to the neighbouring countries. Like many others of his countrymen he was sufficiently enlightened to perceive the abuses of the absolute system of government, but not experienced enough to devise the proper remedies. Having left his native country, he accompanied the French armies in his professional capacity; and, after the conquest of Italy, he was appointed by General Joubert to the provisional government of Piedmont. The reverses of the French in 1799 banished him once more beyond the Alps, but after the battle of Marengo he was again named one of the executive government of his native country, which office having ceased by the annexation of Piedmont to France, he was elected to the legislative body for the department of the Dora. Re-elected again in 1809, his functions ceased in 1814 in consequence of the restoration, which detached Piedmont from the French monarchy. He was afterwards appointed rector of the Academy of Rouen, but did not remain long in this office; he continued, however, to reside in France as a private individual, apparently wearied of the busy scene of the political world, which he had had full opportunities of estimating at its intrinsic value.

The work is divided into twenty-seven books or chapters, twenty of which are engrossed by the Italian wars from 1792 to the peace of Luneville in 1801, and the seven last proceed with the history of Italy under Buonaparte to the epoch of his abdication, and of the restoration of the old government in 1814. There is, in this arrangement too great a disproportion between the parts of the work and the respective periods they embrace, a disproportion not sufficiently warranted by the relative importance of the contents, for,

although the second period is not so abundant as the first in events of general interest, it includes, however, full as many vicissitudes in Italian affairs, namely the overthrow of the states of Genoa, Tuscany, Rome, and Naples, two wars with Austria on Italian ground, the conquest of the Venetian states, a long continuation of partisan warfare in the south of the peninsula, and, lastly, the war of the restoration in 1813-14—a war which, for the variety of its incidents, and the importance of its results, if not for the magnitude and splendour of its military operations, may be well compared to the campaigns of the first French invasion. Had Botta been less prolix at the beginning, and more diffuse towards the end of his narrative, his work would then have assumed that character of solidity and completeness which appears to us to be essential to the dignity and discrimination of history.

The first book, which is a sort of introduction, contains an eloquent exposition of the condition of the various Italian states, and of the character of their reigning princes, just previously to the French revolution. The situation of the Italians was then, upon the whole, peaceful and contented; in Lombardy, in Tuscany, and even at Naples, the governments were directing their cares to the encouragement of industry, at the same time that they were effecting useful improvements in the laws as well as in the administration. They patronized men of science and of letters, and authorized a freedom of speech and of writing unequalled in that country before or after that epoch. Had the progress of improvement been left undisturbed by French invasion it would have led to more permanent results, and the situation of Italy would probably be now far happier than it is, and unclouded by the recollection of the enormous calamities for which one-half of its families are still mourning.

Whatever were the causes that facilitated the entrance of the French into the peninsula, it is generally understood that the faults of the rulers and of the nobility were those of remissness rather than vigour. With very few exceptions the nobility, although still vain of their titles, and enjoying their too exclusive advantages, had the inconsistency, at the same time, of forsaking their state, of forgetting the distance by which opinion separated them from the people, with whom they now became fond of mixing on equal terms, whilst many of them affected popular manners and opinions, totally at variance with the institutions of the country. They were the first to deride the pride of birth, and sneer at the distinction of ranks, and thus, far from having caused the revolution by their excessive haughtiness, they rather favoured it by their wanton carelessness and improvidence. It really appeared as if at the approach of the French all the superior authorities of society had abdicated of their own accord.

And here Botta has been, and we think with some reason, taxed with exaggerating the privileges and the abuses of aristocratic influence. Taking Piedmont, the most feudal of all the Italian states,

for an instance, he says, that the civil, military, and ecclesiastical preferments, were monopolized by the nobility and courtiers. This, however, was not the case. At the period preceding the revolution, many of the first magistrates and ministers, and, among the rest, the chancellor, the minister of the interior, the two last ministers of war, Bogino and Chiaravina, and several presidents of the senate, had been raised from the class of bourgeois or citizens. An Italian critic* remarks, that if we were to look in the almanack of those times for the members of the judicial and administrative courts, hardly one noble to nine plebeians would be found among the civil officers. Many bishops and abbots, and among the former the celebrated Gerdil, had been raised to their dignities from classes not noble. With regard to the army the nobility had certainly the preference; this was a consequence of the old feudal institutions, when the nobility were the militia of the state. Although seignorial authority had been superseded by that of the king, yet the nobility continued faithful to their old vocation, that of arms. They followed the military profession from hereditary habit, and contented themselves with very small salaries. Yet their privilege, even in this career, was not exclusive, the citizens were not unadmissible to the highest military ranks, especially in the artillery and engineers, as the names of De Antoni, Pinto, and other distinguished officers sufficiently prove. When any citizen attained the higher dignities of the state he was usually created a noble, and thus the aristocracy was recruited with meritorious individuals from the other classes of society.

These remarks serve to show how easy it is even for the most clear-headed men on the continent to allow themselves to be biased by common clamour, and by the general mania for generalizing, and bestowing sweeping censures on whole classes and systems. Thus Botta accuses the Piedmontese nobility of intolerable pride, whilst it stands recorded in his own narrative that the lower classes, and, above all, the peasantry were remarkably attached to their lords. And, from our own observation of the manners of the Piedmontese, we are inclined to think that a tone of familiarity has long been established among them, far greater than can be found in freer countries.

But what we have also seen in the same country, and what appear to us much more deserving reproof, are the inequality in the distribution of justice towards the various classes, the exemption of nobles from arrest for debt, the commutation of punishment in their favour, and other incongruities which have not been altered, as they ought to have been, at the last restoration.

Much has been said by Napoleon's apologists about his great plans for the regeneration of Italy. We doubt altogether that he had any such schemes; he had plans for the augmentation of the

* Osservazioni e giudizi sulla Storia d'Italia.

resources of his empire, but his views seem to have been entirely directed to the consolidation and monopoly of power. Buonaparte's character assumed various aspects according to circumstances, but the elements were the same—acuteness, ambition, obstinacy, and a contempt for fixed principles of moral conduct. He judged of means only by their end: accustomed by the early experience of a most corrupt state of society to think meanly of mankind, he considered talent alone, unconnected with virtue, as destined to rule the world. With regard to morality, his seems to have been a negative character: he may be said to have had but one vice, and that vice was ambition, which he mistook for greatness, and he was probably sincere in his error. All other vices and virtues were to him merely conventional. He would do good when it led to, or, at least, did not oppose the concentration of supreme power in his person, but he did not shrink from any means which he thought best calculated for his purpose. To this dazzling phantom he sacrificed friends and foes, his passions and his feelings, his comfort and himself. He stood, morally speaking, alone in the world, the emblem of human strength and of human pride, the last of the Titans; to force were all his appeals, all his efforts were directed to power, of power were his last recollections and dreams. Upon matters unconnected with state, in the privacy, by him seldom enjoyed, of domestic life, he seemed to have been easy tempered, obliging, and even fascinating. But his material view of things spoiled all. He was urged on by a constitutional restlessness, and supported by a vague notion of fatalism which held in him the place of belief, he had a sort of wild romanticism in his composition which helped to stimulate his ambition. This man, so self-collected, so cool-headed, so mathematical, allowed himself, however, to be influenced by a pedantic enthusiasm for high-sounding exotic names; at times it was Egypt, the Nile, or the pyramids; at others Rome, Moscow, the Wolga, the Caspian sea.* His bulletins and proclamations disclose this power of words over his imagination. Such was the inequality of that strange character, an inequality owing to his imperfect education received in disturbed times, to his rapid fortunes, and to the company in which he had mixed in early life. But he had a genius for war, he had an eagle eye on the field of battle, he knew, also, how to rule men by their weakness, a system which could but lead finally to moral degradation. His campaigns in Italy are fresh in every body's recollection. They were principally instrumental to his extraordinary fortunes, and, until his star began to "pale its light" in Russia, the Italians were among the most abject of his slaves.

Upper Italy (especially Lombardy) having been so long under the French rule, was the slowest to feel the impulse of the times. The Milanese were dazzled by the splendour of their capital, of

* See Segur's account of the Russian campaign.

their court, and by a phantom of nationality. Piedmont had become French, Tuscany and Rome were the most dissatisfied with their forced lot; but hemmed in on every side by their conquerors, they stifled their resentment; in the kingdom of Naples, the upper classes had been captivated by Murat; the army was for him; but the lower classes, and especially the peasantry, still bore in mind the cruelties of Abruzzi and Calabria, and detested the French name. It is a curious circumstance, that Murat himself favoured the ill humour of the Italians against the French, thus preparing his own ruin. A complete soldier of fortune, in whom instinct supplied the place of principle or wisdom, he fancied that he had reason to be dissatisfied with Napoleon, because the latter would not assist him in his designs upon Sicily. He fancied that he could be an independent king, free from Napoleon's tutelage, which he did not perceive was at the same time his only protection and support. On his return from Russia, he began to sound the feelings of the Italians; and finding that a wish for independence was still firmly rooted among many, he thought of turning this to his own advantage. But it was not until after the next campaign, after the defeat of the French at Leipzig, that he began to speak plainly. He told a deputation of merchants that Napoleon's continental system was not suited to the interest of Naples; he opened his ports to the trade of all nations; and, strange as it then appeared, a great public banquet was given in the Villa Reale of Naples, by a meeting of mercantile people of various nations, to celebrate the happy change which resulted from the defeat of the French armies, and of Murat's brother-in-law.

The conduct of Eugene, the viceroy of Italy, was, in appearance, at variance with that of Murat; but, according to Botta, Eugene also did not neglect to sound, though less openly, the minds of his subjects. He had even given orders to the minister of police to write a circular to all the prefects, enjoining them to awake in the people the desire of Italian independence, offering to put himself at the head of a national movement for the purpose, and intimating that Napoleon, now taught by adversity, would not only not oppose, but even favour, the wishes of the Italians. But Eugene's character was not sufficiently determined, or perhaps not sufficiently unprincipled, for such an undertaking. He wished to preserve his loyalty towards Napoleon, and the friendship of France, and, at the same time, to establish the independence of Italy, two things irreconcileable. Besides, Eugene was jealous of Murat, who, he knew, was preparing the same attempt, and had proposed to him to share and assist in it. Thus, between the two, Italy lost the last chance of recovering her independence.

The result of all these intrigues was, that Eugene resolved to defend the cause of Napoleon in Italy, while Murat openly joined the allies against it. The events of that campaign are sufficiently known. The Austrians, under Bellegarde, invaded once more the

kingdom of Italy from the north, whilst Murat and the English attacked it from the south, extending their line from the Adriatic to the Mediterranean.

'This,' says our historian, 'was the close of the tragedy, which had begun twenty years before in our afflicted Italy. Desolated by enemies, ill treated by pretended friends, she had been deluded by promises of happiness from every side. Now the moment had come to decide whether Austria or France should preserve the empire of the peninsula, whether Austria or France should make the Italians forget, by the enjoyments of peace, the insolence and the rapacities of the late war; whether twenty years of novelties and of vicissitudes were to be the prelude of ages similar to themselves, or sink and disappear in oblivion; whether the Italians should learn the French or the German language; and, lastly, whether the flattering expressions addressed to the Italians were to turn out for their profit, or for that of their masters.'—

This, and other passages in a similar spirit, clearly disclose our author's temper of mind, which is that of a man who has seen through the vanity and folly of party spirit, as it has too long existed in Italy, and in whom early prejudices have been subdued by the stern voice of experience, and the becalming influence of time. We must add his reflections on the departure of the French troops from that country.

'The French departed in two columns, by the Mont Cenis and the Col di Tenda, and the French ensigns disappeared at last beyond the Alps, but they did not carry away every remembrance of themselves; the evil and the good they had done during so many years of occupation, were not so soon forgotten, the good being ascribed by reflecting Italians to France, the evil to a few Frenchmen; neither the amalgamation of manners, nor the connections formed between the two nations, nor the union of their interests, were obliterated; the Italians could not shut their eyes to the extension of learning, the amelioration of the judicial system, the improvement and security of their roads, nor to the magnificent edifices erected; they could not forget the new stimulus given to industry and to research, the improvements of internal commerce and agriculture. On the other side, the French left behind them many evils,—ambition excited, arrogance and selfishness in every condition of society, a grasping system of taxation, a refinement in despotism unknown before, the language of the land corrupted, and a too great propensity towards military habits. The French passed away, but the traces of their residence remained. The twenty years that elapsed from the battle of Montenotte to the convention of Schiarino-Rizzino, were to Italy twenty centuries. The memory of that period will subsist as long as Italy shall continue to be inhabited.' . . . . . .

'Thus Italy, after an eventful and murderous period of twenty years, returned, with few or no modifications, to its ancient condition. Victor Emmanuel returned to Turin, Francis to Milan, Ferdinand to Tuscany, Pius VII. to Rome; Parma passed from the Bourbons to the Austrian dynasty, Joachim alone preserved, but for a short time, the kingdom of Naples; the Italian republics were extinguished; the ingenuity of the

age discovered that legitimacy can exist only in the singular, and not in the plural, number. Little San Marino was kept, perhaps in imitation of the now fashionable policy of Napoleon; its smallness and poverty did not excite the cupidity of any one. Venice was given up to Francis, Genoa to Victor. Nor were the governments of Francis, of Victor, Ferdinand, or Pius, severe or oppressive; only they did not calculate the extent of the change which vicissitudes so great and so long-continued had operated in the hearts of men; for if even those changes were, as some pretend, but moral diseases, they required adequate remedies. Posterity will judge whether the evils which followed the restoration were owing to the patients, or to those who ought to have effected their cure. Joseph and Leopold were happy, indeed, in wishing to benefit their subjects by reforms, not to terrify them with armies. Nor, in speaking here to the Italian princes, do I mean to point out to them English, French, or Spanish institutions, which are by no means suited to Italy; but reforms which would have augmented the peace and prosperity of the Italian peninsula, institutions peculiar and agreeable to the character of the Italians. Nobility is too firmly rooted in Europe to be destroyed, therefore it ought to be reckoned upon as a necessary element in any social order which would tend to a free system, and it should be allowed its proper share of political power, distinct from the popular or democratic power, which has existed in Italy from the oldest times. . . . . The chimera of political equality has done more harm to European liberty than all the enemies of the latter put together. Abstract principles in political science are the same as geometrical principles in mechanics; the human passions in the former are what the resistance of the machinery, and the other accidents indispensable from matter, are in the latter, and which must be calculated. The object desirable is civil liberty, liberty secured by law, and an equal protection to every individual. The solution of the following problem would be of great benefit to mankind: *How far and how much political equality* should be given up *in order to ensure personal liberty and civil equality?*—

We have had occasion, in the course of our perusal of this work, to mark several inaccuracies of dates and facts, though generally of minor importance. But this author's failing is his attributing feelings and designs to the characters of his history not sufficiently demonstrated by facts or documents. He seems to have relied too incautiously on his sources of information. This is the more visible as the writer quits the ground with which he is best acquainted, *i. e.* the north of Italy, for the southern states of the peninsula. Thus, about the affairs of Naples and Sicily, we have a repetition of all the trite charges against the English, which have been so often met and discussed upon higher authority, and which, therefore, we abstain from noticing any farther. But our historian's ludicrous mystification in attributing, seriously, the idea of Buonaparte's expedition to Egypt to Mr. Pitt's manœuvres, we cannot pass without notice. It is an instance of the almost incredible gullibility of continental people upon any matters connected with English politics. Botta seriously affirms, that the

ministers of England, alarmed by the prospect of a French invasion, endeavoured to seduce the French directory into a determination to send Buonaparte to Africa, showing to the French oligarchs that this was the best means of getting rid of a dangerous chief, and, at the same time, of establishing a French colony in Egypt, a country so advantageously placed on the road to India. And the good natured directors were persuaded by the English agents, and succeeded in persuading Buonaparte, and thus the expedition was prepared and sailed, and this was 'one of the most wonderful doings of Pitt.'* With just reason French and Italian critics remark, that "people are so much accustomed to look upon bribery as the principal spring of government, that we always fancy British agents every where scattering guineas over all the surface of Europe. For when any thing unusual happens on the continent: 'Behold,' it is said, 'the fruit of English gold!' These political profusions must be, at least, much exaggerated. Many are doubtless to be found willing to be bribed, but seldom do they chance to meet with a paymaster."

This unfriendly and unjust feeling towards England, which would be more accountable in a Frenchman than in an intelligent Italian, shows itself from the beginning of the work. We would tell Mr. Botta, and the other well meaning writers amongst his countrymen, that in thus quarrelling with England they act very injudiciously, that England has behaved honourably to her friends, and that she has often done good to strangers as far as her duties to herself would allow. But England, of course, is not obliged to act the part of the Knight of La Mancha, and sacrifice herself to redress the wrongs of every country, in order to reap such gratitude as foreigners seem disposed to bestow in return.

We are sorry that Mr. Botta should have indulged in these vagaries, because we really give him credit for his wish to be sincere; he ought to have recollected, however, that sincerity alone does not constitute truth. Men may be sincere in error; but this sort of sincerity is no justification for the historian, whose office is to discover and relate truth, and not trust too much to common report, and equivocal information. It is a matter of regret to us, that a writer, endowed with eloquence and acuteness, unshackled by party spirit or interest, who has spoken more openly and independently than any of his countrymen for ages past, should have been at times neglectful of that discrimination so essential to history. He has been lavish of his blame to all parties, and by his inconsiderate manner of distributing his blows, right and left, against friends or foes, he has laid himself open to the attacks of all; liberals and ultras, religionists and infidels, countrymen and foreigners. Some have accused him, and we are convinced most unjustly, of being in the interests of Austria, others of being still

* Lib. xiv.

tainted with revolutionary sentiments. The critics of Rome and Modena have charged him with sedition, and almost heresy; others with having praised too highly the energy of certain monks in defence of religion. The French have accused him of being too severe upon them, the Italians of having accepted employment under the French. But all these charges would weigh little with us, if the historian had always stated facts correctly, and supported them by authentic documents. That this, however, is not always the case, is but too evident.

We should treat with more indulgence his fondness for oratorical display, and the numerous speeches with which, after the manner of Livy, he bespangles his narrative even to satiety. His descriptions of great events, of the bustle of the camp, of the din of battle, of the sufferings of the devoted people, the victims of the sword or of pillage, of famine or of pestilence, have all the animation and the boldness of the best masters of historical writing; we would point out especially the description of the siege of Genoa, the passage of St. Bernard by Bonaparte, that of the Spluger by Macdonald, the catastrophe of Preveza and Nicopolis, and the destruction of the Calabrian insurgents by Manes. We could have wished for more statistical details of the internal resources of the Italian states, so varied from one another, and so little known in general. More dates would also add to the clearness of the narrative.

Botta himself appears to have been fully aware of the difficulties which awaited him in the execution of his task. To speak the language of sincere and sober truth, not only to princes and ministers, but also to the people, requires an astonishing effort of fearless energy in a continental writer. The tyranny of faction, the jealousy of party spirit, are not the less active because they are obliged to wear a mask. They cannot, it is true, imprison the body, or sequestrate the property, but they attack the reputation, and ruin the peace, and mar the prospects of their antagonists.

We look upon Botta's work, notwithstanding its faults, as being one of the most remarkable productions of Italian literature in the present age, and as worthy of being classed with the writings of the great historians that have at various epochs illustrated that interesting country. The moral influence of the history we consider, on the whole, as likely to prove beneficial to a public such as the Italian, more afraid of opinion than of power, and who, long accustomed to a dictatorship in literature, have adopted a tone of timid courtesy towards the prevailing prejudices of the times, being a kind of servility which is not so much in the minds as in the manners of that indolent though highly susceptible people.

With regard to Botta's language, it appears to us generally pure, though not always free from certain vulgarisms little suited to the dignity of the subject, whilst his phraseology is at times strained into an imitation of the circumlocutions of the early Italian prose writers, and their sententious and magisterial oratory.

ART. VIII. *Memoires sur les évènemens qui ont précédé la Mort de Joachim I., roi des Deux Siciles ;* par Franceschetti, ex-General, soirtant du service de Naples ; *suivi de la Correspondance privée de ce Général avec la Reine, Comtesse de Lipano.* 8vo. pp. 245. 6*s*. Baudoin Freres ; Paris. Treuttel and Wurtz. London. 1826.

OF the many romantic incidents which are to be found in the history of Europe, during the last thirty-five years, there are few more dramatic than those which signalized the career and death of Murat. From the commencement of his military adventures, under Napoleon, he spurned the ordinary path of life, and conducted himself more like the hero of a fiction than a soldier engaged in the real toils and perils of war. His dress, even upon occasions when men are least disposed to pay attention to such matters, was brilliant and theatrical. His hat was covered with a white plume which was always seen shining in the thickest of the fight. The eye of Buonaparte was wont to follow it through the field ; for Murat, brave as he undoubtedly was, and popular with the army, never seemed to excite the jealousy of his master. Upon his entry into Spain he appeared decked out in all the splendour of an eastern prince ; and his court at Naples, if not remarkable for any solid dignity, was, at least, distinguished by the external pomp with which it was surrounded. Under all the circumstances of the case, his death, though we admit that it was consonant to law, was, perhaps, the extreme of justice ; it was certainly unnecessary ; but, at the same time, it was in singular unison with the whole of his active life,—it was the catastrophe of the tragedy in which he had sustained so imposing a part.

Of that catastrophe, and of the circumstances which immediately preceded and followed it, we have seen, from time to time, various accounts, no one of them corresponding with another. We believe that, even to this day, a very general impression prevails that Murat was the victim of a group of armed peasantry, who took him to a rising ground immediately after he landed on the Calabrian coast, and shot him without any ceremony. The memoires before us show this story to be incorrect, and afford several extremely interesting particulars concerning the ex-king's attempt to recover his former throne, which have not been hitherto known to the public. The author, General—or, we believe, more properly speaking—Colonel Franceschetti, is a native of Corsica, who entered into Murat's service after that island was ceded by Napoleon (1806) to his brother-in-law of Naples. He appears to have received many tokens f Murat's favour, and to have remembered them with affectionate ratitude after that unfortunate adventurer had no longer any wards to bestow. The testimony afforded by different persons ho have corresponded with him, as to the respectability of his mily and the general merit of his private character, is sufficient itself to gain him the confidence of his readers, even if the inter- l evidence of his narrative did not prove it to be authentic. His

personal connection with the history of Murat seems to have been ultimately productive to him of nothing but misfortune and ruin; he lost all his private fortune in the cause, and seems to have no chance of compensation from Madame Murat, or any member of her family. We suspect that the motive which led him to publish this work at the present moment, so many years after the principal event which it relates, was the desire to subject that lady's treatment of him to the scrutiny, and, perhaps, to the censure of public opinion. We shall briefly glance at this portion of his memoires after we have disposed of the more important matter which they contain.

The colonel premises that much is not to be expected from his narrative in a literary point of view, as the belles-lettres have never formed his principal occupation. We must observe, however, that he needed not to have solicited the indulgence of his readers upon this head, as he writes with clearness and simplicity. He commences his memoires at that period when the defection of Joachim's army, and the approach of the Austrians to his capital left that individual no other means of escape than by embarking in a vessel which was about to sail for France. Murat arrived on the coast of Provence about the latter end of May 1815, and, after a sojourn of some days at Cannes, he proceeded to Toulon, where he lived as privately as possible until after the battle of Waterloo. He then became apprehensive of pursuit, and seems to have led a wandering life, concealing himself, as well as he could, among the peasantry of Provence, during the whole of the month of July and the greater part of August. He was received with hospitality, and treated with inviolable fidelity wherever he made himself known. On one occasion, when a detachment of soldiers was in pursuit of him, he was concealed in a pit dug in the earth, and covered over with some branches and leaves of trees; at another time, when search was making for him in a cottage which had sheltered him for some days, he was placed in an outhouse, between a large hen-coop and the wall, and thus escaped detection. Wearied out with such a painful kind of life as this, he at length, towards the middle of August, hired a merchant vessel, on board of which every thing in the shape of property that remained to him was embarked, including a sum of two hundred thousand francs, and placed under the care of his aides-de-camp, Rosetti, Rocca-Romana, and Bonafoux.—The vessel waited for him at some distance from the beach; but as soon as he was seen approaching in a small boat, the anchor was weighed, the vessel stood out to sea, and the unfortunate exking saw himself obliged to return to the shore. Thus abandoned by his aides-de-camp, he wandered about the country again for some days, until, by the assistance of three officers of marine, Blancard, Langlade, and Donnadieu, he was enabled to put out to sea in a small boat, with the view of waiting for the post-office packet, which sailed every Thursday from Toulon for Corsica. He

was accompanied by those officers; and, after encountering some danger, they at length descried the packet, were received on board, and landed safely at their destination on the twenty-fifth of August.

Soon after Murat had arrived in France he had applied to the allied powers for a passport, to enable him to join his wife and family, who found a safe asylum in the Austrian dominions. He had as yet received no answer to his application; and Franceschetti relates that this neglect wounded the pride of the ex-king severely. He was still more deeply pained by the total indifference with which his situation seemed to have been looked upon by his consort. The queen, who had already taken the name of the Countess of Lipano, was informed of the means by which she might communicate with him; but from the moment of his arrival in France until that of his death, he never received a single line from her, nor had he any one reason to suppose that she was in the least degree interested in his fate. It is not difficult to believe that she was led into this feeling of indifference by the part which her husband took in the campaign of 1814,—a part which undoubtedly contributed its share to the downfal of her brother, and by consequence to the utter extinction of her house. Whatever was the cause, her total abandonment of her husband, particularly under the misfortunes which came upon him, can hardly be excused to the sister, and cannot be considered as otherwise than disgraceful to the wife.

Upon his arrival at Bastia Murat and his three companions proceeded to Vescovato, where they were told Franceschetti resided. The latter had followed Murat from Italy to Provence, and, after remaining with him a few days, obtained leave of absence to visit his family, who lived at Vescovato. He was seated tranquilly at home when, about mid-day on the 25th of August, he was told that a stranger was at the door, who demanded hospitality. He was desired to enter. A person made his appearance envelloped in a cloak, his head concealed in a silk cap, his beard much grown, and his pantaloons, gaiters, and shoes those of a private soldier; he was worn out with fatigue. What was the surprise of Franceschetti when, under this rude exterior, he recognized his late sovereign! After taking some repose and refreshment, of which he stood much in need, he briefly related his recent sufferings, and then spoke of the queen.

'"I know," said he, "that she has arrived in Austria, attended by my ministers, and by different officers of my household, several of whom were particularly attached to me, and that they are not ignorant of the miserable days which I have lately spent in the south of France, exposed to the arm of assassins. Upon their arrival in Austria some of them should have made exertions to obtain permission from the emperor to join me, in order that they might afford me intelligence of my wife and my children, inform themselves of the difficult and melancholy circumstances in which I was involved, rescue me from the dangers by which I was surrounded, and restore me to the bosom of my family. But I know not to what

fatality it is to be attributed that I have been altogether forgotten by these persons—on whom I have conferred so many benefits." '—pp. 11, 12.

Scarcely had Murat set his foot on the soil of Corsica when it was rumoured, or at least apprehended by the authorities, that he came to make himself master of the island. Proper precautions however were taken in order to disabuse them of this error; indeed nothing seemed to have been more remote from Murat's ideas than such a project; and in order to place his intentions beyond all suspicion, he determined on quitting Corsica by way of Ajaccio. This, it may be remembered, is the native place of the Buonaparte family, to which Murat was allied by marriage. Upon his arrival (23d September) there the whole population pressed around him; he was borne in triumph to his lodgings, which were at an auberge of a very humble appearance. This reception had a powerful effect upon his mind.

' "How deeply I feel," he exclaimed to Franceschetti, "the manner in which the inhabitants of Ajaccio have received me! Great God, what recollections they awaken in my soul! Naples and my people are again before me. I have seen the multitude and its exultation; I have heard its shouts of joy. It was thus I was received in my capital every time I returned from the grand army."

'Some tears ran down his cheek. He took both my hands, and pressing them warmly, he added with great animation—"It is done—I have no desire but to live or die but among my own people. We shall see Naples—let us hasten away." '—p. 33.

Franceschetti seems to have disapproved of this resolution, and to have remonstrated against it. However suddenly expressed, it was not altogether new to him, as about a month before that time he was aware that Murat had sent a confidential person to Naples in order to acquire information as to the real state of affairs there, particularly as to the popularity of the restored government. Franceschetti again and again entreated Murat to await the arrival of this messenger; and it is probable that if he had acted upon that advice, he would never have made his disastrous descent on the Calabrian coast. The individual in question returned to Corsica on the 12th of October, with the most earnest instructions from Murat's friends in Naples not to attempt a return to his former kingdom, for that it would certainly end in his destruction. But his fate was sealed. He was deaf to every reason that was urged against his expedition; no representation or entreaty could move him from his purpose. His pecuniary means for such an object were utterly contemptible. Franceschetti was already nearly impoverished by having been obliged to entertain Joachim and his suite, and his numerous visitors, for nearly a month: he had only four thousand francs to lend him on this occasion, and the sums which he was able to muster in addition to this did not altogether exceed four thousand pounds. Out of this paltry exchequer he had to defray the expenses attending the hire of six small vessels

which were engaged for his service, and to support two hundred and fifty armed men, who were by some means induced to embark with him on this ludicrous enterprise.

Murat was just about to take his departure from Ajaccio on the 28th September, when M. Maceroni, formerly an officer of artillery in his service, arrived there, and placed in his hands a passport signed by Sir Charles Stuart, the Prince de Schwartzenberg, and Prince Metternich, to which the latter added the offer of an asylum in Bohemia or Upper Austria, upon the following conditions: that the king would pledge his parole not to leave the Austrian dominions without the consent of the emperor; that he would live as a private individual of distinction; that he would assume the name of Lipano, which the queen had already selected; and submit to the laws of the Austrian empire. Upon reading this document he exclaimed, with some anger—"No—I shall never willingly be an object of triumph to the house of Austria; I refuse the asylum which is offered me upon such conditions. I shall never again see the queen unless upon the throne of Naples." The same evening he signed a paper acknowledging the receipt of the passport, and stating that he would avail himself of it. This paper was evidently intended only to lull suspicions for the moment, as at midnight he wrote a letter of quite an opposite tendency, which he left to be delivered, the day after his departure, to Maceroni. In that letter he recapitulates the sufferings which he had undergone, states broadly his claims to the throne of Naples, and unequivocally rejects the conditions which Maceroni was authorised to offer him. There is one passage in it rather remarkable, as it confirms the charge made by the friends of Buonaparte, that Murat acted a treacherous part towards the founder of his fortunes in 1814.

'"The terms," he says, "which you are authorised to propose to me, import nothing less than a complete abdication, upon the sole condition that I shall be permitted to live in perpetual slavery, and under the rule of an arbitrary and a despotic government. Where is the moderation, the justice of such a condition as this? Where is the consideration due to an unfortunate monarch, formally acknowledged by all Europe, and who, *in a critical moment, decided the campaign of* 1814 *in favour of those same powers* who at present overwhelm him with the excessive weight of their persecutions?" '—pp. 42, 43.

Murat then goes on to state, that his movement against the Austrians, in order to drive them to the Po, was the result of an intrigue, by which he was persuaded that they were preparing to attack him in consequence of the intervention of England. His total retreat from the Po he attributes to the declaration of Lord Bentinck, that he would feel himself under the necessity of affording assistance to the Austrians if they should require it. The defection of his army he ascribes chiefly to reports which were artfully diffused of his death, and of the landing of the English at Naples.

' " There exists not at this moment," he thus flatters himself, " a single individual of that army who has not repented of his error. I go to join them again, for they ardently desire to see me at their head. They have to a man preserved their affection for me, as well as all the other classes of my well-beloved subjects. I have not abdicated; I have the right of reconquering my crown, if God should give me strength and means to do so. My existence on the throne of Naples can no longer be the cause of alarm, for I cannot be suspected of secretly corresponding with Napoleon who is at St. Helena." '—pp. 43, 44.

After writing this letter, Murat set sail from Ajaccio at midnight on the 28th of September. Besides the vessel in which he was himself embarked, under the command of Captain Barbara, five others which were engaged for this expedition accompanied him. Not one of them was sea-worthy; yet they had on board two hundred and fifty armed men. A certain General Ottavij, who joined Murat at Ajaccio, swore that he would never abandon his majesty on such a critical emergency. He disappeared on the evening of the embarkation. The second night of their voyage a violent gale dispersed the flotilla, and drove the ex-king to the coast of Sardinia, where he was all but wrecked. They all assembled again at the uninhabited island of Tavolara, and on the 30th they pursued their course. On the evening of the 6th of October they arrived within three leagues of Paola, upon the Calabrian coast, but another gale drove them out to sea, and once more the little fleet was scattered. On the 7th, at the dawn, Barbara entered the road of St. Lucido, where one of the vessels belonging to the expedition was discovered. Murat directed two of his followers to land, for the purpose of gaining intelligence. They were both arrested. A third vessel, commanded by a chef de bataillon named Courrand, was seen in the course of the day, and ordered to join. Upon being questioned about the other vessels, he declared that he had not seen them since the last gale. It was reported to Murat that Courrand had in fact entered into an understanding with those vessels, and that they were determined to keep as far as possible from the Calabrian coast, in order to avoid the projected descent. Barbara was desired to take Courrand's vessel in tow. It had fifty veterans on board, on whom Murat chiefly depended. At midnight Courrand cut the rope and ran away. Murat was in despair. Franceschetti renewed his remonstrances against landing, and seemed to have prevailed; for Joachim, seeing that the flotilla was dispersed, and that but a mere handful of men remained to him, declared that his enterprise was no longer rational, that he would proceed to Trieste, and accept the asylum which the Austrian government had offered him. Upon this Barbara urged that the vessel was not in a condition to undertake so long a voyage, that it was too small to attempt the Adriatic, and that, besides, they had not a sufficiency of provisions. He proposed to go on board the only vessel that now accompanied them, and to land at Pizzo, where,

upon his own credit, he should be able to obtain a supply of provisions, and to hire a vessel capable of continuing their voyage. Murat consented to this arrangement; and a sack, containing five hundred copies of a proclamation addressed to the inhabitants of the kingdom of Naples, was buried in the sea. Barbara, just as he was about to go on board the other vessel, requested Murat to give him the passport which he had received from the Allies, in order, as he said, that he might not be annoyed by the authorities of the place. Murat, surprised at such a request, refused it. Barbara declared that unless he obtained the passport he would not land. Murat was in a rage; he called Franceschetti, and said in a loud voice,—'"I am disobeyed; since, therefore, necessity compels me to land, I have no alternative: you will accompany me: my name cannot be wholly forgotten in the kingdom of Naples; I have benefitted its inhabitants, they will not refuse to assist me."' Farther remonstrance was useless. Murat and his officers put on their best uniforms: the vessel approached Pizzo; and, on the 8th of October, at noon, Joachim leapt first on the shore, and was followed by several officers, sergeants, and private soldiers, in all twenty-eight, together with three domestic servants. Franceschetti thus describes their reception.

'A crowd of people, urged by curiosity, hastened round the king on landing. Some sailors having recognized his majesty, cried out,—"Long live the King Joachim!" Some of the country people joined in the shout. The king proceeded rapidly, at the head of his small troop, towards the great square, which is overlooked by the citadel and the surrounding houses. The news of his arrival had already drawn out a part of the population. Fifteen gunners, who formed part of the coast-guard, approached us armed, and wearing the uniform of King Joachim. His majesty having perceived them, said aloud,—"These are my soldiers:" and he presented himself to them. "Acknowledge your king!" said he. Five answered that they acknowledged him, and offered him their services, as well as those of their comrades. Several inhabitants of Pizzo, who witnessed the scene, gazed upon us with countenances which betrayed at once their astonishment and rage: in an instant they disappeared. Two young men, doubtless from the vicinity of Monteleone, said eagerly to the king,—"Sire, remain no longer at Pizzo; you are surrounded by enemies, do not lose a moment; you are on the road which leads to Montelcone, we shall be your guides; you are safe if you have the good fortune to quit this place."

'The king ordered the gunners to follow him. We left Pizzo, toiling up a mountain, towards the road of Montelcone; we walked so rapidly that his majesty, who for twelve days had had no exercise, was so stiffened on board, that he could scarcely stretch his limbs. He felt ill, and stopped to take breath.

'Just as we were resting, two of the gunners overtook us. The king asked them where their comrades were, and was answered that they were coming on. Upon this he left the Monteleone road and entered an olive plantation, where he could see the whole of the road leading to Pizzo. He perceived the remaining gunners ascending the mountain, but very slowly. He called me to observe this, and said that he would wait for

them. I remarked to him that I saw several armed peasants who were endeavouring to get before them, and that others were following them.—The two guides said that if we delayed much longer the inhabitants of Pizzo would have time to overtake us: they again entreated the king to move forward, and proceed immediately to Monteleone, where he would find devoted subjects.

'The king persisted in his resolution to wait for the gunners, persuaded that they intended to join his troop. Some farther observations were made to him, upon which he said that he wished to be obeyed. He had scarcely uttered these words when we descried, on the other side of the road, a number of peasants approaching us with rapid strides. We again entreated the king to delay no longer, the guides threatened to leave us unless their advice was followed. The king then, listening only to the suggestions of valour, advanced from our ranks, and hastened to meet the peasantry.

'"My children," said he to them, "do not arm yourselves against your former sovereign. I have not landed here for the purpose of doing you any mischief; I have come only to solicit assistance from the authorities of Monteleone, in order to continue my voyage to Trieste, where I am about to rejoin my family: if you had given me time to explain myself in the square of Pizzo, you would have learned that I am in possession of passports which King Ferdinand himself must respect."'—pp 51—54.

We do not perceive 'the suggestions of valour' in this address. It was placing himself at once at the mercy of the peasantry, and was, besides, a contradiction of his address to the gunners at Pizzo, when he desired them to acknowledge him as their king, and in that capacity to serve him. But, in truth, Joachim seemed not to know what he was about. He was a king or a voyager by turns, without at all discriminating when it was useful to him to assume or throw off either character. At this critical moment arrived Trenta Capilli, who, during the rebellion that raged in both the Calabrias against the rule of Joachim, was well known as an active and enterprising chieftain of the insurgents. General Manes, who commanded those provinces, hanged no fewer than three of Trenta Capilli's brothers, and it may be easily supposed that he considered himself singularly fortunate in thus unexpectedly acquiring the means of avenging the destruction of so many members of his family. He was dressed in the decorations and uniform of a colonel of Joachim's gendarmerie, and thus led him to suppose that he was in the hands of one of his former officers. He easily induced the king to proceed to the road, and offered to conduct him to Monteleone.

'We endeavoured,' continues Franceschetti, 'to keep him back, fearing that he would either be killed on the spot or made a prisoner. But he replied that a colonel of his army was incapable of any action inconsistent with honour. He quitted us fearlessly, leaving us in despair, seeing that his confidence was so unbounded, and that he was in the midst of his enemies. The evil was done, and could no longer be remedied. General Natali, Armand his majesty's valet de chambre, and I, followed the king; the other officers and soldiers remained where they were, on the top of

the hill, to keep the people of Pizzo in check, who were ready to fire upon us. I considered it useless that the king should continue speaking to the peasants, and approaching Trenta Capilli, I summoned him to declare who he was. "I am," he answered "the captain of gendarmerie, Trenta Capilli; and," he added, "the king and you shall follow me to Pizzo."

'The king then discovered at length, but too late, that he had deceived himself. Without losing a moment I placed myself before him, and covering him with my person, I held up a loaded pistol, and determined to discharge it at the head of Trenta Capilli, I threatened to shoot him if he did not that instant set the king at liberty. Trenta Capilli was compelled to yield. His men, who had surrounded the king, left him immediately to attack me. The king profitted by this circumstance to escape, and returned to his small band. I might have dispatched Trenta Capilli, but, in that case, the king would have been murdered on the spot. I defended myself in the best manner I could against the crowd who surrounded me, and I had the good fortune to rejoin the king. He was still undecided as to what he should do. I proposed to him to attack the people from Pizzo, and then to gain the mountain, or to fall with our arms in our hands.—The king, whose courage never left him, and who must have felt his blood boiling within him, forbade me to fire a single shot. "I do not wish," he said to me, "that my appearance here should cost any one of my subjects his life." But they were already firing upon us from all sides. Not being able to defend ourselves, we were surrounded. The king was again near falling into the hands of the enemy. At that moment all the officers hastened to rescue him: we succeeded in taking him away from the hands that were about to seize him; we fought our way through various dangers, leaving our soldiers prisoners with the peasants. Every thing yielded before us; and, nothwithstanding the continued firing of the multitude, we arrived at the edge of the sea. There we possessed ourselves of a boat, which we found by chance on the beach, and having placed the king in it, we made ineffectual endeavours to get it into the sea. The crowd was already at hand, and ready to overwhelm him, we did every thing in our power to protect him from the blows of all sorts of weapons, which were directed against him. While the assassins were attempting to strike him he cried out—"My friends, give over your feeble efforts to defend me." He then offered his sword to his enemies, and said,—"People of Pizzo, take this sword, which has shown itself with glory in the armies, and which has combatted for your country; I give it to you, but spare the lives of these brave men who surround me."'—pp 54—57.

Thus ended the fourth act of this drama. Two of Murat's followers were killed at his side, and Franceschetti and several others severely wounded. They were, of course, all made prisoners, and conducted to Pizzo. Murat was stripped of every thing he had about him by Trenta Capilli, who, besides some money and jewels, found also upon him one copy of the proclamation, which unfortunately remained among his papers, and was given immediately to the minister of police. That document alone was sufficient to convict him. It was very long, and very declamatory, and was followed by a draft of a new representative constitution, with which he had intended to signalize his restoration to the throne. The

authorities at Pizzo rendered his imprisonment as miserable and as humiliating as possible. Upon the arrival of Nunziante, governor of the two Calabrias, Murat's situation was ameliorated. He remained in the common prison on the evening of his arrest (the 8th of October), and also on the 9th. On the 10th he was removed to a separate and commodious chamber, where Franceschetti and Natali were permitted to join him. On the 11th he made inquiries as to the sum of money remaining amongst them, and finding that it was about four thousand francs, he had the folly to write to a person at Monteleone named Gagliardi, upon whom he thought he could rely, for twenty thousand francs. He requested Nunziante to forward the letter. The latter took it, and said, "*Gagliardi will not send any thing;* a person in misfortune can count upon very few friends; but I shall supply your majesty with all the money which you may require." In the course of the day Nunziante, with much emotion, announced to the king that he had received an important communication: "a telegraphic despatch, he said, informs me that *you are to be consigned to a*" —— adding, that here the telegraph ceased to be intelligible, owing, probably, to the state of the atmosphere. The mystery was cleared up on the night of the 12th. Nunziante received by an estafette an order for the appointment of a military commission, not to try but to condemn General Murat; half an hour only was to be allowed him after condemnation to prepare for eternity. On the morning of the 13th he was informed that he was to appear before the commission, then sitting in an adjoining chamber. He refused, saying that he, as a king, was accountable only to God. The reporter of the commission entered his room, and put to him the usual questions as to his name, age, country, &c. "I am," said he, "Joachim Napoleon, king of the two Sicilies; begone, sir." The sense of his situation seemed, however, immediately after to oppress him, and in the presence of some Sicilian officers he poured out his feelings in a pathetic and affecting strain. The commission was composed of officers, all of whom, the reporter alone excepted, owed their promotion to Murat—a striking instance of the caprices of fortune, and of the ingratitude of mankind. His condemnation was announced to him, and he was told that he had but half an hour to prepare himself for death. He heard his sentence with coolness and disdain, accepted a confessor, and wrote down the following words:—"I declare that I have done good as far as it was in my power; I have done evil only to those who deserved it; I am about to die in the bosom of the Catholic religion." He wrote the following letter to his consort.

"My dear Caroline,—My last hour is at hand; in a few moments I shall cease to exist. I pray you never to forget me; my life has not been sullied by any injustice. Adieu my Achille, adieu my Letitia, adieu my Lucien, adieu my Louise; show yourselves before the world worthy of me. I leave you without a kingdom and without property, in t

midst of your enemies. Be constantly united; show yourselves superior to misfortune; think of what you are, and of what you have been, and God will bless you. Do not curse my memory. Be assured that it is my greatest anguish, in these the last moments of my life, to die far away from my children. Receive my paternal benediction; receive my embraces and my tears. Keep always present to your memory your unfortunate father.' "—pp. 81, 82.

We must give the concluding scene in the words of our author.

'After the king finished his letter he cut some locks from his hair, and enclosed them in it; he then requested that it should be transmitted faithfully to his family, as well as the seal of his watch, which would be found in his right hand after his death. (It was a cornelian, representing the head of the queen.) He desired that his watch should be given as a token of remembrance to his valet-de-chambre Armand. He next asked to see me and Natali; he was answered that his wish on this point could not be gratified. "Delay then no longer," he said to the reporter; "I am ready to meet death." The king was then conducted outside his chamber, that is to say, he had only to pass beyond the door, before which he found a company of twelve soldiers, who were waiting for him. He presented himself with a steady step and a smiling air. "Soldiers," said he, "do not let me languish; the narrowness of the place itself will compel you to place the muzzles of your firelocks on my heart." He then pointed to his heart, fixing his eyes on the seal which he held in his right hand. He received the discharge of musketry on the 13th of October, at four o'clock in the afternoon, in the fortress of Pizzo. His body, mutilated by the violence of the pieces which were directed upon him from so short a distance, was placed in a coffin, and buried in a vault of the cathedral at Pizzo.'—pp. 82, 83.

Thus perished the unfortunate Murat. Such was the issue of an expedition commenced in folly, conducted with rashness and obstinacy, inglorious in its details, and ignominious in its conclusion. It is remarkable that Murat could not have selected a spot throughout all his former dominions, in which he was less likely to experience an amicable reception than Pizzo. Many of the inhabitants of that place and its vicinity had lost fathers, sons, or brothers during the insurrection of the Calabrias. Manes, whom Murat had sent to put down the rebellion, was insatiable of blood, and, by a very natural process of reasoning, the cruelty of the servant was attributed to the master. Hence at Pizzo the name of Joachim was held in utter detestation. Singular fate! that Pizzo should be the theatre of his execution, and the depository of his mutilated remains!

Of Murat's companions we have room only to say, that after maining some time in various prisons, they were set at liberty y Ferdinand. Franceschetti, on his return to France, was further onfined under different pretences until January, 1817, when he is restored to his family.

Upon returning to Corsica he found himself miserably reduced fortune. He then commenced a course of correspondence with

Madame Murat, with a view to obtain some compensation from her for the severe losses which he sustained by embarking with her husband. She answered him at first with many expressions of sympathy, and promises of assistance as soon as her circumstances would enable her to do so. These promises were repeated from time to time by herself, as well as by Marshal Macdonald, who appears to have the chief control of her household. She found the means to purchase a very considerable estate in Austria; but she at length stated that the expectations of her children, and the expenses of her establishment, prevented her from doing any thing for Franceschetti. The correspondence continued down to 1823, and adds one more to the many instances already on record, that no services, no sacrifices, are sufficient to secure the gratitude of those who have been bred in courts. The French government had at length the humanity to place Franceschetti on the half-pay list as a retired colonel, and this is the only fund upon which his large family have to subsist. Doubless he is much to blame for his imprudence in having risked their little property upon so wild an adventure.

ART. IX. *L'Hermite en Irelande; ou Observations sur les Mœurs et Usages des Irlandois au commencement du XIX^e^ siecle.* 2 Tomes, 12mo. 11*s.* Paris: Pillet ainé. London: Treuttel and Wurtz.

THIS forms part of a very pleasing collection of works illustrative of French, English, Italian, and Spanish manners. They are written in a light and popular style; the customs of the different countries of which they treat are generally elucidated rather by anecdotes than by essays; and if now and then we encounter a misrepresentation, we are inclined to excuse it in a writer who seems so well pleased with himself and every thing around him.

Doubtless he does not always rigidly sustain his character as a hermit, for he appears to be better acquainted with the world, and to feel a greater interest in its affairs, than seems meet for an anchorite. In the difficult science of love too he is, strange to say, a perfect adept; and though we are bound to suppose his hair to be "silvered o'er with age," yet he writes of the emotions of the heart with all the fervour of early manhood. Further, he is by turns a historian, a politician, an antiquary, a philosopher, and a traveller. In the latter capacity he shines with great lustre, for he transports himself at will from the Appenine to the Pyrennees, and thence t the Galties in Tipperary; hermit though he be, he seems almost t have the power of ubiquity, and to be very fully informed on ever subject which can interest his readers.

His style is simple and fluent, without aiming at any higher de gree of excellence. The topics which he selects for illustration, ar those which are best calculated to display the peculiarities of ea country; and they are handled in a concise, animated, and ju

cious manner. We are disposed to think that, as French school-books, these productions ought to supersede many of the dull and tiresome works which are now in use. They hardly deserve to be placed in a library as books of reference; but as sources of desultory amusement, joined to a fair proportion of instruction, they can be nowhere out of place.

Our 'hermit,' in taking Ireland for his theme, has chosen a perplexing and melancholy subject. What remains to be said of a country whose principal pride seems to consist in the contemplation of her ruins? America boasts of what she is to be, England of what she is, but Ireland can only feel pride in looking far, very far, back on what she has been. Her connection with this country would have been of incalculable advantage to both parties, if she had been treated from its commencement with any thing like justice. She was blessed with a fertility in soil, with a prolific abundance of men, distinguished by their industry, their talents for war or peace, who stood always ready to serve this country with every thing which she could possibly have wanted in order to promote her security and glory, and nothing was required to bring forth the flower of their strength but the summons of the trumpet. Every field of battle that has been trodden, in either hemisphere, for the last five hundred years, has attested the fidelity of Ireland to this country; and yet what has she received as her reward? Injustice, oppression, spoliation, laws that would disgrace the barbarians of Sumatra—these have been the consequences of her conscientious adherence to Great Britain.

When we speak of such consequences, it is a necessary supposition that the causes of them must have been of no very recent growth. Ireland suffers at this moment the accumulated pressure of the wrongs, that have been inflicted on her by the iniquitous course of government, under which she languished from the time of Henry II. down to the Union. If that measure had been acted upon according to Mr. Pitt's intentions, from 1800 to 1826, Ireland, instead of being the pity of the cultivated world, the country to which the words "poor," "unhappy," "injured," "degraded," are proverbially applied, would have been at this day a resource to England in her commercial embarrassments, a copious and swelling fountain from which she might drink new life. But unhappily it was not until within these last seven years, that even the due administration of justice between man and man in that part of the mpire was thought of any importance by the ministers of Great ritain. Some ameliorations have been attempted in other branches f the system prevailing in Ireland, but hitherto they have been sisted by the active intrigues of a party struggling for the remains f power, and with a degree of success which we must always pect them to maintain, so long as the local government of that ntry is in the hands of two officers equal, we may say, in au-rity, and opposed to each other in politics. But we are getting

into a dissertation, when our business is with the engaging volumes that lie before us.

The author requests his readers to believe that he is a hermit, about sixty years old, possessed of an independent fortune, and that he is *not* the sage who, much to the amusement of the literary world, has not long since traversed the Chausée-d'Antin and the provinces of France. That he is not M. Jouy every page of his work attests: there was no necessity whatever for his disavowal. He wants the piquant, epigrammatic, and, at the same time, highly philosophic turn of thought, which distinguishes the productions of that celebrated writer. Neither does he seem, like M. Jouy, to have gleaned from actual observation his knowledge of the manners which he describes. His acquaintance with Ireland appears to be entirely collected from books, and the anecdotes and traits of Irish character which are to be found in fugitive publications. It requires, however, considerable talent to put such gleanings together in a manner that will reflect a tolerably correct picture of the country, and this we hesitate not to say is done in the present work. Undoubtedly the author is betrayed by his personal ignorance of Ireland into some exaggerations; and, like all foreigners, he fails frequently to catch the peculiar features of a people, the most original perhaps on the face of the globe, whether we consider them in their grave or mirthful moments, the perpetrators or the victims of crime, the host or the guest, the rioters in luxury, or the patient sufferers of every description of privation. But this must be expected under the circumstances; and we feel too grateful to the author for calling the attention of his countrymen to an island, of which many amongst them have hitherto known little more than the name. He declares that he is the advocate of no party, that men of all opinions have access to his hermitage, that the whiteboy and the orangeman, the catholic and the protestant clergyman, captain Rock and a secretary of the Lord-Lieutenant (!!) are sometimes found seated side by side in his cell. Thus, he says, he becomes acquainted with every thing that passes in the world.

'When I speak of the world, however, I should inform my readers that the world, for me, is Ireland. What signifies it to me that the Spanish American colonies shall become independent, or remain oppressed by the yoke of the mother country, provided that in my island the crop of potatoes be abundant? Why should I afflict myself about the hostility which prevails in France between the liberals and the ultras, provided that I see the fire of intestine division which has so long raged in my own country extinguished by degrees? What interest can I take in the war between the Turks and Greeks, when auspicious symptoms induce me to hope I shall at length see the termination of that, which has been waged for so many centuries, almost incessantly, between the catholics and the protestants of unfortunate Ireland? Let me not at the same time be accused therefore of ignorance, or of indifference to the general interests of mankind; but I have immediately before my eyes too many objects to excite

my sensibility, to allow of its being strongly moved by those which I can perceive only through the assistance of a telescope.'—Vol. i. pp. 4, 5.

In this passage the author, without intending it, has read a highly instructive lesson to the legislature and people of this country. It is but too true, that our fellow-subjects in Ireland entertain so much anxiety about the mere means of existence, and keep their feelings so ardently fixed upon one political object—their emancipation—that they have not a thought, or a wish, upon any of those topics which are every hour discussed in every part of Great Britain with the most eager attention. This, in a country which is, or ought to be, governed by public opinion, is in itself an evil of great magnitude. When a measure of importance is agitated in Parliament, as for instance the slave trade, we see in England the counties and parishes and corporate bodies of every description enter warmly into the question, deciding upon it according to their sense of the general welfare, and expressing their opinion upon it to the legislature in clear and manly language. Sometimes they are wrong, and always so when they meet together under the influence of prejudice. But it is infinitely more conducive to the preservation of the rights and liberties of this nation, that the people should even be frequently erroneous in their decisions upon public questions, than that they should take no interest in them at all. If, like the people of Ireland, they were stripped of their best privileges, their sense of injury and of insult would be so intense upon that point, that they could not attend to any other grievance until those privileges were restored. It would harrass them throughout the day, it would be the dismal companion of their sleep by night, and, like our hermit, they would not think it of the slightest consequence to themselves, whether the colonies of Spanish America were enfranchised or enslaved, whether the Greeks or the Turks were triumphant. See then to what a state of humiliation, of abject insignificance, England would have been reduced, if such had been the apathy of the majority of her inhabitants! But see also Ireland actually existing in that humiliation, a mere nonentity among the nations of the earth, and a cypher in the quantum of public opinion in an empire of which it forms an integral part—an empire not only governed itself by the force and authority of mind, but influencing the whole civilized as well as the savage world, through the same miraculous instrument. Assuredly there is something wrong, and a great deal detrimental to the general interests, in thus placing one portion of a "kingdom," said to be "united," in a situation from which it can only utter one monotonous cry—"restore to us our liberties!"

It is impossible for any writer who pretends to treat of Ireland, not to make her political grievances the most prominent subject of his remarks. Our 'Hermit,' however, does not bestow upon them a disproportionate share of his work; he enters with considerable spirit into the minor characteristics of the country. We shall

translate some passages from one of his papers, entitled 'The Bandit,' which, so far as it goes, is at least in perfect keeping with the scene where the story is laid.

'The cold and humid wind of a dark December night was blowing from the mountains called *The Galties*, in the county of Cork, when a post-chaise, conveying a single traveller, was overturned near their base. Anxious as he was to continue his journey, his vehicle required repair, and he was under the necessity of seeking refuge for the night at the inn of a neighbouring village. When business compels a man to expose himself to the inclemency of the weather, the humblest roof that affords a shelter to poverty appears to him an enviable palace; and when Robert Carrol (such was the traveller's name) perceived, through the windows of the village tavern, a large fire blazing on the hearth, he felt more than ever the coldness of the air, and began to think that the accident which had occurred to him would not be without some compensation.

'Mr. Carrol was a young gentleman of a respectable family, but whose property was incumbered by considerable debts, contracted by his ancestors during several generations. It is easy for a rich family to get into debt, but it is very seldom that they can so easily meet the day of payment, and that day, sooner or later, inevitably comes. After liquidating all the incumbrances which were charged upon his patrimony, Carrol found it reduced almost to nothing. He had, however, a rich uncle, who possessed the power of leaving him a large fortune; but the old man's favour depended upon one condition, that all his whims and caprices should be followed without any hesitation or complaint. Carrol wished to go to the bar; his uncle was desirous of sending him to India, and never ceased to talk of the rupees which he had himself amassed. The young man, however, obtained permission to spend a year at the University of Dublin, his uncle thinking that this was an excellent school for forming the character, and for contracting habits of emulation, industry, and prudence. But circumstances defeat the best designs, and on this occasion they destroyed equally the hopes of the uncle and the nephew.

'Carrol formed an acquaintance in Dublin with the family of a rich merchant, who had a daughter for whom art could do nothing, so liberal to her was nature of every gift that could fascinate. Generally speaking, the Irish enter into trade only with the view of acquiring riches, and then of renouncing it. Hence it happens that the merchants bestow on their children an education similar, and sometimes even superior, to that which is given to persons of the first distinction. A well cultivated mind lent new charms to Fanny Conway, for intelligence is to beauty that which light is to a picture. Carrol, young, ardent, and enthusiastic, the first time he saw Fanny burned with the desire of seeing her again. His visits were repeated; he was agreeably received, and he never left her but she asked him when he would return. Growing bold in time, he at length mustered sufficient courage to declare the passion with which she inspired him, and he believed that he was at the summit of earthly felicity when he obtained from her a confession that she loved him. They communicated their sentiments to their respective families; but they experienced an opposition which they were far from expecting, and he was forbidden to see her again. Carrol's uncle did not like to hear of a project which had not originated with himself, and which militated against his design

of sending his nephew to India, in order to make a princely fortune; and the father of Fanny, proud of his wealth, was annoyed by some observations which old Carrol had made upon the obscurity of the family from which his nephew wished to select his wife.'—Vol. i. pp. 30—34.

The lovers, in short, found means of writing to each other, and Mr. Conway in the mean time purchased an estate in the county of Cork, and became acquainted there with a gentleman named O'Finn, of an old and most respectable family, to whom he consented in due time to give his daughter in marriage. Carrol of course was made acquainted with this project, and was on his way to prevent it, if possible, when his chaise was overturned as above related. On entering the inn he gladly seated himself by the fireside, where he found two men drinking whiskey punch. One of these is described in a suitable manner as Redmond the bandit, a person with an education, however, above his appearance, and who of course at once excited the traveller's curiosity. We must own that the rapidity with which they get into each other's good graces is brought about rather in the French than in the Hibernian style. Let it suffice to say, that Redmond, chiefly on account of the hatred which he bears to O'Finn, offers Carrol his services. Through his instrumentality the lovers met in secret; the interview was short, but a second having been fixed for the next day, Carrol and Redmond returned to the inn, where, as ill luck would have it, they found a hunting party seated at dinner in the only room which the auberge afforded. Carrol observed them with curiosity, and he was not a little surprised to hear several of these merry guests give the name of O'Finn to one of their companions. Redmond's attention was drawn to the circumstance, and in order to involve the party in a contest, he proposed the health of Miss Conway. O'Finn asked by what right he dared to pronounce her name. Redmond, in reply, asked by what right he put such a question. From words they soon proceeded to blows, and a general battle ensued, in which the hunters were completely put to the rout. The victors, however, were obliged to fly also, lest they should be apprehended for a breach of the peace. Carrol placed himself under the guidance of Redmond, who conducted him, through many defiles of the Galties, to his secluded habitation. It was a miserable cabin, where they found five or six men, seated round a turf fire, drinking potteen. Upon a signal given by Redmond these men departed; and here the author takes an opportunity of detailing the personal history of the bandit. The following day Redmond again saw Fanny; he found her in tears, as it was determined that she should that evening be married to O'Finn. But he consoled her by saying that measures would be taken to preserve her from such an event; he recommended her to make due preparations for her nuptials, but at the same time to arrange also her travelling trunks for a journey. Strange as this part of the story may appear, it is by no means unlike some of the abductions which, a few years ago, were not

uncommon in Ireland. The concluding scene is, perhaps, too melodramatic, but, nevertheless, it can scarcely be said to be wholly fictitious.

'When the night approached, Redmond and Carrol placed themselves at the head of thirty men, and moved towards Mr. Conway's mansion. The rain fell in torrents, but the number of lights which they saw glimmering through every window of the house, announced the presence of the company who were invited to witness the marriage. Redmond halted at a hill, which was at a short distance from the place, and told Carrol that he would find a chaise and four prepared for him in a certain spot which he pointed out, and that he had nothing to do but to wait for Fanny. He then directed half of his followers to draw their swords, and the other half to arm themselves with their pistols, at the same time enjoining them to commit no violence. He next appointed four men to conduct Miss Conway to the post-chaise, when the time should arrive, and then proceeded towards the house.

'When he made his appearance the solicitor was just finishing the marriage-settlements, and Conway was still discussing with O'Finn a clause upon which they were not agreed. The priest was in surplice and stole, waiting to celebrate the ceremony. Fanny was waiting with trembling expectation for the performance of Redmond's promise; yet when she saw him enter with a pistol in his hand, followed by thirty bandits, she was seized with terror. The whole company were thrown into consternation when they saw Redmond approach the solicitor, snatch the parchment upon which he was writing from his hand, and cast it into the fire, while his followers pointed a pistol or a sword at the breast of every man in the room. The signal being given, the four appointed persons seized upon Fanny, who scarcely knew if she should follow such guides, though she had no longer any alternative. Her maid accompanied her; her escort took away her trunks, and in a few minutes she was surrendered to Carrol, who handed her into the chaise, and desired the postillion to gallop away as fast as he could.'—Vol. i. pp. 65—67.

The father and uncle were subsequently reconciled to the marriage; and O'Finn, according to the rules of poetical justice, having entered the Galties in order to apprehend Redmond, fell by his hand.

'The Witch of Scollough's Gap' is a tale of the rebellion, which is well told, though, like that which we have just noticed, it is rather too melo-dramatic for a work of this description. This objection, however, does not apply to the papers entitled 'The Shipwreck'—'Religious Dissensions'—'Illicit Distillation'—'The River Lee'—'The Round Towers,' and one or two other articles, which portray the present state of Ireland with considerable fidelity.

ART. X. *Mittheilungen aus den Memoiren des Satan herausgegeben von* ****. 1 Vol. 12mo. Stuttgart. Black and Young. London. 1826.

IN the days of old, when faith was more vigorous than in these degenerate times; when philosophy seldom obtruded herself, with

her disagreeable questions and her cross-examinations; and no physician presumed to ascribe angelic or infernal visitations to over-fasting or indigestion—in those good times the awful and mysterious personage, ycleped Satan, was by no means averse to exhibiting himself bodily. His favourite mode of showing himself was among those extraordinary old women who, for the sake of making themselves hated by doing mischief, used to consign themselves to him body and soul. With these he used to have rare diversion in their nocturnal assemblies on the Blockenberg and elsewhere, and many an unfortunate old dame has paid for such amusements in the flames or on the gallows.

As we generally pass from one extreme to the other, when people ceased to hear of the visible appearance of his infernal majesty, they began very rapidly to doubt of his existence altogether. However, if we give credit to the writers of romances, especially those of Germany, and if we put any faith at all in the scenic wonders of the theatre, he has appeared, and does still appear to mortal eyes in various forms.

The latest avatar, or however else we may please to term it, of his satanic majesty, is that recorded in the present work, which has the farther advantage of containing accounts of several others, as Herr Satan, on taking leave of the editor, had the politeness to present him with a manuscript copy of his memoires, and the editor has as politely laid them before the reading public. He informs us that in the latter end of September, 1822, he happened to be spending some time at the Three Crowns in Mentz. As he was looking out of his window one fine afternoon, a handsome coach and four drove up, out of which stept a tall slender gentlemen, who called for and obtained apartments in the hotel. He had no servants, but the postillions vowed he was of *the right sort*, as he had been extremely liberal to them on the road, and the conjectures of the head-waiter, in answer to the enquiries of the editor, was, that he was an Englishman *von profession*. The waiter also informed him that the name of the stranger was Von Natas. At the table d'hote it was the fortune of the editor to be seated opposite the interesting Von Natas, and as we know how much, according to the Spectator, the knowledge of a man's face and appearance conduces to the right understanding of all he says and does, we will give the description of him.

'His face was handsome but pale, his hair, eyes, and comely beard were of a brilliant black. His white teeth, which his slightly unclosed lips occasionally disclosed, rivalled the snow of his dazzling white linen. Was he old? Was he young? It was impossible to say; for sometimes his face had on it that piquant smile which commenced just gently at the corner of the mouth, and advanced, like a little cloud, up the slightly curved nose, to the wilful eyes, and betrayed youth which had early ripened, and then withered beneath the storm of the passions. At other times you would suppose you were looking at a man advanced in years, who un-

derstood well the art of conserving himself by means of assiduous care and an abundant toilette.'

In this mode our author proceeds in the description of Herr von Natas, who, as he sat at table, quickly drew on himself the attention of the company, especially the ladies. His mode of studying characters was this: he called over the leader of the band, that played during dinner-time, gave him a dollar, and desired him to play Osinsky's Polonaise. While they were performing the piece, the eyes of Natas wandered in all directions, observing the countenances of the company, and, by the effects of the music on them, he judged of their dispositions. The taste of the editor seemed to please him, and they commenced a very long and interesting conversation, which lasted till midnight, and in which the stranger, as well he might, displayed a knowledge of human nature and all its relations quite astonishing.

Herr von Natas was the life and soul of the company. Before he came all was as dull, formal, and stiff, as at an English boarding-house. But now mirth and fun were the order of the day. One would have thought, says the editor (we wish, by the way, he had told us his own name), that the delightful tale of the Horn of Oberon had been realized; for the moment he opened his lips every one's heart-strings were set in motion, the conversation flowed along in a rapid and abundant stream, and yet, afterwards, no one could recollect any thing more than that it had been "divine."

In this manner Natas proceeded in the gentlest and most delightful manner possible, instilling doubts on the most important subjects into the minds of his unsuspecting auditors, and, in the most engaging way, gaining souls to himself as fast as he could. All went on well for five days, no one had any particular business at Mentz, or at the Three Crowns, and yet, such was the magic of his presence, that no one could prevail upon himself to depart till the sixth day, which was Sunday, arrived, and Natas did not appear as usual, but he had left an apology with the waiter, ascribing his absence to an unavoidable engagement, and promising to be back in the evening.

In his absence the discourse, as was natural, fell on the subject of the extraordinary stranger, and, what was most extraordinary, almost every one was persuaded that he or she had seen him before at another place, and under another name and form. "You quite terrify one," said the Baronness von Thingen, a great admirer of the stranger, "you will, at least, make our worthy Natas the Wandering Jew, or God knows what else." A little elderly professor, from the university of T———, laughed, twirled his snuff-box, and declared that he also had seen him in Stuttgart, some twelve years before, under the name of Barighi, and related a long story of the exploits of this Barighi, his assuming different forms, and finally strangling a very eccentric old gentlemen.

The conversation proceeds. The professor communicates in pri-

vate his ideas with respect to Natas to our friend. It appears that the worthy professor is jealous of the stranger, who has contrived to wheedle away the affections of pretty Frau Trübenau, and the comely widow, Baroness von Thingen, on whom the professor had an eye for himself. In the midst of their conjectures Natas suddenly makes his appearance. A short time after a reeking bowl of punch does the same: all attack it; the punch speaks out in the professor, and he charges Natas with being Barighi. Natas, by way of reply, falls to whirling about the room. One immediately cries that he is the strange doctor that used to come to his native town; another that it was Maletti, the gambler. "Nonsense," said Madame von Trübenau, "tis our dear private secretary Gruber." "Pah!" said an old gentleman, "tis the worthy fellow that got me the supplying of the hospital at D———n with bread." "Dear, no papa," tittered his daughter, "don't you know the young country gentleman that came to us to be instructed?" "I have it," cried the professor at last, "reverse his name, it is Satan."

Next morning late our editor awoke, and found that all the company had departed. According to the waiter's account there had been sad work in the house during the night. Natas had to bleed the fair Trübenau, to put a warm plaister on Miss Rosalia, the daughter of the old bread-contractor. The truth is, the whole party had got drunk with the punch, and made such a riot that the police had paid the house a visit, but our editor, as he had the worst head, and was first knocked up, knew nothing at all about it. Natas, too, was setting off early, but before he went he had an interview with our friend, and, as he knew him to be a writer, he confided to him his memoires, giving him, at the same time, the key to the cypher in which they were written.

The first "communication" commences with some very judicious observations by Satan (for he no longer conceals his name or quality) on memoir writing in general. It also contains a conversation he had with the archangel Gabriel, whom he acquaints with his intention of writing and publishing, and who warns him very earnestly to beware of the reviewers. To this Satan replies, *Clericus, clericum, non decimat*, and proves, from the signification of both his Hebrew and Greek name, that he and they are of a trade, quite to the satisfaction of the archangel, whom he astonishes by his skill in languages. He also replies to the objection that may be made of his not being a regularly bred scholar, by quoting the examples of ladies and soldiers, who, though not brought up to the "writing trade," have, nevertheless, written very brilliant memoirs; but he settles the matter completely by asserting 'that he is a doctor, optima forma, in philosophy, as his memoirs will show, and his diploma, which he possesses in black and white, will prove.'

Germany is the land of all others beloved by Satan, for there it is that his existence is most fully believed, and there he hears, from the mouths of theologians, these words most sweet to his ears,

"Anathema sit, he believes not in the devil." Thither, then, when desirous to keep pace with the progressive improvement of the world, he resolved to shake off the imputation of ignorance, he repaired, and, in the autumn of 1819, he became a student at . . . en (Gottingen, we presume.) He was determined to make a handsome appearance, so he arranged every thing accordingly in good style. In consequence, he says, he had, the very first evening he was there, polite acquaintances, next morning intimate friends, and in the evening sworn brothers for life and death. He then proceeds to give us some account of the Burschen system.

Every one, he observes, knows that the people who dwell in the universities in Germany have a language, manners, dress, and mode of thinking, quite different from the rest of the world. By way of preparation, therefore, he read the immortal Herrn von Schmaltz' works on the Universities, Sand's Acts, Haupt über Burschenschaften and Landsmannschaften, but he still found himself deplorably deficient. Chance, however, stood his friend, and threw him into the company (in a return chaise) of an old student, who had spent eight years in the study of medicine. This student had all the savoir vivre of an old *Burschen*, and in the six hours he spent in his society he learned what books could not teach.

'He was a large stout man, of from twenty-four to twenty-five years of age. His hair was dark, and might have been formerly cut according to the modern fashion, but it hung now, as the *Studiosus* disliked the expense of getting it cut, in disorder about his head; he, however, occupied himself, from time to time, in arranging it over his forehead with his five fingers. His face was handsome, his nose and mouth especially were noble and finely formed; his eye had much expression, and made an extraordinary impression on one. His face was burnt brown by the sun; a strong beard grew from the temples down to the chin, and a Henri-quatre, turned red with beer, hung about his lips.

'The play of his features was, at the same time, ludicrous and frightful. His eyebrows met and formed dusky folds; his eye gazed around sternly and proudly, and took the measure of every object with a height and a dignity worthy of the son of a king.

'With respect to the lower part of his countenance, that is to say, with respect to his chin, I cannot be very precise, for it was buried deep in his cravat. The young man seemed to have devoted more attention to this part of his dress than to all the rest. This ligature, of nearly half a foot in breadth, and composed of black silk, extended, without a single crease, from his chin, inclusive, to his breast bone, exclusive, and, in this manner, formed a handsome bulwark, on which the head rested. His dress consisted of a yellow-white coat, which he termed his "Flaus," in moments of tenderness his "Gottfried," and he shared with it his meat and drink. This Gottfried Flaus came a span below his knees, and fitted tight to his body. It was open at the breast, and shewed, as far as the cravat permitted, that the Herr Studiosus was not over well provided with linen.

'Wide, billowy small-cloaths, of black satin, were fastened to the upper part of his dress. His boots were handsomely made, and adorned with immense spurs of polished iron.

'The Studiosus wore on his head a little piece of red cloth, in the shape of a reversed flower cup, which he showed considerable skill in balancing against the wind. It had a comical appearance, and looked just as if one was endeavouring to cover a large head of cabbage with a small drinking-glass.'

They stopped at a public-house outside of the town, and the Studiosus, whose name was Würger, desired his new friend to follow his example and take a glass after their journey. All the windows of the house were filled with red and black caps, for a good number of the studiosi were here assembled to receive those that were coming in at the beginning of the term. Würger, who was a "langst bemooste" (long since moss-grown) Bursche, had amused his fancy on the way with the idea that his comrades would take them for "foxes," which came to pass. A chorus of more than thirty voices broke out into a celebrated song, commencing with

Was kommt dort von der Höhe.

Meanwhile Würger majestically descended from the carriage, and, raising his awful head, shouted out, "Was schlagt Ihr für einen Randal auf, Kameele! Seht Ihr nicht, dass zwei alte Häuser aus diesem Philisterkarren gestiegen kommen?" That is, "Don't make so much noise, gentlemen; don't you see that two old students are getting out of the carriage?"

These magic words produced an instantaneous effect: the smokers stopt smoking, the billiard-players stood queue in hand, and a body rushed down stairs to receive the new comers. Würger, in his glory, forgot not his friend, he introduced him to the oldest and most distinguished of the party, and he was received with many a hearty shake of the hand, placed in the seat of honour, between two "moss-grown houses," a large pass-glass of beer given to him, and a "fox" was made to hand him his pipe.

Satan, or, as he now called himself, Von Barbe, was greatly taken with his new companions. They were an open-hearted, warm, jovial race, and every one said and thought what he pleased. Their technical terms, however, gave him a great deal of trouble, and he frequently, for instance, confounded "sau" (sow), that signified good luck, with "pech" (pitch), ill luck; and "holzen," to beat with a stick, with "pauken," to beat with any thing else. Another thing, too, troubled him, for when they ceased to talk of dogs, brooms, &c. &c. they fell into transcendental discourse over the beer-glass. This, at first, was quite beyond him, and he could make little or nothing of it; he, however, marked the leading words, and when he was drawn into conversation, he repeated, with a serious air, "Freiheit, Vaterland, Deutschthum, Volksthumlichkeit."

'There had crept in among a large portion of my fellow-students, proceeds our accomplished memoir writer, a certain methodistical tone which did not at all please me, and which, according to my way of thinking, was not suitable to young persons. When I thought on the young men in London and Paris, in Berlin, Vienna, and Frankfort, the happy hours

that I had spent in their society, and when I compared them with these young men, who employed their handsome lofty stature, their strong arms, their sound understanding, their by no means contemptible knowledge, in the "Turnplatz" and not in the dancing-school, in extravagant ideas and ideals, and not in lively wit and delicate raillery, that season and stir up life; when I saw them, instead of flying after pretty girls, slinking into church, to listen to one of their orthodox preachers, I could not repress the disagreeable feelings that rose within me.'

This he was determined to put an end to; he accordingly drew to himself, in a short time, the most cheerful and lively among them, taught them to play new games at cards, sang gay songs for them, and exerted his wit so that he soon attracted a considerable number. He now grew bolder, stood every Sunday with his companions before the church door, ogled the ladies as they went in, and then adjourned, during the service, to a tavern opposite the church. The more pious exclaimed at first against this, and observed that they were Christian *Burschen*, but all to no purpose; his persiflage carried the day, and it soon became the fashion to appear every Sunday *before* the church door but never to go in. The taverns became fuller than ever; it was heceforth usual to drink for a wager, and, incredible as it may appear, there were now among them numerous scientific drinkers.

Many preachers exerted themselves to stem the torrent of corruption, but the *Altdeutschen* (imitators of their ancestors) consoled themselves by the reflection that their *Altvordern* (forefathers) excelled in drinking as well as in every thing else, and even the most pious learned to swallow liquor in a manner that would have done credit to Götz von Berlichingen. The more polished satisfied themselves by quoting the following passage from the Quintus Fixlein of the celebrated Jean Paul.

'It is a beautiful observation of Jerusalem, that barbarism, which frequently springs up close to the fairest and most variegated bloom of the sciences, is a kind of strepthening mud-bank to keep off the excessive refinement which that bloom threatens. I believe that one who considers how far the sciences advance in a student will be disposed to concede to the muses' son a certain barbarous middle age,—the so-called Burschen-life, which will so steel him that the refinement shall not pass the due limits.'

This argument was irrefragable, for who, at a German university, would resist the authority of Jean Paul, and his ultra-figurative style? The new pupils beat the old ones, and, in the black smoky *kneipe* (pot-house), most gloriously "be-mudded" themselves in the "barbarous middle age."

But our student bethough himself that he was come to ———en to acquire knowledge. He, therefore, now set about attending lectures, and began with the *theoretic*. He had often, before he came, heard of a certain professor, one of the brightest lights of the university. It was commonly said of him, that *the devil was in the*

fellow. Such mysterious depth, people used to exclaim, such supernal thoughts, such compression of style, such captivating eloquence, had never yet been found in Israel! But Satan solemnly assures us, that though he, before now, had entered into the swine, yet to think of entering into such a philosopher,—no, that he could never have endured!

'What the worthy man brought forth in his sleepy unpleasant tone was just as intelligible to his hearers as French to an Esquimaux. It was necessary to translate all he said into German, before any one could make out that he, with all his efforts, could mount no higher than any other man. He, however, gave himself great airs, while, with his conclusions, he constructed for himself a Jacob's ladder, that reached up to heaven, and fastened it with mystic pins. Up along this he clambered on to the blue ether, and promised to call out from his sun-high position to those below, and tell them what he saw there. He climbed, and climbed, until he thrust his head into the clouds, looked into the clear blue of heaven, which appears far more beautiful when viewed from the green grassy surface of the earth than from above, and he saw, like Sancho Panza, when mounted on the wooden horse he rode up to the sun, the earth beneath him no bigger than a grain of mustard seed, and men like flies; above him—nothing.'

'The good people of this sort, that is the metaphysicians,' Satan here very sagely, and, we will add, very truly, observes, 'put me in mind of the building of Babel; they set about building a huge lighthouse for all people, that no one might hereafter lose himself in the wilderness; and behold! the Lord confounded their language so that neither master nor workman could understand one another.'

Another philosopher lectured on logic. This man, year after year, proved, by "argument irrefragable," that twice two make four, and the students wrote whole quires of paper that twice two make four. Another lectured on the soul of man, and, to Satan's great amazement, drew the soul on a large black board, and said, "Such is the soul, gentlemen."

He now takes to theology; pays a visit to Herr Schnatterer, the ablest divine of the place, and sees that the case of Socrates and Xantippe was by no means peculiar.

The second 'communication' consists of conversations between Satan and the Wandering Jew, in Berlin, in which there is a very amusing description of an *æsthelic* or blue-stocking tea party, to which they were invited. The third 'communication' is the account of a visit which Satan and a young American paid old Göthe, with whose treatment of him, in his "Faust," Satan appears by no means over pleased. The last 'communication' is called 'The Holyday in Purgatory,' chiefly composed of a dialogue between a French, an English, and a German *petit-maitre*, which was overheard by Satan in one of the caffés of that region. The German gives his history, one of the most interesting parts of which is his account of the romances of La Motte Fouqué, and the influence they exerted at the æra of their appearance.

Humour is not the *forte* of the Germans, but the present is one of the best specimens of their satirical style which we have seen. It contains a variety of curious information on the present manners and modes of thinking of the Germans, and is altogether a very amusing little volume.

NOTICES.

ART. XI. *Memoires de M. de Falckenskiold, officier général au service de S. M. le Roi de Dannemarck, a l'époque du ministère et de la catastrophe du Comte de Struensée.* 8vo. pp. 443. 10*s.* 6*d.* Treuttel et Wurtz. Londres. 1826.

WE have in this publication a collection of memoires and documents, the principal of which refer to the administration and fall of the celebrated Count Struensée. They come before the public under the posthumous authority of M. Phil Secretan, a judge of the canton of Vaud, who received them from M. de Falckenskiold, while the latter was residing in exile at Lausanne. He took them to Paris, for the purpose of seeing them through the press, but before he arrived at the close of his editorial labours he died. Of the authenticity of these pieces, however, no reasonable doubt can be entertained. They are curious, inasmuch as they relate to a secret process, the result of which was the public degradation of Caroline-Matilda, Queen of Denmark, for a criminal connexion with Struensée; the condemnation and execution of the latter, after enjoying for some time a sort of dictatorial authority in the state, and the exile of several of his colleagues and confidential friends.

M. de Falckenskiold, to whom we are indebted for the collection of these documents, and for the memoires and notes which elucidate them, appears to have been a person of very considerable talents, and to have displayed them with advantage both in the field and the cabinet. He of course maintains the innocence of Struensée, his patron, as to the principal crime of which he was accused, viz. his *liaison* with the queen. This question, however, seems scarcely to bear any discussion, after the declaration of Struensée himself, who avowed that it was the only offence against the state of which he was guilty. M. de Falckenskiold endeavours also to vindicate the administration of the count, by recapitulating the reforms which he laboured to introduce into Denmark. This summary contains a brief and striking view of the state of Denmark at that period, of the gross abuses that prevailed in every department of the government, and of the remedies which Struensée sought to apply to them. The great error of that reformer was that he attempted too much at once. He created a great mass of discontent, by abolishing several offices, which were, indeed, nothing less than a burthen to the country; but which, nevertheless, afforded subsistence to many families who had no other means of livelihood. The storm gathered around him by degrees, and, though forewarned of it, he trusted to his "good intentions" for his safety, until it was too late. Many of the observations which are made by Falckenskiold upon these measures of reform are marked by deep reflection and great wisdom. They form the most interesting part of the volume. As

to the details of Struensée's administration, they are drawn up after the manner of an official precis, or abridgement, and are altogether too concise to excite any interest. They are unenlivened by any of those anedcotes, or characteristics of contemporary actors on the political stage, which one expects to meet in the journal of a person who had figured on the scene. As to those parts of the work which refer to Falckenskiold's life, before and after he held office in Denmark, they scarcely deserved the attention which M. Secretan bestowed upon them.

ART. XII. *Revue Encyclopédique, ou analyses et annonces raisonnées des productions les plus remarquables dans la litterature, les sciences, et les arts.* Paris. Treuttel and Wurtz. London.

OF the numerous periodical journals published on the continent, several of which are much less known in England than they deserve to be, the Encyclopedic Review unquestionably takes the lead. It embraces the whole circle not only of literature but of the sciences and arts, and furnishes, every month, reviews of about one hundred and fifty different works. In order to accomplish this almost incredible labour, the proprietors have correspondents established in every country where literature is cultivated, and these sign either their names, or initials, to the articles which they contribute. Of course it is impossible that, in a publication of so much variety, the reviews should be upon an extensive plan. Generally speaking, there are four or five papers in each number which, in some degree, resemble our own articles, except that, occasionally, they are diversified by original memoirs and essays, which do not belong to the critical department. These papers are usually exceedingly well executed, particularly those on scientific subjects, most of which appear to be written by members of the Academy. M. Sismondi is a constant and admired contributor to its pages; and several other names, well known to the literature of France, are so many pledges for the intelligence and impartiality which preside over this division of the Revue Encyclopedique.

In politics it leans uniformly to the liberal side, but at the same time respects the charter, and we have never seen in it any of those wild and ridiculous tirades against the constituted authorities, by which other "liberal" journals of France are in the habit of disgracing themselves, and injuring the true interests of freedom. In the sort of religious warfare which has been raging for some months between certain parties in that country, we have observed that the Revue Encyclopedique has taken a moderate and sensible course, and has endeavoured to check the asperity of the combatants on either side.

English literature, as might be expected, usually occupies a considerable number of pages in the critical department of this journal. Most of the articles in this section appear to be contributed by M. Degeorge, and though necessarily very brief, they exhibit a correct, and often a masterly, summary of the works to which they refer. We have often had occasion, also, to remark the justness of his critical judgments, though sometimes we have thought him rather too complimentary.

The notices of French literature are, of course, the most numerous, and, we may add, the most laudatory. Indeed, this division of the Revue Encyclopedique is little more than a catalogue containing a few remarks

on each work, usually in praise of it. How it happens that the present literature of France is so faultless in the eyes of French reviewers, it is not difficult for the reader to conjecture.

The literature of Russia, Prussia, the Netherlands, Italy, Switzerland, and America, is also treated with due attention. Indeed, we know of no journal, English or foreign, which affords so extensive a view of the monthly progress of literature in every part of the world as the Revue Encyclopedique. Some sheets of each number are also devoted to articles of intelligence, chiefly connected with the progress of science, of national history, the arts, and the French drama.

ART. XIII. *Napoleon devant ses Contemporains.* 8vo. Paris. 1826. Treuttel and Wurtz. London.

THIS volume consists of nearly five hundred pages of furious Buonaparteism. The Bourbons, indeed, are occasionally lauded; but the praise they receive is of that peculiar kind which, according to Pope, is damnatory. The most illustrious princes of their race are sometimes mentioned, but it is only to tell us how much Napoleon eclipsed them. The names of Charlemagne and Louis XIV. are quoted, in order to enable the author to tell us, that 'Napoleon was superior to both, through his passion for the duties of a prince, and his powers of discharging them; and because, exempt from the weaknesses of love, he knew how to overcome the taste for pleasure.' (p. 3.) In the same page the author assures us that 'he was more firm, and more reserved, than Henry IV. and two of his successors: he defended the public treasures without requiring a Sully to guard them; and he did not give the fruit of the labours of his people to Marchionesses de Verneuil, de Montespan, de Pompadour, or Dubarry.' (p. 3.) There is a great deal more of equally discriminating eulogy, which the moderation of the Bourbons, or their wisdom, has allowed to remain unpunished; and which, therefore, will be unregarded in France. The work is indeed most contemptibly executed. It is divided into ten chapters, which contain the early life of Napoleon—the old story of his campaigns in Italy—the Egyptian expedition—the battle of Marengo, and the other campaigns down to the expedition to Russia—the abdication—departure—exile and death of Buonaparte.

We meet with no lively sketches of character,—no graphic selections,—no brilliant descriptions, nor philosophical views. The reflections which the author intersperses are of the most common-place kind; and his prejudice and ignorance are equally remarkable. In alluding, for instance, to the death of Napoleon, he says, (p. 401) 'Some sinister suspicions,—rumours which will be perhaps one day confirmed by facts now enveloped in darkness,—are afloat about the real causes of the death of Napoleon. Many persons seem to believe that the new Rome, more impatient than the ancient one, because more rancorous in her hatred, and fearing that the accomplishment of her desire would be too long postponed, refused to wait for the natural death of the modern Hannibal. Napoleon had a presentiment of this,' &c. &c.

As a specimen of the author's skill and discrimination in drawing character, we subjoin a brief specimen of his portrait of Napoleon:—'As a commander, he possessed the fertile invention of Hannibal: the art of

Mithradates in maintaining harmony and union among twenty nations, marching to battle under his sovereign guidance: the political and warlike genius of Cæsar, along with his supreme ascendancy over his soldiers: the rapidity of Charlemagne in transporting his armies from one end of Europe to the other: the extensive designs of Alexander, and the celerity of his conquests. He even created a Macedonian phalanx, which is represented to us by the imperial guard.' (p. 416.)

So much for this author's historical portraits. Of his blunders, his prejudice, and his rancorous abuse of England, we might select numerous specimens—but it is not worth while. This egregious piece of Parisian book-making may safely be left to a fate from which even *persecution* could hardly save it.

ART. XIV. *Les Barricades Scenes Historiques.* Mai, 1588. 8vo. Paris. 1826. Treuttel and Wurtz. London.

THE volume before us has excited great attention in Paris, and has met with very decided and deserved success. The edition on our table is the second, and we believe a third has since been demanded. The author modestly ascribes the extensive sale of his work to the order which forbade its advertisement; but, in reality, 'The Barricades' form a collection of scenes of such high dramatic merit, united to a meritorious fidelity to history, that we are sure the book would have obtained equal circulation, even if it had not been honoured with the slight persecution to which the author alludes.

The title of the book sufficiently explains upon what period of the history of France the scenes before us are founded. The conspiracy of Henry Duke of Guise against Henry the Third of France, in which he was supported by the League, forms the connecting link of the whole of this irregular drama. The author has disclosed to us, in the fifteen divisions of which it consists, the interior of the Louvre, of the hôtel de Guise, of the inns, the churches, and the private dwellings of the personages belonging to the different parties, leaguers, politiques, or huguenots, with great variety and liveliness. 'Wherever (says the author in his preface) I have found anything picturesque, a faithful picture of manners, or a new trait of character, I have endeavoured to reproduce it by sketching a scene. There has of course resulted from this plan merely a series of portraits; or, to speak in the language of painters, a few studies or rough drafts, which have no claim to any other merit than to that of resemblance.' (pp. i. ii.)

The introduction to the Barricades is called 'The return from Vincennes,' and details with great spirit the plan and progress of the unlucky attempt, made by some of the Committee of Sixteen, to arrest Henry III. on his way from mass. The remaining scenes lead us from the first scheme of the leaguers to force the Duke of Guise to put himself at their head, through the hesitating counsels of the Louvre, the star-worshipping of the queen-mother, the intrigues of the Spanish ambassador, the rising of the leaguers, and the destruction of the huguenots, to the day of the barricades. The scene of the barricades is described with great vivacity—as are its consequences as they operate on the Guise and Valois parties. The fifteenth scene contains the catastrophe—the departure of Henry III.

from Paris, leaving Catherine de Medici in charge of the government, and the failure of the Guise conspiracy.

The characters of Henry, Guise, Catherine, Crillon, the Duchess de Montpensier, Crucé, Poulain, and Jacques Clément, are drawn with great force and fidelity. The scenes in which they figure are remarkable for their freedom and spirit. The author's comic vein is favourably developed in the scenes in which the *cámeriere*, Sanchez, and the mob are introduced; but his *forte* is in the serious scenes of the drama, though there is very little pathos, and no terror about them.

The work presents the only specimen of a French historical play, in prose, with which we are acquainted, if we except the tragedy entitled François II. by the President Henault. The latter was modelled upon Shakspeare's Henry VI. The play of *the Barricades* seems to have been more nearly copied from Schiller's *Wallenstein*, to the first part of which splendid trilogy it bears, in many parts, a resemblance so remarkable, as to render it almost impossible that it should have been accidental. A second and third part of the Barricades are announced, for the publication of which we shall look with some impatience.

ART. XV. *De la Litterature Allemande.* Par M. Christian Muller. 8vo. pp. 83. Geneva. 1826.

PROFESSOR Muller is of opinion that in order to form a correct judgment of German literature, it is necessary to be acquainted with that of the middle ages. In this we perfectly agree with him. The literature of Germany is so essentially *national*, that whenever it has ceased to be that of the people it has degenerated: and it has risen to its present force and elevation by the imitation, in a loftier tone, of the ancient popular romances and traditions which Schottky, Büsching, Grimm, and others, have done so much to preserve. The romantic literature which thus became the delight of the Germans, led them to turn their attention to other compositions of the same character: hence sprung their love of Shakspeare, of the English and Spanish writers in general, and their more recent affection for the poetry of the Hindoos, which Goethe and Schlegel have recommended by their study of it.

At the end of the peace of Westphalia, the French tongue began to be studied in Germany, and from the middle of the seventeenth century till Lessing rose, French literature was imitated. Lessing put an end to this, but encouraged the study of the language; the Germans began to be disgusted with the French literature, and its glory was nearly departed, when Madame de Staël and Chateaubriand charmed them with productions in a style analogous to their own. The old French authors were, however, always popular in Germany; and the French had turned from them to the classical school just when Germany had quitted the latter for the romantic one. Previous to this the Germans had lived, as Professor Muller happily phrases it, *du Français appesanti*, and so heavy was it, that Father Bouhours, not content with proposing the question, "whether a German could be a *bel esprit?*" triumphantly answered it in the negative.

No literature in the world ever owed less to the protection of princes than the literature of the Germans, nor had more obstacles to surmount. Among their sovereigns there was no Louis XIV. nor Leo X. Nay,

Frederick II., a literary monarch, despised the literature and language of Germany. He was acquainted with no writers but those of France, and delighted in the mockery of that state of debasement, into which the national authors had fallen, merely from their servile imitation of the literature of France.

For this reason there has never been any *courtly* literature in Germany, nor even a classical one. They have no Tasso, Racine, or Voltaire, whom they are compelled to imitate with servility. They do not love everlasting reputations. The claims of Schiller, Goethe, and all the other illustrious poets of Germany, to immortality, have been boldly discussed, and must be founded upon genuine excellence, not upon the consent of a few writers to set them up as standards of purity and models for slavish and eternal copying. The exclusive force of reasoning among the Germans, the absence of persiflage, and the small effects of wit and ridicule upon their literary discussions, give great value to the works upon which the fierce chemistry of their analysis and argument has been tried in vain.

It is delightful to find that their philosophical and rich language is now very generally studied throughout Europe, and that even in France their splendid literature and poetry are becoming known and working daily wonders. Of that poetry we give Professor Muller's own eloquent but somewhat mystical character.

'Our poetry is that perfume of the soul, that immortal enthusiasm, and vigorous imagination, which overleap those rules dictated to us by a writer who was evidently ignorant in what poetry consisted. It consists in those brilliant colours which trace the lofty heavens and the depths of the human heart; which paint the delights of the spring, which are charming as the breath of a summer night, or a cluster of roses: in that tone which, avoiding at once all appearance of imitation, or of the mannerism of antiquity, calls up to our minds all that is most attaching, all to which we are most attached,—to christianity, to its sentiments and its virtues, to our national history, to its heroes, and to the events of the middle age, to which our poetry owes so much. The romantic school of our literature claims, as its characteristics, an enthusiasm for the christian religion and our national story. Boldness of fancy, brilliant colouring, and earnest truth of situation and character, are its indispensable requisites, together with that of obedience to the invariable laws of beauty which exist in the minds of all cultivated nations. This is our romantic poetry. Grace, tenderness, and gaiety, may mingle in its composition,—but they may also be dispensed with.'—pp. 53, 54.

It is wonderful to find poetry of this kind relished in France, but such is the fact. We should dismiss Professor Muller's pamphlet with unqualified praise, if the learned author had only classed in better order the subjects which he has so ably treated.

ART. XVI. *History of the French Revolution.* By A. F. Mignet. 1 vol. 12mo. Hunt and Clarke. London. 1826.

THIS is a philosophical history of the French revolution, free from all exaggeration and partiality, and written in a clear, concise, and even severe style. Indeed the affectation of perpetual conciseness and severity is the only fault with which we can reproach M. Mignet, and this we are

unwilling to do when we remember by how many advantages, especially in a French writer, these qualities are counterbalanced. The character, progress, and results, of the French revolution, and the manner in which it became inevitable, are exhibited in a philosophical and masterly way in the author's introduction; the politics of Europe, previous to that great event, are afterwards explained in a style equally luminous, and the march of opinions drawn out clearly to our view. The various assemblies, the national legislative assembly, the national convention, and the clubs, are described, and the characters of the leaders and members sketched, with great force and decision. Buonaparte next figures on the scene, and his long series of victories are rapidly yet strikingly detailed; he is created emperor, and we have a brief, but bold and original, character of the empire which he formed. The change of the republics created by the directory into kingdoms, the confederation of the Rhine, and the various coalitions, with the changes they wrought on the face of the destinies of Europe, then pass under review: the events of the life of Buonaparte are traced up to his disastrous retreat from Russia; the coalition of all Europe against exhausted France, and the marvellous campaign of 1814, are detailed; and M. Mignet's history of the French revolution concludes with the abdication of Napoleon, and a very brilliant, powerful, and impartial character of that extraordinary man.

We give one brief specimen of M. Mignet's style of presenting his characters to the reader. We quote the sketch of M. Roland, not because it is the best, but because it is one of the shortest we can find.

'Roland was a contrast to Dumouriez. His was a character which liberty found ready made, as if she had herself moulded it. The manners of Roland were simple, his morals severe, and his opinions tried: he loved liberty with enthusiasm, and he was equally capable of disinterestedly consecrating to her cause the whole of his existence, or of perishing for its sake without ostentation and without regret. He was a man worthy of being born in a republic, but misplaced in a revolution; he was ill-fitted for the agitations and the struggles of parties: his talents were not great: his disposition was somewhat unbending: he neither knew how to appreciate nor to manage men: and though laborious, intelligent, and active, he would have figured little without the aid of his wife. All that was wanting in him she supplied; force and elevation of mind, ability and foresight. Madame Roland was the soul of the Girondists; she was the point round which assembled those brilliant and courageous men, to discuss the wants and the dangers of their country; it was she who roused those men whom she knew to be able in action, and directed to the tribune the efforts of those whom she knew to be eloquent.'—p. 150.

We ought to add, that the translation is unusually well executed, that the 12mo. edition is remarkakbly cheap, and that there is a handsome edition in 8vo. for those who may desire books of a superior appearance.

ART. XVII. *Lettres inédites de Madame de Maintenon et de Madame la Princesse des Ursins.* 4 Tomes. 2*l.* 2*s.* Bossange Frères. Paris. Treuttell and Wurtz. London. 1826.

To the distinguished family of the Duke de Choiseul, the public are indebted for the preservation and publication of these letters, which have

very recently issued from the Paris press. They are almost exclusively of a political character, and are, therefore, inferior, in point of interest, to the letters which have been long before the world under the name of de Maintenon. But they are not without some value, as they contribute to shed some light, though not so abundant a light as one would have expected, upon the settlement of the Bourbon family in Spain, and the war of which it was the immediate cause.

Madame de Maintenon's position at the court of Louis XIV. at that period is well known. These letters serve to show that her influence there was almost unbounded. The interest which she took in every shade of success or of adversity which marked the progress of the war in Flanders, seems to warrant the remark of one of her biographers, that she was rather the prime minister than the mistress of the monarch whom she ruled. She sent the Princess des Ursins to Madrid, under the pretext of serving as a companion to the consort of Philip V., but really for the purpose of guiding his court in the same manner as she herself directed that of Versailles. The princess was well chosen for such an office: she was a woman of very considerable talents, and some ambition, and we have in this work a collection of the letters which passed between both these female ministers from 1705 to 1714. It is worth remarking that each mutually promised to destroy the letters of the other, and that both failed to fulfil their pledges. Upon the death of Madame de Maintenon the greatest part of them fell into the hands of Louis XV. A copy was made of them for the Duke de Choiseul, his prime minister, which was carefully preserved in the family, and is now published under the sanction of the present head of that illustrious house.

We own that in the letters of two ladies, who played such distinguished parts, at two such active courts as those of France and Spain were at that period, we could have wished for something more than abridgements of the official despatches, which conveyed intelligence of the progress of the wars then harassing either country. Doubtless the events of these contests were of the utmost importance to both the correspondents, but, as we already know these events from history, we would have willingly exchanged all their public details, for a few of those courtly scenes and anecdotes which, at the time of their occurrence, are known only to the persons immediately concerned in them. In this respect these letters are lamentably deficient. Numerous and flattering as are their professions of confidence and esteem, it is easy to perceive that the writers do not freely unbosom themselves to each other. They stood in the relation of patroness and protegée, the former using the latter as a mere political instrument, and neither very secure of the continuance of her power. The whole of Madame de Maintenon's letters are remarkably reserved as to the private history of the French court. Those of the princess are almost equally so as to the court of Spain. We shall, however, give a few extracts from one of her letters, which describes the destitute condition of the royal family upon their flight from Madrid, in June 1706, in consequence of the approach of the enemy.

'Berlanga, June 24, 1706.

'It was absolutely necessary for us, madame, at last to quit Madrid; and as it was judged right to put the best face on the matter, and to do nothing which might lead the people to discover what was intended, our

departure took place without any preparations, even those of the most necessary description, having been made for our journey. The first day the queen was without a bed: fortunately the Chevalier de Bragelonne, who commands the French detachment that accompanies us, had one quite new, which was found most àpropos. But it was not so easy to supply other wants; for her majesty had only two eggs for supper the first night, and the next day she was scarcely more fortunate.

'The queen will go to Burgos. Heaven grant that she may arrive there in safety! I have some apprehensions that the troops who are coming in the English fleet may land at Bilbao; if so, there will be no retreat for us, for the enemy will be at Vittoria sooner than the queen, and Aragon will, according to all appearance, be excited to revolt. The queen's situation, madame, is most lamentable: she has nobody with her but myself, Lazafata, and two servants; the want of money has prevented her from having more. She appointed a maid of honour and a dresser to attend her; they came hither; but having demanded a hundred pistoles each, on account of what is due to them, it was found impossible to make such an advance at a time when every resource is reqired for the payment of the troops. Notwithstanding the small number of our domestics our journey cannot be otherwise than very expensive, for every thing, however trifling, must be taken with us, and for this reason it costs us nearly a hundred pistoles a-day. The greater part of our supplies has been taken on credit, but this resource cannot last long under existing circumstances. Thus we shall, perhaps, be soon in a situation in which we shall not know where to lay our heads.' . . . . . .

'The king has just written to the queen to request that she would send her jewels to France, either to be sold or pledged. The ambassador has also written that it was absolutely necessary. Her majesty, therefore, sends them by this courier, addressed to M. de Labourdonnaye, intendant of Bordeaux, who is now at Bayonne. Amongst these jewels are the famous pearl called *la pelegrina* (the pilgrim), and the diamond which the Spaniards call *le estanque* (the fish-pond); the queen has added to them all her own. Vazet, one of the king's old servants, is the bearer of this treasure. Such are the means which we thought best for enabling the queen to retain about her the remnants of her household. I fear that no great sum can be raised on these jewels, at least unless they are taken to Paris, and I scarcely know how the produce can be transmitted to the King of Spain, the traffic in bills of exchange being at present so much interrupted.

'In the queen's suite are the Duchesses of Medina Sidonia, Veraguas, Ossuna, Popoli, and several other ladies, to whom her majesty has shown the kindness which they deserve, on account of the attachment which they bear her. So numerous a suite causes no little embarrassment as to accommodations, and scarcely leaves the queen a moment of leisure; as for me, I am quite exhausted. Nevertheless, we must take courage and place our hope in God. I feel that I have still a thousand things to say to you, but the most important is to assure you, madame, that I am entirely devoted to you.'—Tome 3, pp. 305—308.

This letter introduces us behind the scenes more than any other in the whole collection. Hence the reader will be enabled to judge how far four thick volumes are likely to engage and repay his attention.

ART. XVIII. *Travels in the Mogul Empire, by Francis Bernier.* Translated from the French by Irving Brock. 2 Vols. London. Pickering. 1826.

IT seems to be a tolerably good proof of the disfavour in which translations from the French have been long held in this country, or rather, perhaps, of the very general diffusion amongst us of that language, that a work so well known, and so justly celebrated, in some respects, as Bernier's travels, has only been lately rendered into intelligible English. It was originally published in 1670, and in 1672 a wretched and garbled version of it appeared, which nobody could understand. From that period, until Mr. Brock undertook the task, Bernier remained untouched by our translators —a fate for which the present publication, correct and elegant as it is in every respect, will make full compensation to his fame,—if, indeed, any it wanted.

All our writers, such as Gibbon, Dr. Robertson, Major Rennell, and Mr. Forster, who have had occasion to consult Bernier's work, speak of it in commendatory terms. He resided in the Mogul empire twelve years, eight of which he acted as physician to Aurengzèbe. He was a most active and inquisitive observer of the manners and peculiarities of that country, and he describes them with all the vivacity of a Frenchman. As his book relates to a period immediately antecedent to the establishment of the British dominion in that part of India, his details are the more valuable and interesting to us, particularly as they afford an opportunity of comparing the ameliorating effects of our government with the barbarous and degrading despotism which prevailed there before it. He does not, however, confine himself to an account of the Mogul empire; but, in order to give a brief summary of the work, we cannot do better than quote a part of the translator's preface.

'The first part of the volume contains a simple but entertaining narrative of the civil domestic war which raged in Hindostan when our author visited that country, and which left Aureng-Zèbe in quiet possession of the throne.

'Several events that occurred after the termination of the war are then recorded; and anecdotes are introduced, of which although at first sight some may appear puerile, yet all are either characteristic of the individuals to whom they relate, or illustrative of the manners and genius of the people.

'The third section of the book consists of a letter to the celebrated Colbert, descriptive of the government of India, its pecuniary resources, its military strength, and its immense expenditure.

'A minute description of Delhi and Agra, the capital cities of the empire follows next; and in this chapter, written with all the author's powers of observation and research, is contained an animated account of the court of the Great Mogul.

The degrading superstitions and unhallowed rites of the Hindoos—the crushings of Juggernaut's car—the juggles of the lustful and profligate Brahmins—the immolations, often compulsory, of females,—the drowning of the sick and dying,—all these abominations form the subject of another portion of the work.

'These awful and heart-rending particulars, are succeeded by a dull

and irrelevant, but happily short, dissertation on the doctrine of atoms. M. Bernier thought it worth while to confute the monstrous notion that the system of the universe has not its original from any intelligent nature; but that mind and intelligence, as well as all things else, sprung from senseless nature and chance, or from the unguided and undirected motion of matter.

'The journey of Aureng-Zêbe to the kingdom of Kashmire, "The Terrestrial Paradise of India," with a military retinue of nearly fifty thousand men, and accompanied by the whole population of Delhi, is related with the usual liveliness and accuracy of the author; and the volume closes with his solution of five questions proposed by M. Thevenot—concerning the settlement of Jews in Kashmire, the monsoons, the regularity of the currents and periodical winds in India, the fertility of Bengal, and the increase of the river Nile.'—Vol. 1. ix. x.

It is worth remarking that this philosopher, who so coolly dismissed the idea of a supreme intelligence, in his dissertation upon the doctrine of atoms, died of a broken heart, caused by a sarcasm.

ART. XIX. *Sketches of Algiers, Political, Historical, and Civil, containing a summary Account of its Geography, Population, Government, &c.* By William Shaler. 8vo. pp. 310. Boston. 1826.

MR. Shaler, the intelligent gentleman to whom we are indebted for these sketches, appears to have acted for some time as American consul at Algiers, and, in that capacity, he had ample opportunity of collecting the various information which he has here laid before his readers. He commences his work with a geographical description of the territory of Algiers, which, according to his estimate, extends over a surface of 30,000 square miles. Yet this territory, extensive and well watered as it is, and capable of being made extremely fertile, contains a population amounting only to about one million; whereas, if properly cultivated, it would easily sustain five times that number. It is, however, this paltry population, as Mr. Shaler remarks, which is permitted to impose tributes upon several much larger and richer states of Europe, to infest the Mediterranean, to interrupt the commerce of civilized countries, and make captives of their subjects. If it be true, as it has been lately stated, that Lord Cochrane intends to interest himself for the revival of the Order of Malta, the Barbary states would afford him and his adventurous companions a noble field for enterprise. They would encounter no formidable difficulties in subduing Algiers, if its naval force consist only of three frigates, two corvettes, two brigs, five schooners, one polacre, and one chebeck, mounting in all no more than 350 guns, as Mr. Shaler represents.

In the historical part of his work, Mr. Shaler enters into a detailed account of the differences which have taken place, from time to time, between the governments of the United States and that of Algiers. He supplies also a considerable body of information as to the finances, commerce, agriculture, arts, institutions, manners, tribes, and language of that country, which is novel, and, in many respects, deserves the attention of those whom business or pleasure may invite to the Mediterranean.

ART. XX. *Tableau Statistique du Commerce de la France, en 1824.* Paris. 1826.

THE paper whose title we have placed at the head of this article, was read at one of the late sittings of the Royal Academy of Sciences of the Institute at Paris, by M. Moreau de Jonnès. It forms an important document, as it furnishes a view not only of the state of French commerce in 1824, but several data from which its progress and its character may be collected. It appears that, in 1823, France exported, of natural productions, the value of 163,492,000 francs; in 1824, the value of 163,056,000; thus leaving a diminution under this head of 446,000 francs. This statement shows that the products of the soil of France found a more limited vent in the latter year than in the former. But the deficiency was much more than compensated by the increased exportation of her manufactures. In 1823 she exported of these the value of 227,262,000 fr., and, in 1824, that of 277,486,000 fr.; thus gaining, under this head, an increase of 50,224,000 fr. within a single year. As much the greater part of the articles exported were conveyed from French ports, in French vessels, it is a necessary inference that the tonnage of that country must have been augmented in proportion. The manufactures so exported appear to have consisted chiefly of linens, cloths, silk, cotton, paper, hardware, porcelain, glass-ware, jewelry, books, engravings and lithographs, dresses, hats, furniture, and hides worked and prepared. In the four first descriptions of manufacture the increase has amounted to a sixth beyond what it was in 1823.

The paper next proceeds to the importations for the two years. The amount of materials necessary for industry imported in 1823 amounted to 221,554,000 fr.; in 1824 to 272,873,000 fr.; leaving a difference in favour of the latter of 51,319,000 fr. The articles of consumption imported amounted, in the first year, to 88,579,000 fr., in the second to 121,957,000 fr.; increase 33,378,000 fr. The manufactures imported amounted in the former year to 51,694,000fr., in the latter to 60,030,000fr.; increase, 8,336,000 fr.

The next table which this document supplies is one containing a comparative account of the imports and exports of Great Britain, France, and the United States, according to the most recent official returns.

Exportations.	Gr. Britain.	France.	United States.
Natural productions, native	75,725,000	163,056,000	248,955,000 fr.
Manufactures, native	810,850,000	277,484,000	13,036,000
foreign	253,875,000	95,055,000	142,000,000
Total .	1,140,450,000	535,597,000	403,991,000

Importations.	Gr. Britain.	France.	United States.
Foreign produce . . .	411,825,000	404,738,000	246,000,000 fr.
Colonial	342,175,000	50,323,000	137,000,000
Warehoused		173,771,000	
Total .	754,000,000	628,832,000	383,000,000 fr.

Upon this table we find the following observations:—

'1. The natural products exported by France are of double the value of

those exported by England, and less than half of the value of those exported by the United States; our superiority in this respect over the former of these countries proceeds from the sale of our wines and brandies, which rose in 1824 to 64 millions of francs. The superiority of the United States arises from the exportation of the produce of their forests and fisheries, and principally from the dearness of their tropical commodities, the growth of the most southern states of the union.

'2. The manufactured products exported by France are scarcely a third of the value of those exported by England; they exceed those of the United States in the ratio of 21 or 22 to 1. The superiority of England proceeds from the sale of its cotton goods.'

After some further observations upon the comparative commerce of the three countries, the framer of this document takes Russia into the account, and states the amount of the external commerce of the four great powers at 4 milliards and 234 millions of francs annually.

'In this sum, it proceeds, their shares are proportioned as follows: Russia 1; the United States 2: France 3; England 5. But if we compare the mass of their commerce to that of their population, this proportion will be modified in the following manner.

'A trade of exports and imports of 1,900 millions, distributed amongst the 22 millions of inhabitants in the British islands, would give to each individual for his share 87 francs.

'A trade of 790 millions would give to each of the ten millions of inhabitants in the United States 79 francs.

A trade of 1164 millions would give to each of the thirty millions of inhabitants in France less than 40 francs;

'And a trade of 390 millions, enjoyed by the 50 millions of the subjects of Russia, would not raise the contingent of each to 8 francs.'

M. Moreau de Jonnès concludes with expressing his opinion that, in the course of ten years, with sufficient foreign markets, and its present rate of progress, France will double the value of its exports in native products, and surpass in value those of England. Of course he means the present value of the latter; but does he suppose that during those ten years England is to remain stationary?

*** In the article on the Princess Lamballe's Secret Memoirs of the Court of France, commencing at page 314, for Madame *Solalle*, read passim Madame *Solari*. This lady's maiden name was Catharine Hyde. Some attempts have been made to question the authenticity of those memoirs, but, in our opinion, without effect.

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